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MINOR POETS OF THE CAROLINE PERIOD

VOL II CONTAINING

MARMION'S CUPID AND PSYCHE
KYNASTON'S LEOLINE AND SYDANIS
AND CYNTHIADES
POEMS OF JOHN HALL
SIDNEY GODOLPHIN AND
PHILIP AYRES
CHALKHILL'S THEALMA AND
CLEARCHUS
POEMS OF PATRICK CAREY AND
WILLIAM HAMMOND
BOSWORTH'S ARCADIUS
AND SEPHA, &c

EDITED BY
GEORGE SAINTSBURY, M.A.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THERE does not appear to me to be any need of adding, at present, anything of a general character to the Introduction given in the first volume of this collection, but a few words may properly be said as to the contents of this second. They are considerably more varied than those of the first, whereas we there gave four poets here we give nine, and there is a very much larger proportion of short poems, while hardly any one can be called very long. Again, a larger proportion is likely to be new even to those who, without spending much time in extensive libraries, have paid some attention to the literature of the period. Godolphin has never before been collected at all, and most of his original poems have never been printed. Kynaston, Ayres, and Bosworth have never been reprinted as wholes, and only an infinitesimal portion of the work of the two first has had that honour. The earlier reprints of Hall, Carey, and Hammond were published in very small numbers, and those of Marmion and Chalkhill are now not common or cheap. It can hardly be rash to feel tolerably confident that very few persons now living have read the whole contents of the present volume.

I have said what it seemed to me necessary to say, and no more, in the separate Introductions, nor do I propose to repeat or endorse what I have said here. I shall only point out that Marmion, Kynaston, Chalkhill, and Bosworth give examples of that 'heroic poem' to illustrate which has been one of the objects of the undertaking, that Kynaston, Hall, Godolphin, Carey, and Hammond supply specimens, sometimes quite exquisite and very seldom well known, of the 'metaphysical' lyric which is the glory of the period, that Marmion and Chalkhill are capital instances of its 'enjambéd' couplet, and that Ayres, who is probably known even to amateurs chiefly from the specimen or two given by Mr Bullen in his *Love Poems of the Restoration*, is an almost unique example of the Caroline temper prolonged into other days. All, without exception, show those features of the Elizabethan so called 'decadence' which again (I thought I had made this clear) it was one of my main desires to illustrate. Only for Bosworth, I think, is it necessary to

Prefatory Note

make any apology. There are good things in him, but he is likely to try some people's patience considerably, and he has already, in proof, extracted from one good judge the description of his poem as 'horrible' in its obscurity. I cannot agree with this, but (and I am here an unexceptionable witness) I think he *does* show how necessary an alternative course of 'prose and sense' may have been to English poetry about this time. The part of Helot will not have to be played twice, though I have some interesting candidates for it whom I have examined and rejected. On that pleasant person and poet, Patrick Carey, I have, by mere good luck, been able, I believe, to throw some new light. As to Godolphin, I may claim in his case whatever indulgence may be due to an *editio princeps* published without elaborate critical apparatus or commentary, and as part of a collection.

I reserve till the completion of the work my thanks to the officials, major and minor, of the Clarendon Press for the assistance I have received from them in the execution of a task to me very pleasant, yet undoubtedly rather laborious. But I must here express my warmest acknowledgements to the Delegates, first for extending the scheme, at my earnest request, from two volumes to three, and secondly for their liberality not only in embellishing this with numerous facsimiles of title-pages and illustrations, but in actually furnishing me with completely photographed 'copy' of the rarer volumes and MSS, so as to provide a thoroughly trustworthy basis of text.

G S

HOLMBURY ST. MARY,
August 18, 1906

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CYPID AND PSICHE

or an Epick Poem

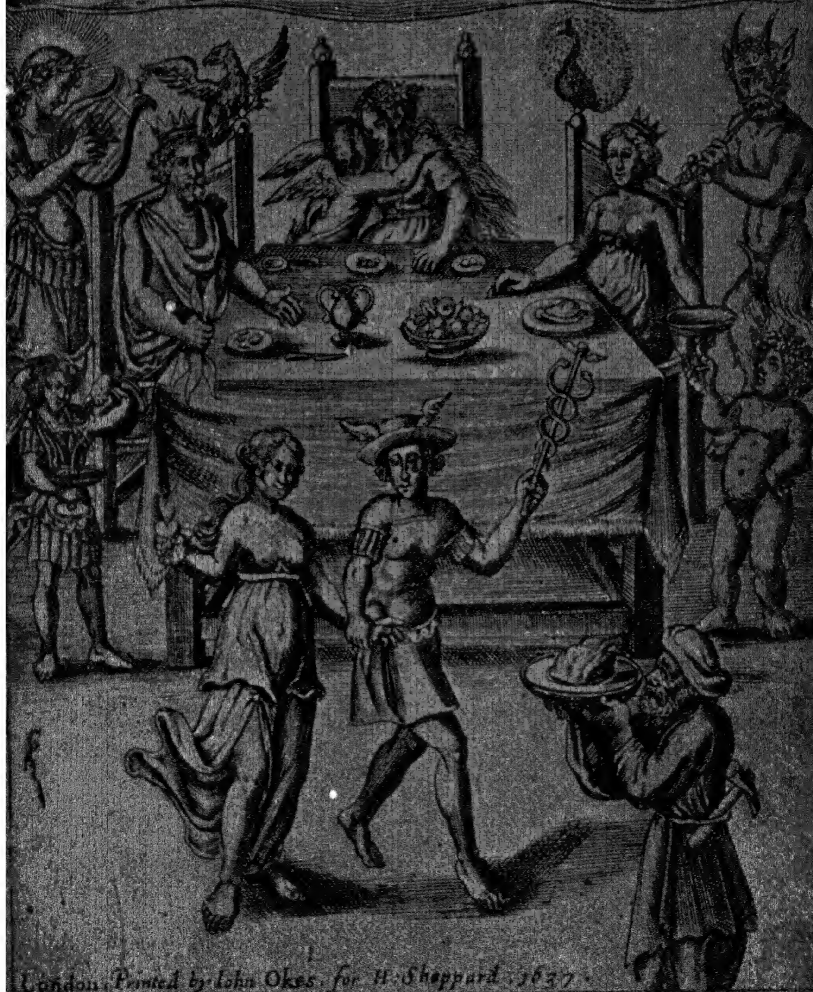
OF

Cupid, and his Mistress.

As it was lately presented to the Prince Elector.

Written by, Shakerly Marmion.

Periclitata feliciffie Viris non minima laus est.



INTRODUCTION TO SHAKERLEY MARMION

SHAKERLEY MARMION—the form, of which sufficiently obvious variants exist in ‘Shakerly,’ ‘Shackerley,’ ‘Schackerley,’ ‘Marmyon,’ ‘Mermion,’ &c., is that not merely of Singer, but of Anthony Wood, and seems to me the best—is not quite so inaccessible as the constituents of our first volume. For though the original editions are rare and costly enough, his plays were reprinted thirty years ago in Mudment and Logan’s *Dramatists of the Restoration*¹, and Singer’s *Cupid and Psyche* is by no means so dear in proportion as the companion *Pharonnida*. But the volume was originally printed in small numbers, and the editor, who had given Chamberlayne without any of the bowdlerization which *Pharonnida* in one or two places (and *Love’s Victory* in more) might have seemed to invite, fell into asterisks here in a rather foolish manner².

Now Marmion³ is too interesting a writer to be left difficult of attain

¹ Edinburgh, 1875

² Chiswick, 1820

³ I have of course supplied the gaps, but, as seems to me a matter of course likewise, I have not thought it necessary to indicate them. The bibliography of the poem is not quite plain sailing. Singer says that he followed, only modernizing the spelling, a copy of the first 4to edition of 1637 lent him by James Boswell the younger, and he seems to have known of no second except the 12mo of 1666, where the poem is called *Cupid’s Courtship, or the Declaration of the Marriage between the god of Love and Psyche*. Any one, however, who compares the Chiswick reprint with, say, the British Museum copy of the 1637 issue, will see at once that the texts are rather different, and even the contents not exactly the same. He will also find in the Museum a copy of a second edition dated 1638, where the title is slightly altered (*Cupid and Psyche* [sic] or an *Epic Poem of Cupid and his Mistress*), and which has an elaborate engraved frontispiece representing the final banquet of the gods with Hermes introducing Psyche. In this most, if not all of Singer’s variations from the other occur. Hazlitt admits two editions of 1637 with different title pages, as well as one of 1638, but if Singer really followed one of these, then Marmion must have made slight alterations within the year. In the text which follows what would seem to be the earliest version is adopted, the important variations in the later forms being given in the notes.

⁴ Shakerley is mainly a Cheshire and Lancashire name, these Marmions may have been, as Singer assumes, akin to those of Scrivelsby. But our poet, who was born in 1602, was the son of a father of the same names who was lord of the manor of Aynho in Northamptonshire, but disposed of it when Shakerley the younger was a boy. He went to school at Thame, matriculated at Wadham College in 1617, and took his M.A. seven years later. Like his other father Jonson he served in the Low Countries, and got into difficulties for stabbing some one at home. Little else is known of his life, but he was certainly, after a fashion, lucky in the occasion of his death. For having enlisted in Suckling’s too notorious troop of cavalry for the war with Scotland, he escaped its disgraces by falling ill at York, and was conveyed to London, where he died in 1639.

Shakerley Marmion

ment, and mangled when attained. Besides *Cupid and Psyche*, and in two cases at least before its publication, he had written three comedies, not so much 'imitated' (as has sometimes been said) from Ben Jonson, one of whose 'sons' he was, as belonging to the general class of unromantic comedy of which we have so many examples from Middleton to Brome. These comedies—*Holland's Leaguer*, *A Fine Companion*, and the better-known *Antiquary*—are at least up to the average in general, and contain many individual things¹ on which it would be interesting to comment if these Introductions were full essays on our authors. But what concerns us here in them is that while a large—perhaps the larger—part of them is in prose, the blank verse of the remainder, if not consummate, is both firm and flexible, and scarcely ever falls into the welter in which, for instance, even such a poet as Marmion's friend Suckling dramatically wallows. His practice here, like Dryden's similar practice a generation later, does not fail to tell upon his couplet in *Cupid and Psyche*. It is still very much overlapped, and undulates rather than marches. But it scarcely ever coils itself into the labyrinthine intricacy, or melts into the deliquescent solution, of *Pharonnida*, or of that mysterious *Thealma and Clearchus* which I hope also to give.

Moreover, though it has not Chamberlayne's numberless poetic moments, and is inferior in a certain nameless grace to the work of Chalkhill (or somebody else), it still has much of this latter. And Marmion has over both these poets and others the advantage which critics of his own day would have thought final—that of a story, not indeed new, but everlastingly attractive to the reader, and seldom failing to inspire every writer who has touched it, from Apuleius himself to Mr. Bridges. His weakest point is in the rhymes, which are made much more noticeable than, for instance, in Chamberlayne, by the greater emphasis which Marmion lays on his couplets as such. But they do not avail to spoil the general charm of his piece, which is also by no means longwinded. That charm lies sometimes in single phrases, as in that admirable one of the 'inevitable eyes' of Venus—sometimes in lines and couplets—not seldom in sustained passages of more or less considerable length—the first picture of Psyche's beauty, her transportation by Zephyrus, her waking, the whole (or nearly so) of the central passage of the lamp, the two lyrical advertisements, the trials of Psyche, and especially her visit to Proserpine. But I must repeat that it is not part of my plan to expatiate on authors here given but rather to give them. I wish not to show my own ingenuity as a critic, or fertility as a rhetorician, or erudition

¹ For instance, *Holland's Leaguer*, v. 3, l. 3-4

The corruption of a cashiered serving man
Is the generation of a thief

to which I need hardly invite the attention of Dryden-students

Introduction

as a commentator¹, but to be a *promus* of their elegancies. I have myself read Marmion at different times in my life, and never without pleasure, if I can give the opportunity of that pleasure to some who would else not have had it, that is enough for me²

¹ Thus I have rather indicated than tried to exhaust the really interesting comparison of the poem with its original, and the various contributions under which Marmion has had classical authors other than Apuleius

Like everybody else of his time Marmion wrote commendatory poems, the two best known of which are his contribution to *Jonsonus Vrbius*, and that to the *Annalia Dubrensis*, the celebration of Captain Robert Dover of the Cotswold Games (which Dr Grosart's reprint has made known to some at first hand, and divers essays to more at second). Both are before me as I write but I hardly think it necessary to give them. Marmion might have subjoined them to his chief poem, as many others did similar things to theirs, had he chosen and he did not choose. Both are in effect parts of larger wholes, and lose when taken away from them and though neither is at all contemptible neither has any specific character. It seems therefore, that as with others of the same kind, their not inconsiderable and to us precious room is better than their respectable but superfluous company

Shakerley Marmion

To the High and Mighty, Charles Lodwick,
Prince Elector, Count Palatine of the
Rheine, Arch Dapifer, Vicar of the Sacred
Empire, Duke of Bavaria and Knight of
the most noble order of the Garter

HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE

It is not the greatness of an oration but the sincerity, which the gods are delighted with from this hope, and out of an ambitious zeal to become your adorers, the Muses amidst so many rich presents, have prepared this slender offering, and are themselves both the Priests and the Sacrifice Their devotion is clothed with purity, and their affections are both earnest and powerful for their wishes of your happiness are no less than assurances and their desires prophecies For this poem, it was yours ere conceived, and the hope of being so, was both the efficient and final cause of its production—for the Dedication was older than the birth of it And, however, in the outward burk and title thereof, it appear painted with

vanity, yet is that but as a light garment to cover more deep and weighty mysteries

The dignity of the subject thus calculated, the season of the year partly warrants an acceptation, but chiefly those royal and fresh-springing ornaments of Candour and Ingenuity which are so conspicuous through your reatness It has ever been the privilege of Poesy to claim access to the best and most noble persons, and if this work shall be so happy as to bear the impress of your Princely approbation it shall then pass current to the world and publish the great honour done to

your Highness' most
humble devoted

SHAKERLEY MARMION

To his worthy friend, Master Shakerley Marmion, upon his poem of Cupid and Psyche

To give the world assurance in this
cold
And leaden age, that Love must ne'er
be old,
Cupid and Psyche thou hast rendered
more
Youthful and fair, than did the age of
gold
And if the sweetness they had heretofore
Found least decay, thou dost it now
restore

With large increase, instructing *Lovers*
to love,
And in his mistress more affection
move,
In this thy poem, which thou hadst
a pen
From Love's own wing to write,
powerful above
His shafts For thou some iron-
hearts of men
Hast made in love with Poesy, that
till then

Commendatory Poems

Could not discern her beauty, and less
 see
 Her excellence, as it is ¹ drawn out by
 thee,
 In perfect love-lines Cupid smiles
 to see 't,
 And crowns his mistress with thy
 poetry,

Composed of syllables, that kiss
 more sweet
 Than violets and roses when they
 meet
 And we, thine art's just lovers, as we
 look
 On Cupid kissing Psyche, kiss thy
 book

RICHARD BROMF

To his loving friend, Mr. Shakerley Marmion, the Author

I KILND, I have read thy Poem, full
 of wit,
 A mister-piece, I'll set my self to it
 Let judges read, and ignorance be
 gone,
 It is not for vulgar thumbs to sweat upon
 This learned work thy Muse flies in
 her place
 And, eagle-like, looks Phoebus in the
 face
 Let those voluminous authors that
 affect
 Fame, rather great than good, thy
 worth reject
 Jewels are small, how unlike art thou
 to those
 That tire out rhyme, and verse till
 they trot prose?
 And hide the Muse's Pegasus, poor jade

Till he be founder'd, and make that
 their trade
 And to fill up the sufferings of the
 beast,
 I foot it themselves three hundred miles
 at least
 These have no mercy on the paper
 reams,
 But produce plays, as schoolboys do
 write themes
 Thou keep st thy Muse in breath, and
 if men wage
 Gold on her head, will better run the
 stage
 And 'tis more praise than, hadst thou
 labour'd in't,
 To brand the world with twenty such
 in print

FRANCIS TUCKER ²

To his true friend, the Author, Master Shakerley Marmion, etc.

WHAT need I rack the limbs of my
 weak Muse,
 To fill a page might serve for better
 use?
 Then make some squint-ey'd reader
 censure me
 A flatterer, for justly praising thee?
 It is enough, (and in that cause is right

Many thy former works may boldly
 fight)
 He for a good one must this piece
 allow,
 Reads but the title, and thy name
 below

THOMAS NABBS

¹ Later 'tis'

² Later 'for'

³ Later 'F I

⁴ Not in 1666 ed

So Singer But would it not be better to delete the ' and take 'then' as = 'than'?

Shakerley Marmion

Of my worthy friend, Mr. Shakerley Marmion, upon his poem of Cupid and Psyche

LOVE and the soul are two things,
both divine,
Thy task, friend Marmion now, which
once was mine¹
What I writ was dramatical, thy Muse
Runs² in an epic strain, which they still
use,
Who write heroic poems Thine is such,
Which when I read, I could not praise
too much
The Argument is high, and not within
Their shallow reach to catch, who hold
no sin
To tax what they conceive not, the
best minds
Judge trees by fruit, not by their leaves
and rinds
And such can find (full knowledge
having gain'd)
In leaden fables, golden truths con-
tain'd

Thy subject's of that nature, a sublime
And weighty rapture, which being
cloth'd in rhyme,
Carries such sweetness with't, as hadst
thou sung
Unto Apollo's harp, being newly strung
These, had they issued from another's
pen,
A stranger, and unknown to me, I then
Could not have been so pleas'd but
from a friend,
Where I might envy, I must now com-
mend
And glad I am this fur course thou
hast run,
Unvex'd to see myself so far outdone
'Twixt intimates, who mutual love
profess,
More's not requir'd, and mine could
show no less

THOMAS HAYWOOD

The Argument

THERE were inhabitant in a certain
city, a king and queen, who had three
daughters, the elder two of a moder-
ate and mean¹ beauty, but the young-
est was of so curious, so pleasing
a feature, and exact symmetry of body,
that men esteemed her generally a god-
dess, and the Venus of the earth. Her
sisters being happily married to their
desires and dignities, she only, out of
a superexcellency of perfection, became
rather the subject of adoration than
love. Venus conceiving an offence
and envious of her good parts, incites
Cupid to a revenge, and severe vin-
dication of his mother's honour. Cupid,
like a fine archer, coming to execute
his mother's design, falls in love with the
maid, and wounds himself. Apollo, by
Cupid's subornation, adjudges her in
marriage to a serpent. Upon which,
like Andromeda, she is left chained to
a rock, her marriage being celebrated

rather with funeral obsequies than
hymeneal solemnities. In this miser-
able affright she is borne far away by
the west wind to a goodly fair house,
whose wealth and stateliness no praise
can determine. Her husband in the
deadness and solitude of night did
oftimes enjoy her, and as he entered
in obscurity, so he departed in silence,
without once making himself known
unto her. Thus she continued for a
long season, being only waited upon
by the ministry of the winds, and
voices. Her sisters came every day
to seek and bewail her, and though
her husband did with many threats
prohibit her the sight of them, yet
natural affection prevailed above con-
jugal duty, for she never ceased with
tears to solicit him, till he had per-
mitted their access. They no sooner
arrived, but instantly corrupt her⁴, and
with wicked counsel deprave her under-

¹ Later 'And now thy task, dear friend, which once was mine'

² Later 'Was'

³ i.e. not 'base' but a duplicate of 'moderate'

⁴ Sic in orig. by the ellipsis so common at the time

The Argument

standing, infusing a belief that she had married and did nightly embrace a true serpent, nor are they yet contented to turn the heaven of her security into the hell of suspicion, but with many importunities proceed, exhorting her to kill him, which she also assents unto thus credulity proves the mother of deceit, and curiosity the stepmother of safety Having thus prepared for his destruction, the scene is altered, and she acts the tragedy of her own happy fortunes, for coming with an intent to mischief him so soon as the light had discovered what he was, she falls into an extremity of love and passion, being altogether ravished with his beauty and habiliments, and while she kisses him with as little modesty as care, the burning lamp

drops upon his shoulder, whereupon her husband furiously awakes, and having with many expostulations abandoned her falsehood, scorns and forsakes her The maid, after a tedious pilgrimage to regain his love and society, Ceres and Juno having both repulsed her, freely at the last offers up herself to Venus, where, through her injunctions and imperious commands, she is coarsely entreated, and set to many hard and grievous tasks, as first, the separation of several grains, with the fetching of the Stygian water, and the Golden Fleece, and the box of beauty from Proserpine all which, by divine assistance, being performed, she is reconciled, and in the presence of all the gods married to her husband The wedding is solemnized in Heaven

The Mythology¹. or, Explanation of the Argument

By the City is meant the World, by the King and Queen, God and Nature, by the two elder Sisters, the Flesh and the Will, by the List, the Soul which is the most beautiful and the youngest, since she is infused after the body is fashioned Venus, by which is understood Lust, is feigned to envy her, and stir up Cupid which is Desire, to destroy her, but because Desire has equal relation both to Good and Evil, he is here brought in to love the Soul, and to be joined with her, whom also he persuades not to see his face, that is not to learn his delights and vanities for Adam, though he were naked, yet he saw it not, till he had eaten of the Tree of Concupiscence And whereas she is said to burn him with the despumption of the Lump, by that is understood, that she vomits out the flames of desire which was hid in her breast, for desire, the more it

is kindled the more it burns, and makes, is it were a blister in the mind Thus, like Eve, being made naked through desire she is cast out of all happiness, exiled from her house, and tossed with many dangers By Ceres and Juno both repulsing of her, is meant, that neither wealth nor honour can succour a distressed soul In the separation of several grains, is understood the act of the Soul, which is recollection, and the substance of that act, her forepast sins By her going to hell, and those several occurrences, are meant the many degrees of despair, by the Stygian water the tears of repentance and by the Golden Fleece, her forgiveness All which, as in the Argument² is specified, being by Divine Providence accomplished, she is married to her Spouse in Heaven

¹ Orig 'M[*it*heo]logy,' 1686 There is some temptation to keep the spelling which Marmion probably borrowed without explanation from that wondrous person Fulgentius (v *Fulgentii Opera*, ed Halm, Lips 1898, p 69) Fulgentius, it is true, wrote it would seem *Mitologiae* but the change of the y both here and in 'Psyche' (v *sup*) is noteworthy As to the matter there is no doubt though M may not have known F at first hand

² I have left these capitals, which are Singer's, though they are *not* in the original, to show how fallacious such things are

THE LEGEND OF CUPID AND PSYCHE

BOOK I

The First Section

TRUTH says of old, and we must owe that truth
Unto tradition, when the world in youth,
Which was the golden age, brought forth the pen,
Love and the Muses, which since gave to men
Inheritance of fame, for these began
At once, and were all coetaneous
A happy season, when the air was clear,
No sickness nor infection did appear,
No sullen change of seasons did molest
The fruitful soil, but the whole year was blest 10
With a perpetual Spring, no Winter storm
Did crisp the hills, nor mildew blast the corn
Yet happier far, in that it forth did bring
The subject of this verse, whereof I sing
Under the zenith of heaven's milk white way,
Is a fair country called Lusinia,
'Tis Nature's chiefest wardrobe, where doth lie
Her ornaments of chief variety,
Where first her glorious mantle she puts on,
When through the world she rides procession 20
Here dwelt a king and queen of mighty power,
Judg'd for their virtues worthy such a dower
They had betwixt themselves three daughters born,
Conspicuous for their comeliness and form,
The elder two did neither much excel,
But then the younger had no parallel,
Whose lovely cheeks with heavenly lustre shone
And eyes were far too bright to look upon
Nay, it is credible, though Fancy's wing
Should mount above the orbs, and thence down bring 30
The elixir of all beauty, and dispense
Unto one creature, the whole influence
And harmony of the spheres, it might not dare
With her for face and feature to compare

16 Apuleius merely says *in quadam civitate*

24 This rhyme of *m* and *n* as noted in the Introduction, is quite characteristic of Marmion

Legend of Cupid and Psyche

/euxis the painter, who to draw one piece,
Survey'd the choicest virgins of all Greece,
Had rested here, his art, without this stir,
Might have been bounded and confin'd in her
Look how the spiced fields in Autumn smell,
And rich perfumes that in Arabia dwell , 40
Such was her fragrant sweetness the sun's bird,
The Phoenix, fled far off, and was afraid
To be seen near, lest she his pride should quell,
Or make him seem a common spectacle
Nor did the painted peacock once presume
Within her presence to display his plume
Nor rose nor lily durst their silks unfold,
But shut their leaves up like the marigold
They all had been ill favour'd, she alone
Was judg'd the mistress of perfection 50
Her fame spread far abroad, and thither brought
Thousands, that gazing worshipp'd her, and thought
The goddess, whom the green-fac'd sea had bred,
And dew of foaming waves had nourished—
Venus herself, regardless of her honour,
Did live with mortals —whoso'er looked on her,
Even most profane, did think she was divine,
And grudg'd not to do worship to her shrine
For this cause Venus' temples were defac'd
Her sacrifice and ceremonies rac'd , 60
Her widow'd altars in cold ashes mourn'd,
Her images uncrown'd, her groves deform'd
Her rites were all polluted with contempt,
For none to Paphos nor Cytheros went
This maid was sole adored —Venus, displeas'd
Might in this virgin only be appeas'd
The people in the street to her would bow,
And as she pass'd along would garlands strow
Venus at this conceiv'd a jealous ire,
(For heavenly minds burn with an earthly fire) 70
And spake with indignation, 'What, shall I
Mother of Elements, and loftiest sky ,
Beginner of the world, parent of Nature,
Partake mine honour with an earthly creature?
Shall silly girls, destin'd to death and Fate,
My high-born name and style contaminate?
In vain did then the Phrygian shepherd give
The ball to me, when three of us did strive
Who should excel in beauty, and all stood
Naked before the boy, to tempt his blood, 80
When they, with royal gifts, sought to beguile

64 There is not, I think, any authority for this form as regards the *island*, though there may be for the Attic *deme*. But M was probably not confusing with the latter —only echoing from Paphos, as so often happens

His judgement, I allur'd him with a smile
But this usurper of my dignities,
Shall have but little cause to boast the prize '
With that she call'd her rash and wing'd child,
Arm'd with bow, torch and quiver, that is wild
With mischief, he that with his evil ways
Corrupts all public discipline, and strays
Through chambers in the night, and with false beams,
Or with his stinging arrows, or with dreams, 90
Lempts unto lust, and does no good at all
This child, I say did Venus to her call,
And stirs him up with words malicious,
That was by nature too licentious
For bringing him where Psyche dwelt, for so
This maid was call'd, she there unfolds her woe,
And emulous tale 'Cupid,' quoth she, 'my stay,
My only strength and power, whose boundless sway
Contemns the thunder of my father Jove,
I here entreat thee by thy mother's love, 100
Hose wounding sweets, and sweet wounds of thy quiver,
And honey burnings of thy torch, deliver
My soul from grief, revenge me on this maid,
And all her boasted beauty see decay'd,
Or else strike her in love with one so poor,
So miserably lost, stripp'd of all store
Of means or virtue, so deform'd of limb,
That none in all the world may equal him '
To move her son, no flattering words she spar'd,
But breath'd on him with kisses, long and hard 110
This done, she hastes to the next abling shore,
And with her rosy feet insulting o'er
The submiss waves, a dolphin she bestrides,
And on the utmost billows proudly rides
A troop of Tritons were straight sounding heard,
And rough Portumnus with his mossy beard,
Salacia heavy with her fishy train,
And Nereus' daughters came to entertain
The sea born goddess, some ply'd on a shell,
Some with their garments labour'd to expel 120
The scorching heat, and sunshine from her face,
And other some did hold a looking glass
All these in triumph by the dolphin swam,
And follow'd Venus to the ocean
Psyche the while, in this great height of bliss,
Yet reaps no fruit of all her happiness,
For neither king, nor prince, nor potentate,
Nor any durst attempt her for a mate,
But as a polish'd picture her admire,
And in that admiration cease desire 130

Her sisters both, whose moderate beauty none
 Did much despise, nor much contemplate on,
 Were to their wishes happily contracted,
 And by two kings espous'd Psyche distracted
 Because she had no lover, pensive sate
 In mind and body, and began to hate
 And curse that beauty, and esteem at nought,
 Which, but was excellent, had no other fault
 Cupid now in a causeless rage was gone
 To whet his arrows on a bloody stone, 140
 As if he were t' encounter with some main
 Monster, like Python, by Apollo slain,
 Or Jove, or Irtan lunc, or once again
 Draw the pale moon down to the Irtmian den,
 Or with Love's fire great Pluto to annoy,
 For these were works of labour, and the boy
 Was ignorant how matters would succeed,
 Or what the fate of Beauty had decreed
 Therefore he filed his arrows sharp and small,
 To pierce whatever they should meet withal, 150
 And vow'd, if cause were, he his shafts would shiver
 'Gainst Psyche's breast, and empty all his quiver
 Themis, a goddess whom great Jove had sent
 Into the world, for good or punishment,
 As justice should require, when she did hear
 Cupid so proudly boast, again did swear,
 That she his haughty malice would abate,
 And turn the edge both of his shafts and hate,
 And having thus disarm'd him, ten to one,
 Would change his fury to affection 160
 A clap of thunder all about them shook,
 To ratify what Themis undertook
 Then both together went, and entering, found
 Fair Psyche, with her looks fix'd on the ground
 Honour and modesty, with equal grace,
 Simplicity and truth smil'd in her face,
 But rising up, there shot from either eye
 Such beams, as did Love's senses stupefy
 And as in this distraction he did stand,
 He let his arrows fall out of his hand
 Which Themis, laughing, took, and thence convey'd, 170
 Whilst Cupid minded nothing but the maid
 Then did he cry amaz'd, 'What fence is here?
 Beauty and Virtue have no other sphere,
 Her brow's a castle, and each lip a fort,
 Where thousand arm'd deities resort
 To guard the golden fruit from all surprise,
 Chastely, and safe, as the Hesperides

138 It is curious that the awkward ellipse of 'that it' might have been avoided but for the unnecessary 'other' Perhaps we should read 'twas'

Pardon me, Venus, if I thee abridge
 Of this unjust revenge, 'twere sacrilege, 180
 Beyond Prometheus' theft, to quench such fire,
 Or steal it from her eyes, but to inspire
 Cupid's own breast in all Love's spoils, I yet
 Never beheld so rich a cabinet
 Jove, here for ever, here my heart confine,
 And let me all my empery resign'
 Then looking down, he found himself bereft
 Of his loose arms, and smil'd at Themis' theft,
 Because he knew she might as soon abide
 Fire in her bosom, as Love's arrows hide, 190
 But that they must again with shame be sent,
 And claim for the possession a dear rent
 Yet one dropp'd out by chance, and 'twas the best
 Of all the bundle, and the curiousest,
 The plumes were colour'd azure, white and red,
 The shaft painted alike down to the head,
 Which was of burnish'd gold this Cupid took,
 And in revenge, through his own bosom strook
 Then, sighing, call'd 'You lovers all, in chief,
 Whom I have wrong'd, come triumph at my grief, 200
 See, and be satisfy'd for all my sin,
 'Tis not one place that I am pained in,
 My arrow's venom is dispers'd round,
 And beauty's sign is potent in each wound'
 Thus he with pity did himself deplore,
 For never pity enter'd him before
 Ill as he was, he took his flight, and came,
 Unto the palace of the Sun, whose flame
 Was far inferior to what Cupid felt,
 And said, 'Dear Phoebus, if I still have dealt 210
 Like a true friend, and stood thee in some stead,
 When thou for love didst like a shepherd feed
 Admetus' cattle, now thine help impart,
 'Tis not for physic, though I am sick at heart,
 That I implore, but through thy skill divine
 The fairest Psyche for my wife assign'
 Phoebus assents, and did not long delay
 To make it good by a prophetic way
 Her father fearing for the injury
 Offer'd to Venus' sacred deity, 220
 Consults the Delphic oracle, who thus
 Expounds his mind in terms ambiguous

189 It would not be unlike the period or the writer if in 'abide,' as in 'rent' below, there were a play of meanings—'cause to abide' and 'endure', 'payment' and 'wound'

214 It is really noteworthy that the first ed has 'I am' in full, while in 1666 the progress of the decasyllabizing and apostrophizing mania insisted on 'I'm'

THE ORACLE

*Your daughter bring to a steep mountain spire,
 Invested with a funeral attire,
 Expect no good, but bind her to a stake,
 No mortal wight her for a wife shall take
 But a huge venom'd serpent, that does fly
 With speckled wings, above the starry sky,
 And down again,—does the whole earth molest
 With fire, and sword, and all kind of unrest,
 So great in malice, and so strong in might,
 That heaven and hell do tremble at his flight*

230

The king affrighted what this speech should ween,
 Goes slow and sadly home unto his queen,
 Both ponder in their mind the strange prediction,
 Whether it were a riddle or a fiction,
 What gloss it might endure, and what pretence,
 Whether a verbal or a mystic sense
 Which cast about in vain, they both bewail
 Their daughter's chance, but grief cannot prevail,
 But that she must fulfil the Delphic doom,
 Or worse plagues are threaten'd in the room
 And now the pitchy torches lighted are,
 And for her fatal marriage they prepare,
 Songs are to howlings turn'd, bright fire to fume,
 And pleasant music to the Lydian tune
 For Hymen's saffron weed, that should adorn
 Young blushing brides, Psyche is forc'd to mourn,
 And for her mourning a black mantle wears,
 With which she gently wipes away her tears
 Thus all the city wait her in sad wise,
 Not to her wedding, but her obsequies
 But whilst her parents vain excuses make,
 And vain delays, thus Psyche then bespake
 'Why do you thus with deep fetch'd sighs perplex
 Your most unhappy age? why do you vex
 Your spirit, which is mine, and thus disgrace
 With fruitless tears your venerable face?
 Why do you tear your hair, and beat your breast?
 Are these the hopeful issues, and the bless'd
 Rewards for beauty?—then ought you lament,
 When all the city, with a join'd consent,
 Did style me the new Venus, and ascrib'd
 Those honours which to mortals are deny'd
 'I was your ambition first pluck'd on my shame,
 I see and feel my ruin in her name
 'Tis now too late, we suffer under those
 Deep wounds of envy which the gods impose,

240

250

260

229 The second 'does' is to be connected with 'that,' not 'serpent'

263 'Ascrib'd' and 'deny'd' give a pretty strong instance of Marmion's assonances

Where is the rock? why do you linger so!
 Lead hence, methinks I long to undergo
 This happy marriage, and I long to see
 My noble husband, whatsoe'er he be
 Into his arms, O let me soon be hurl'd,
 That's born for the destruction of the world!
 This said, each stander-by with hang'd-down head,
 And mournful pomp, the virgin follow'd,
 And to the place prefix'd her arms they tie,
 Then howling forth a doleful elegy,
 Depart from her in tears, wishing from far
 Some wing'd Perseus might deliver her
 Psyche affrighted thus, and they all gone,
 A gentle gale of wind came posting on,
 Who with his whispers having charm'd her fears,
 The maid asleep on his soft bosom bears
 This wind is call'd Zephyrus, whose mild
 And fruitful birth gets the young Spring with child,
 Filling her womb with such delicious heat,
 As breeds the blooming rose and violet
 Him Cupid for his delicacy chose,
 And did this amorous task on him impose,
 To fetch his mistress, but lest he should but
 With beauty's fire, he bad him soon return
 But all in vain, for promises are frail,
 And virtue flies when love once blows the sail,
 For as she slept, he ling'ring on his way,
 And oft embrac'd, and kiss'd her as his prey,
 And gaz'd to see how far she did surpass
 Erictheus' daughter, wife to Boreas,
 Fair Orythia,—and as she began
 To wax hot through his motion, he would fan
 And cool her with his wings, which did disperse
 A perfum'd scent through all the universe,
 For 'fore that time no fragrant smell did live
 In any thing, till Psyche did it give
 Herbs, gums, and spices, had perhaps a name,
 But their first odours from her breathing came.
 And in this manner Zephyrus flew on
 With wanton gyres through every region
 Of the vast air, then brought her to a vale,
 Where thousand several flowers her sweets exhale
 The whilst her parents, robb'd of her dear sight,
 Devote themselves to everlasting night

293-4 Anticipatory of the later line and couplet
 310 'Her' for the pretty allegorical reason just given

The Second Section

THUS Psyche on a grassy bed did lie,
 Adorn'd with Flora's richest tapestry,
 Where all her senses with soft slumber bound,—
 At last awak'd, and rising from a swoond
 She spies a wood with fair trees beautify'd,
 And a pure crystal fountain by the side,
 A kingly palace stood not far apart,
 Built not with human hands, but divine art,
 For by the structure men might guess it be
 The habitation of some deity 10
 The roof within was curiously o'erspread
 With ivory and gold enamell'd,
 The gold was burnish'd, glistening like a flame,
 And golden pillars did support the same,
 The walls were all with silver wainscot lin'd,
 With severil beasts and pictures there enshrind,
 The floor and pavement with like glory shone,
 Cut in rare figures made of precious stone,
 That though the sun should hide his light away,
 You might behold the house through its own day 20
 Sure 'twas some wondrous power by Art's extent
 That fancied forth so great an argument
 And no less happy they that did command,
 And with their feet trod on so rich a land
 Psyche, amaz'd, fix'd her delighted eye
 On the magnificence and treasury,
 And wonder'd most that such a mass of wealth
 Was by no door nor guard preserv'd from stealth
 For looking when some servant should appear,
 She only heard voices attending there, 30
 That said, 'Fair mistress, why are you afraid?
 All these are yours, and we to do you aid
 Come up into the rooms, where shall be shown
 Chambers all ready furnish'd, all your own
 From thence descend and take the spiced air,
 Or from your bath unto your bed repair,
 Whilst each of us, that Echo represents,
 Devoid of all corporeal instruments,
 Shall wait your minister no princely fare
 Shall wanting be, no diligence, no care, 40
 To do you service'. Psyche had the sense
 To taste, and thank the god's beneficence,
 When straight a mighty golden dish was brought,
 Replete with all the dainties can be thought,
 And next a bowl was on the table set,
 Fraught with the richest nectar that e'er yet

Shakerley Marmion

[Book I

Fair Hebe fill'd to Juno, Heaven's queen,
Or Ganymede to Jove, yet none was seen,
Nor creature found to pledge, or to begin,
But some impulsive spirit brought it in 50
The banquet ended, there was heard on high •
A consort of celestial harmony,
And music mix'd with sounds articulate,
That Phoebus' self might strive to emulate
All pleasures finish'd, Psyche went to rest,
But could find none, because her troubled breast
Labour'd with strange events, and now the noon
Of night began t' approach, and the pale moon
Hid her weak beams, and sleep had seiz'd all eyes,
But lovers', vex'd with fears and jealousies 60
What female heart, or conscience, so strong
Through the discharge of sin, but yet among
So many fancies of her active brain,
She must a hundred terrors entertain?
And more and greater her amazements were,
Because she knew not what she was to fear
In came her dreadful husband, so conceiv'd,
Till his sweet voice told her she was deceiv'd
For drawing near, he sat upon the bed,
Then laid his gentle hand upon her head, 70
And next embrac'd, and kiss'd, and did imbrue
Her balmy lips with a delicious dew
'So, so,' says he, 'let each give up his treasure,
Quite bankrupt through a rich exchange of pleasure
So let's sweet Love's Preludiums begin
My arms shall be thy sphere to wander in,
Circl'd about with spells to charm thy fears,
Instead of Morpheus to provoke thy tears,
With horrid dreams Venus shall thee entrance
With thousand shapes of wanton dalliance 80
Each of thy senses thou shalt perfect find,
All but thy sight, for Love ought to be blind'
And having said so, he made haste to bed,
Enjoy'd his spouse, and got her maidenhead,
And lest that she his feature should disclose,
He went away before the morning rose
Her vocal servants watching at the door,
With their mild whispers enter'd in before
Psyche awak'd, and joy'd the bride to see,
And cheer'd her for her slain virginity 90
These things being acted in continued time,
And as all human natures do incline
To take delight by custom, Psyche so
With these aerial comforts eas'd her woe

79 'For' instead of 'with,' taken from next line?

SECT II] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

But yet her parents, with unwearied grief,
 Wax'd old in tears, and hated all relief
 Her sisters too forsook their house and home,
 And came to add unto their father's moan
 That night her husband Psyche thus bespake,
 'Alas, sweetheart, what comfort can I take, 100
 I hat spend the day in sighs when you are gone,
 Robb'd of all human conversation?
 My undistinguish'd friends are banish'd quite,
 That almost weep their eyes out for my sight,
 Not one of all to bear me company,
 O let me see my sisters or I die'
 Her husband her embrac'd, and kiss'd away
 Those hurtful tears, and thus began to say
 'Psyche, my sweet and dearest wife, I see
 Fortune begins to threat thy misery, 110
 What envious fate suggests this baneful boon,
 To force my grief and thy destruction?
 Thy sisters both, through their vain fancies led,
 And troubled with the thought that thou art dead,
 Will seek thee forth but if thou shouldst regard
 Their fruitless tears, or speak to them a word,
 Or by their wicked counsel seek to pry
 With sacrilegious curiosity,
 And view my shape, how quickly wouldst thou throw
 Thyself down headlong to the depth of woe? 120
 Thy wretched state for ever to deplore,
 Nor must thou hope to touch me any more'
 Psyche, regardless what his love or fears
 Did prompt unto her good, still perseveres
 In her rash vote for all (though to their cost)
 Desire forbidden things, but women most
 'My honey husband, my sweet love,' quoth she,
 'How do I prize thee, whatsoe'er thou be?
 Above my soul, more than my own dear life,
 Nor would I change to be young Cupid's wife' 130
 And rather vow'd a thousand deaths to die,
 Than live divorc'd from his society
 Her husband overcome through his own fire,
 Which her impressive kisses did inspire,
 Gives way to his new spouse, and a strict charge
 To Zephyrus, that he should spread at large
 His plummy sails, and bring her sisters twain,
 Both safe, in presence of his wife, in pain
 To be in prison, and strict durance bound,
 With the earth's weighty fetters under ground, 140

103 I do not know whether 'undistinguish'd' means 'unseen,' or 'without distinction,'
 'one and all' Both senses of 'distinguish' are old enough

125 vote] *votum*, 'wish'

Shakerley Marmion

[BOOK I

And a huge mountain to be laid upon
His aery back, which if it once were done,
No power could e'er redeem his liberty,
Nor Aeolus himself might set him free
Lovers' commands are still imperious
Which made the fierce and haughty Zephyrus
Swell with close indignation, and fret
To see his service slighted so, but yet,
Not daring to proclaim his discontent,
Made a soft noise, and murmur'd as he went 150
By chance her sisters at that instant time,
With long laborious steps the hill did climb
Where Psyche first was left, and with their plain
Waken the rocks, till they result again,
Calling their sister by her proper name,
With hideous cries, until the west wind came,
And as command was, in a wingèd chair,
With harmless portage bore them through the air
All three together, by this means combined, 160
Embrace each other with a mutual mind,
Until their spirits and the day was spent
In long and ceremonious compliment
Sometimes fair Psyche, proud her friends were by,
To witness her majestic bravery,
Ushering her sisters, with affected gait,
Would show them all her glory and her state,
And round about her golden house display
The massy wealth that unregarded lay
Sometimes she would demonstrate to their ears 170
Her easy power on those familiars,
That like a numerous family did stand
To execute the charge of her command
Nor was there wanting anything that might
Procure their admiration or delight,
That whereas erst they pitied her distress,
Now swell with envy of her happiness
There is a goddess flies through the earth's globe,
Girt with a cloud, and in a squalid robe,
Daughter to Pluto, and the silent Night,
Whose direful presence does the sun affright, 180
Her name is Ate, venom is her food,
The very furies and Tartarian brood
Do hate her for her ugliness, she blacks
Her horrid visage with so many snakes
And as her tresses 'bout her neck she hurls,
The serpents hiss within her knotty curls
Sorrow and shame, death, and a thousand woes,
And discord waits her wheresoe'er she goes,

175 The grammar of the time would equally justify 'that' as = 'who' in reference to 'their' and as = 'so that,' with 'they' dropped before 'now'

SECT II] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

Who riding on a whirlwind through the sky,
 She saw fair Psyche in her jollity, 190
 And grudg'd to see it, for she does profess
 Herself a foe to every good success
 Then cast to ruin her, but found no way,
 'Tess she could make her sisters her betray
 Then dropp'd four snakes out of her hairy nest,
 And, as they slept, cast two on either's breast,
 Who piercing through their bosoms in a trice,
 Poison'd their souls, but made no orifice
 And all this while the powerful bane did lurk
 Within their hearts, and now began to work, 200
 For one of them, too far inquisitive,
 With crafty malice, did begin to dive
 Into her counsel, studious for to learn
 Whom so divine possession might concern,
 But all in vain, no lineal respect,
 No Siren charms might move her to reject
 His precepts, nothing they could do or say
 Might tempt her his sweet counsels to betray
 Yet lest too much suspense of what he is
 Should trouble their loose thoughts, she told them this 210
 He was a fair young man, whose downy chin
 Was newly deck'd with nature's covering,
 And he that us'd with hunting still to roam
 About the woods, and seldom was at home
 But fearing their discourse might her entrap,
 She pours forth gold and jewels in their lap,
 And, turning all their travel to their gain,
 Commands the winds to bear them back again
 This done, her sisters after their return,
 With envy's fuel, both begin to burn, 220
 Unable to contain their discontent,
 And to their swell'd up malice give a vent
 Says one unto the other, 'What's the cause
 That we, both privileg'd by nature's laws,
 And of the selfsame parents both begot,
 Should yet sustain such an indifferent lot?
 You know that we are like to handmaids wed
 To strangers, and like strangers banish'd
 When she, the offspring of a later birth,
 Sprung from a womb, that like the tired earth 230
 Grew old with bearing, nor yet very wise,
 Enjoys that wealth, whose use, whose worth, whose price
 She knows not, what rich furniture there shone,
 What gems, what gold, what silks we trod upon'

203 her] = 'Psyche's' evidently, though she has not been mentioned for some thirteen lines

205 'lineal' for 'family' is not only unusual, but scarcely justifiable

226 One would expect 'a different,' but Marmion apparently anticipates the modern use of 'indifferent' as = 'inferior'

And if her husband be so brave a man,
 As she affirms and boasts, what woman can
 In the whole world compare with her? At length
 Perhaps, by custom's progress, and the strength
 Of love, he may her like himself translate,
 And make her with the gods participate 240
 She has, already, for to come and go,
 Voices her handmaids, and the winds, 'tis so,
 She bore herself with no less majesty,
 And breath'd out nothing but divinity
 But I, poor wretch, the more to aggravate
 My cares, and the iniquity of fate,
 Have got a husband, elder than my sire,
 And, than a boy, far weaker in desire,
 Who, though he have nor will nor power to use
 What he enjoys, does, miser-like, refuse 250
 To his own wife this benefit to grant,
 That others should supply his and my want'
 Her sister answers, 'Do not I embrace
 A man far worse, and is't not my own case?
 I have a husband too not worth a point,
 And one that has the gout in every joint,
 His nose is dropping, and his eyes are gum'd,
 His body crooked, and his fingers numb'd
 His head, which should of wisdom be the place,
 Is grown more bald than any looking glass, 260
 That I am fain the part to undergo,
 Not of a wife but a physician too,
 Still plying him, howe'er my sense it loathes,
 With oils, and balms, and cataplasms, and clothes
 Yet you see with what patience I endure
 This servile office, and this fruitless cure,
 The whilst the minx our sister you beheld,
 With how great pride and arrogance she swell'd,
 And though much wealth lay scatter'd all along,
 Yet out of it how small a portion 270
 She gave to us, and how unwillingly,
 Then blew or hiss'd us from her company
 Let me not breathe, nor me a woman call,
 Unless I straight her ruin, or enthral
 In everlasting misery and first,
 In this one point, I'll render her accurs'd
 We will not any into wonder draw,
 Nor comfort, by relating what we saw,
 For they cannot be said true joy to own,
 Whose neither wealth nor happiness is known 280
 It is enough that we have seen, and grieve
 That we have seen it, let none else believe

255 point] = 'jot' Spenserian

267 minx] Orig 'minkes

The truth from our report So let's repair
To our own home, and our own homely fare,
And then return to vindicate her pride,
With fraud and malice strongly fortified '
Which to confirm, ungrateful as they were,
(For wicked counsel ever is most dear
To wicked people) home again they drew,
And their feign'd grief most impiously renew

290

The Third Section

By this fair Psyche's womb began to breed
And was made pregnant by immortal seed,
Yet this condition was on her impos'd,
That it should mortal prove, if she disclos'd
Her husband's counsels who can now relate
The joy that she conceiv'd to propagate
A divine birth? She reckons every day,
And week, and month, and does her womb survey,
And wonders, since so little was instilled,
So small a vessel should so much be filled
Her husband, smelling of her sisters' drift,
Began to call fair Psyche unto shrift,
And warn her thus, 'The utmost day,' says he,
'And latest chance, is now befall'n to thee,
A sex pernicious to thine own dear blood
Has taken arms up to withstand thy good
Again thy sisters, with regardless care
Of love, or piety, come to ensnare,
And tempt thy faith, which I forbad before,
That thou my shape and visage shouldst explore
In lieu of which take up a like defence,
Protecting with religious continence
Our house from ruin, and thyself prevent,
And our small pledge from dangers imminent '
Psyche, with sighs and tears together blent,
Breaks off his speech, 'Since you a document
Have of my silence and my love,' quoth she,
'Why should you fear to trust my constancy
Which to confirm, bid Zephyrus fulfil
Once more his duty, and obey my will,
That since your long'd for sight I am denied,
I may behold my sisters by my side
Turn not away, my love, I thee beseek,
By thy curl'd hair, and by thy silken cheek

10

0

30

285 vindicate]= 'take vengeance on '

33 'Beseek,' it may be just worth while to note, is not a licence for rhymes sake but a perfectly correct form, usual in Chaucer. Its rarity later is rather surprising

Deign from thy bounty this small boon to spare,
Since the forc'd ignorance of what you are
Must not offend me, nor the darkest night,
Where I embrace you in a greater light'

Charm'd with her sugar'd words, he gives consent,

That the swift wind, with haste incontinent,

40

Although unwilling, should display his wing,

And the she-traitors to fair Psyche bring

Thus all together met, her sisters twain

Embrace their prey, and a false love do feign

'Psyche,' says one, 'you are a mother grown,

Methinks your womb like a full rose is blown

O! what a mass of comfort will accrue

Unto our friends and family from you?

Cert's this your child, if it be half so fair

As is the mother, must be Cupid's heir'

50

Thus they with flatteries, and with many a smile,

Pretending false affection, her beguile,

And she out of her innocence, poor maid,

Gave easy credit unto all they said

And too too kind, to a fair chamber led,

Where with celestial dainties she them fed

She speaks but to the lute, and straight it hears,

She calls for raptures, and they swell their ears

All sorts of music sound, with many a lay,

Yet none was present seen, to sing or play

60

But as no mirth is pleasant to a dull

And heavy soul, no less, they that are full

Of canker'd malice, all delight disdain,

But what does nourish their belov'd pain

So that no gifts nor price might mollify,

Nor no rewards nor kindness qualify

Their harden'd hearts, but still they are on fire,

To sound her through, and make a strict inquire

What was her husband, what his form, and age,

And whence he did deduce his parentage?

70

You read, how from simplicity at first

She framed a formal story, and what erst

She told, she had forgot, and 'gan to feign

Another tale, and of another strain,

How that he was a man both rich and wise,

Of middle years, and of a middle size

A merchant by profession, that did deal

For many thousands in the common weal

With what they check'd her in the full career

Of her discourse, says one, 'Nay, sister dear,

80

Pray do not strive thus to impose upon

Your loving friends, sure this description

Must to his person needs be contrary,

When in itself your speech does disagree

SECT III] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

You lately boasted he was young and fair,
 What, does the soil or nature of the air
 Bring age so soon? And that he us'd to range
 About the woods, lo, there's another change
 Do you conceit so ignorantly of us,
 We know not Tethis from Hippolitus? 90
 Green fields from seas, a billow from a hill,
 Fishes from beasts? Then we had little skill
 You much dissemble, or you have forgot
 His form, and function, or you know them not'
 Then with the pressure of her eyes, she freed
 One tear from prison, and did thus proceed
 'Psyche, we grieve, and pity you, that thus
 Are grown so careless and incurious
 Of what you ought to fear you think yourself
 Much happy in your husband, and your self, 100
 But are deceived, for we that watch,
 And at each opportunity do catch,
 To satisfy our doubts, for truth have found,
 Both by his crawling footsteps on the ground,
 And by report of neighbouring husbandmen,
 That have espied him flying from his den,
 When he to them most hideously has yell'd,
 From his huge throat, with blood and poison swell'd,
 That this your husband is of serpent breed,
 Either of Cadmus' or of Hydra's seed 110
 Call but the Pythian oracle to mind,
 That you to such hard destiny assign'd,
 And think not all your art, or policy,
 Can cancel his propheticil decree
 Let not his monster's usage for awhile,
 Your soul of just suspicion beguile,
 As that you still shall live at such high rate,
 And that these happy days shall neer have date
 Far be it, that my words should ill portend,
 Yet trust me, all these joys must have an end 120
 The time will come, when this your paramour,
 In whom you so delight, shall you devour
 And when your womb casts her abortive brood,
 Then, Saturn like, he will make that his food
 For this prediction also bore a share,
 In what the god foretold, but lest despair
 Should load you with too great oppression,
 It was concealed and therefore stands upon,

90 Why Marmion selected these particular names, and whether by Tethis he meant 'Iethys' or 'Thetis,' is not very clear. One could guess, but idly

95 Characteristic enough for 'squeezed out a tear' 115 his] 'this'?

118 'Date' in the sense of 'limit' or 'period,' though not very justifiable in itself has authority from Spenser downwards

128 To 'stand upon' in this sense is to 'concern,' 'interest' The phrase therefore, in M's elliptic style, means 'it concerns you whether, &c'

Whether through our advice, you will be saved,
Or in his beastly entrails be en-graved 130
Now, if this uncouth life and solitude
Please you, then follow it, and be still stew'd
In the rank lust of a lascivious worm
Yet we our pious duties shall perform'

Psyche, that tender was, grew wan and pale,
And swoon'd for dread of this so sad a tale
Then fell she from the sphere of her right mind,
And forgot all those precepts she combin'd,
And vow'd to keep, and herself headlong threw 140
Into a thousand griefs, that must ensue
At last reviv'd, having herself upheav'd,
With fainting voice, thus half her words out breath'd
'Truly, my sisters dear, full well I see
How you persist in constant piety
Nor did they, who suggest such words as these,
In my opinion altogether lease,
For to this hour, I never did survey
My husband's shape, but forc'd am to obey
What he commands, and do embrace i' the night,
A thing uncertain, and that shuns the light 150
Therefore to your assertions I assent,
That with good reason seem so congruent,
For in my thoughts I cannot judge at least
But he must be a monster, or some beast,
He uses so much cautionary care,
And threatens so much ill, if I should dare
To view his face, so I refer me to
Your best advice, t' instruct me what to do'

Her sisters, now arriv'd at the full scope 160
Of their base plots, and seeing the gate ope
That kept her heart, scorn any artful bait,
But use their downright weapons of deceit
Saying, 'Dear Psyche, nature should prevail
So much with us, if mischief did assail
Your person, in our sight we were to blame
Should we permit, and not divert the same,
Yet wise men have their ways, and eyes still clear,
And leave no mists of danger, or of fear
You do but brave your death, when you repel
The whispers of your Genius, which would tell 170
The peril you are in, nor are you sure
Of longer life, till you are quite secure
Which to effect, provide a sword that's keen,
And with it, a bright lamp, and both unseen
Hide in some place, until a fitting hour
Shall call them, to assist you with their power

SECT III.] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

Trust me, such spies and counsellors are mute,
 And never nice, or slow to execute
 Any design, so when your husband's eyes
 Are seal'd with sleep, from your soft couch arise, 185
 And 'seize this dragon, when he least takes heed,
 I like Pallas arm'd, and to his death proceed,
 And where his neck and head are join'd in one,
 Make me a speedy separation
 Alcides, son of Jove, as rumour goes,
 Strangled two serpents in his swaddling clothes
 And can your strength fail to bring that to pass,
 Which half the labour of an infant was?'
 Such wicked words they pour into her ear,
 More poisonous than her husband could appear 190
 Psyche was troubled, as the sea, in mind,
 Approv'd their counsel, and again declin'd
 What they persuade, now hastens, now delays,
 Dares, and not dares, and with a blush betrays
 Her wand'ring passion, which knows no mean,
 But travels from extreme unto extreme
 She loves him now, and does again detest,
 Loves as a husband, hates him as a beast
 The only check and bridle to her hate,
 Was the fam'd story, and revengeful fate 200
 Of Danaus' daughters, who in hell are bound
 To fill a vessel they can never sound
 She told the story to them, how all these
 Were fifty virgins, call'd the Belides,
 Her sisters list, while Psyche does discover,
 How each was too inhuman to her lover
 And in one night made all their husbands bleed,
 With hearts hard as the steel that did the deed
 'Yet one,' says she, 'most worthy of the name
 Of wife, and to it everlasting fame 210
 Hight Hypermnestra, with officious lie,
 Met with her father and his perjury
 Who said unto her husband, "Youth, arise,
 Lest a long sleep, unfear'd, do thee surprise
 I will not hold thee captive, nor will strike
 This to thy heart, although my sisters, like
 So many cruel lionesses, void
 Of mercy, all their husbands have destroy'd
 I am of nature soft, nor do I dare
 To view, much less to act thy massacre 220
 What though my father me in prison lay,
 Or load with iron chains, or send away

209 The closeness of this translation from Horace is remarkable and its merit not small. Marston probably learnt from his 'father' Ben the art of those mosaic insertions from the classics which he uses so frequently, but which it seems superfluous always to indicate here.

Far from his kingdom, into banishment,
Or tortures use, 'cause I would not consent
To murder thee —however, take thy flight,
Post for thy life, whilst Venus and the night
Do favour thee, and only this vouchsafe
When I am dead, to write my epitaph”

The mere remembrance of this virtuous deed,
Did a remorse, and kind of pity breed 230
In Psyche's breast, for passions are infus'd
According to the stories we are us'd

To read, and many men do amorous prove,
By viewing acts, and monuments of love
But yet her sisters' malice, that still stood
In opposition against all that's good,
Ceases not to precipitate her on,
Till they had gain'd this confirmation,
To put in act whate'er they did desire,
Thus, fury-like, they did her soul inspire 240

Night and her husband came, and now the sport
Of Venus ended, he began to snort,
Psyche, though weak of mind, and body both,
Yet urg'd by cruel Fate, and her rash oath,
Rose up to make provision for her sin
Lie still, fair maid, thou mayest more honour win,
And make thy murder glory, not a crime,
If thou wouldst kill those thoughts, that do beslime
And gnaw upon thy breast, and never cease
With hissing clamours to disturb thy peace, 250
When thine own heart with serpents doth abound,
Seek not without, that may within be found

Yet was she not so cruel in her haste,
But ere she kill'd him, she his lips would taste,
Wishing she need not rise out from her bed,
But that she had the power to kiss him dead
Now with her lips she labours all she may,
To suck his soul out, whilst he sleeping lay,
Till she at last through a transfusèd kiss,
Left her own soul, and was inspir'd by his 260
And had her soul within his body stay'd,
Till he therein his virtues had convey'd,
And all pollution would from thence remove,
Then, after all, her thoughts had been of love
But since she could not both of them retain,
She restor'd his, and took her own again
Sorry, that she was forc'd it to transfer,
And wish'd, though dead, that he might live in her

242 Alas!—The unnecessary ugliness is all the worse because Marmion is about to rise, not unworthily, to the occasion of his subject's central incident. But these wanton discords are the worst fault of the 'Metaphysicals'—far worse than their conceits, their want of central action, and all the other crimes commonly charged against them

SECT III] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

Then in one hand she held the emulous light,
 And in the other took the sword, so bright 270
 As 'twould her beauty and the fire outshine,
 And she thus arm'd, became more masculine
 But when, by friendship of the lamp, her eye
 Had made a perfect true discovery
 Of all was in the room, what did she see?
 Object of love, wonder of deity !
 The god of Love himself, Cupid the fair,
 Lie sweetly sleeping in his golden hair
 At this so heavenly sight, the lampy spire
 Increas'd his flames, and burnt more pure, and higher 280
 The very senseless sacrilegious steel,
 Did a strong virtue from his presence feel,
 Which turn'd the edge, poor Psyche, all amaz'd,
 With joy and wonder on his beauty gaz'd
 His neck so white, his colour so exact,
 His limbs, that were so curiously compact
 His body sleek, and smooth, that it might not
 Venus repent, t' have such a son begot
 A bright reflection and perfumèd scent
 Fill'd all the room with a mix'd blandishment, 290
 Shot from his wings, and at his feet did lie
 His bow, and arrows, and his armory
 And in this ecstasy she thought to hide
 The cursèd steel, but in her own dear side,
 And had perform'd it sure, had not the sword
 Flew from her hand, out of its own accord
 Glancing on all with eyes unsatisfied,
 At last she his artillery espied
 The quiver was of needlework, wrought round
 With trophies of his own, where Cupid, crown'd, 300
 Sat in the midst, with a bay wreath, which he
 Had proudly pluck'd from the Peneian tree
 Next Venus and Adonis, sad with pain,
 The one of love, the other of disdain
 There Jove in all his borrow'd shapes was dress'd,
 His thefts and his adulteries express'd,
 As emblems of Love's triumph, and these were
 Drawn with such lively colours, men would swear,
 That Ieda lay within a perfect bower,
 And Danæ's golden streams were a true shower 310
 Saturn's two other sons did seem to throw
 Their tridents at his feet, and him allow
 For their supreme, and there were kneeling by
 Gods, nymphs, and all their genealogy,
 Since the first chaos, saving the abuse,
 And Cupid's pride, none could the work traduce
 Pallas, in envy of Arachne's skill
 Or else to curry favour, and fulfil

Cupid's behest, which she durst not withstand,
 Had fram'd the emulous piece with her own hand 320
 And there were portray'd more a thousand loves
 Besides himself,—the skins of turtle doves
 Lin'd it within, and at the upper end,
 A silver plate the quiver did extend,
 Full of small holes, where his bright shafts did lie,
 Whose plumes were stiff with gums of Araby
 His bow was of the best and finest yew
 That in all Ida or fair Tempe grew
 Smooth as his cheek, and chequer'd as his wing,
 And at each end, tipp'd with a pearl, the string 330
 Drawn from the optic of a lady's eye,
 That, whensoever he shoots, strikes harmony
 Psyche, with timorous heed, did softly touch
 His weapons, lest her profane hand might smutch
 The gloss of them then drew a shaft, whose head
 Was wrought of gold, for some are done with lead,
 And laid her finger's end upon the dart,
 Tempting the edge, until it caus'd a smart
 For being pointed sharp, it raz'd the skin,
 Till drops of blood did trickle from within 340
 She, wounded with the poison which it bore,
 Grew more in love than e'er she was before
 Then, as she would herself incorporate,
 She did her numerous kisses equal make
 Unto his hairs, that with her breath did play,
 Steep'd with rich nectar and ambrosia
 Thus being ravish'd with excess of joy,
 With kissing and embracing the sweet boy,
 Lo, in the height of all her jollity,
 Whether from envy, or from treachery, 350
 Or that it had a burning appetite
 To touch that silken skin that look'd so white,
 The wicked lamp, in an unlucky hour,
 A drop of scalding oil did let down pour
 On his right shoulder, whence in horrid wise
 A blister, like a bubble, did arise,
 And boil'd up in his flesh, with a worse fume
 Than blood of vipers, or the Lernean spume
 Ne'er did the dog-star rage with so great heat
 In dry Apulia, nor Alcides sweat 360
 Under his shirt so Cruel oil, that thou
 Who of all others hast the smoothest brow,
 Shouldst play the traitor! who, had anything
 Worse than thyself, as fire, or venom'd sting,
 Or sulphur blasted him, shouldst first have came,
 And with thy powerful breath suck'd out the flame,

361 A fine English match to the almost contemporary *Il en rougit, le traître*!

SECT III] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

For though he be Love's god, it were but vain,
 To think he should be privileg'd from pain
 For we in Homer have like wounded read,
 Of Mars, and Venus, both by Diomed
 But for this heinous and audacious fact,
 Cupid among his statutes did enact—
 Henceforth all lights be banish'd, and exempt,
 From bearing office in Love's government
 And in the day each should his passage mark,
 Or learn to find his mistress in the dark
 Sure all the crew of lovers shall thee hate,
 Nor blest Minerva hold thee consecrate
 When Cupid saw his counsels open laid,
 Psyche's dear faith, and his own plots, betray'd,
 He buckled on his wings, away to fly,
 And had she not caught hold upon his thigh,
 And hung, as an appendix of his flight,
 He questionless had vanish'd from her sight
 But as when men are in deep rivers drown'd,
 And ta'en up dead, have their close fingers found
 Claspings the weeds, so, though her arms were rack'd
 With her more body's weight, and sinews crack'd,
 To follow him through the forc'd element
 Yet held she fast, until he did relent,
 And his ambitious wings 'gan downward steer,
 And stoop to earth, with a mild canceller

The Fourth 'Section

Thus lighted on the earth, he took her wrist,
 And wrung it hard, and did her hands untwist
 And having freed himself, he flew on high,
 Unto a cypress tree, that grew thereby,
 And on the utmost branches being sate,
 He did the matter thus capitulate
 'Was it for this indeed, for this reward,
 Thou silly girl, that I should disregard
 My mother's vows, her tears, her flatteries?
 When she, with all the power she might devise,
 Provok'd me to thy hurt, and thee assign'd
 In marriage, to a groom of some base kind,
 And lowest rank, had not my too much haste
 Redeem'd thy shame, and my own worth disgrac'd
 Was it for this I did thy plagues remove,
 To pain myself? strike mine own heart in love,

392 canceller] The wheel of the hawk to recover itself when a stoop is missed

6 It would be difficult to say why when we keep 'recapitulate' in its proper sense we have chosen to limit the simple verb to a transferred sense But Trench pointed this inconsistency out long ago

With mine own shaft, that after all this gear,
 I should no better than a beast appear?
 For this, wouldst thou cut off my head, which bore
 Those eyes, that did thy beauty so adore? 20
 And yet thou know'st, ungrateful wretch, how I
 Did with my fears, thy mischiefs still imply,
 And every day my cautions did renew,
 The breath of which thou must for ever rue
 And each of these thy sisters, that were guide
 To thy ill act, shall dearly it abide
 Yet will I punish thee no other way
 But only this, I will for ever stray
 Far from thy sight, '—and having said so, fled,
 Whilst she, to hear this news, lay almost dead 30
 Yet prostrate on the ground, her eyes up cast,
 Lied to his wingèd speed, until at last
 She could no more discern as Dido, then,
 Or Ariadne, by some poet's pen,
 Are feign'd to grieve, whose artful passions flow
 In such sweet numbers, as they make their woe
 Appear delightful, telling how unkind
 Their lovers stole away, and the same wind
 That blew abroad their faith and oaths before,
 Then fill'd their sails, and how the troubled shore 40
 Answer'd the lady's groans so Psyche faints,
 And beats her breast with pitiful complaints
 There ran a river near, whose purling streams,
 Hyperion oft did with his golden beams
 Delight to gild, and as it fled along,
 The pleasant murmurs, mix'd with the sweet song
 Of agèd swans, detained the frequent ear
 Of many a nymph, which did inhabit there
 Poor Psyche thither went, and from the brim,
 In sad despair, threw herself headlong in 50
 The river's god—whether 'twere out of fear,
 Duty, or love, or honour, he did bear
 Her husband, or lest her spilt blood should stain
 His crystal current—threw her up again
 But it is thought he would not let her sink,
 'Cause Cupid oft-times would descend to drink,
 Or wash him in the brook, and when he came
 To cool his own heat, would the flood inflame
 Pan at that time sat playing on a reed,
 Whilst his rough goats did on the meadows feed, 60
 And with intente eyes observèd all
 That to the fairest Psyche did befall,

61 'Intente' for 'attentive' is Spenserian and almost common. We might well have kept both while, on the other hand, there is something to be said for the separation (*msf* l 70) of 'experiment' and 'experience'

SECT IV] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

Who seeing her thus piteously distress'd,
 He ran to take her up, and did the best
 He could to comfort her, 'Fair maid,' says he,
 'Though I a rustic, and a shepherd be,
 Scorn not for that my counsel, and advice,
 Nor let my trade become my prejudice
 For, by the benefit of time well spent,
 I am endued with long experiment 70
 And if I do conjecture it aright,
 The cause of all this phrensy and despite,
 Which your sad looks and paleness do imply,
 With other signs in physiognomy,
 By which wise men the truth of art do prove,
 And know the state of minds—you are in love
 Now list to me, and do not with fond haste
 The sacred oil of your life's taper waste
 Use no sinister means to listen on,
 But labour to adjourn destruction 80
 Cast not away yourself by too much grief,
 But courage take for care is beauty's thief
 Cupid I know, whose humour is to strive,
 Then yield, then stay, then play the fugitive
 Be not dismay'd for that, but show your duty,
 And above all things do not spoil your beauty,
 He's delicate, and wanton prayers may win,
 And fair demeanour may re-merit him
 These are the medicines I would have you choose,
 To cure your mind's health, and redress abuse' 90
 She gave him thanks, then rose from where she lay,
 And having done obeisance went her way,
 Thence did she wander on with weary feet,
 And neither track nor passenger could meet,
 Until at length she found a kingly road,
 Which led unto a palace, where abode
 Her eldest sister Psyche entered in,
 Then sent up news, how one of her near kin
 Was come to visit her, return being made,
 Psyche was brought before her, each invade 100
 The other with embraces, and fulfil
 A tedious scene of counterfeit good will
 But when they had discours'd awhile together,
 She ask'd Psyche the cause that brought her thither?
 Who did recount the passages, and tell,
 In order, all the story that befell,
 Which by degrees had ruin'd her,—and laid
 The blame on their lewd counsel, that betray'd
 Her innocent soul, and her firm faith misled,
 To murder her dear husband in his bed 110
 She told how she his certain death decreed,
 And how she rose to execute the deed

She told, how like a lioness she far'd,
 And like an armèd fury, how she star'd,
 Or like a blazing comet in the air,
 With fire and sword, and with dishevell'd hair
 She told the trouble, and epitasis,
 When she beheld his metamorphosis
 A spectacle, that ravish'd her with joy,
 A serpent turn'd into a lovely boy, 120
 Whose young, smooth face might speak him boy or maid—
 Cupid himself in a soft slumber laid,
 She told too of the drop of scalding oil
 That burnt his shoulder, and the heavy coil
 He kept, when he awak'd, caus'd by the smart,
 And how he chid, and how at last did part
 And, for revenge, had threaten'd in her stead
 To make her sisters partners of his bed,
 And 'twixt each word she let a tear down fall,
 Which stopp'd her voice, and made it musical 130
 Thus Psyche, at the last, finish'd her story,
 Season'd with sharp grief, and sweet oratory,
 Which was as long by her relation made,
 As might have served to stuff an Iliade,
 Such as Aeneas unto Dido told,
 Full of adventures, strange and manifold
 Her sister by her looks, great joy did show,
 Resolv'd in that she did her husband know,
 And therefore heard her out with much applause,
 And gave great heed, but chiefly to that clause 140
 Where 'twas declar'd, that he her pomp and state
 To one of her own sisters would translate
 Whence gathering that herself might be his bride,
 She swell'd with lust, with envy, and with pride,
 And in this heat of passion did transcend
 The rock, where Zephyrus used to attend
 To waft her up and down, and there call'd on
 Him, that had now forsook his station
 Yet through the vanity of hope made blind,
 Though then there blew a contrary wind, 150
 Invoking Cupid that he would receive
 Her for his spouse, she did herself bequeath
 Unto a fearful precipice, and threw
 Her body headlong down, whose weight it drew
 Towards the centre, for, without support,
 All heavy matter thither will resort

117 epitasis]—the action which *leads up to* the catastrophe

128 Marmion forgets that though Cupid *does* say this (with a sinister meaning) in Apuleius, he has not himself made him say it *v sup p 32*

138 Resolv'd]—having received the solution of the puzzle

150 *Although* or something else wanted In the next couplet the *v* and *th* rhyme (*v sup p 26, ll 141-2*) recurs, with the confusion now thought puerile or cockneyfied

SECT IV] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

In this her fall, the hard stones by the way
 Did greet her limbs with a discourteous stay
 Bruising her in that manner, that she died,
 As if that she her jury had denied 160
 Her younger sister missing thus the chief
 Co-partner of her sorrows, pin'd for grief
 This craggy rock did overlook the sea,
 Where greedily Neptune had cat in a bay,
 And undermining it much ground did win,
 Where silver footed Thetis riding in
 Upon a bridled dolphin, did explore,
 And ev'ry tide her arms stretch'd on the shore,
 Searching each creek and cranny to augment
 The confines of her wat'ry regiment 170
 Whilst here she sat within a pearly chair,
 And round her all the sea gods did repair,
 To whom her laws she did prescribe by hap,
 The mangled corpse fell full into her lap
 Thetis, that once a child herself had borne,
 Seeing so fair a body foully torn,
 And bleeding fresh, judging some ravisher
 Had done this injury, she did confer
 About the cure, and there were many found
 Whose trade in surgery could heal a wound, 180
 But none that might restore to life again
 Such was the envy of the gods for when
 The scatter'd limbs of chaste Hippolitus
 Were re inspir'd by Aesculapius,
 And by his arts command together came,
 And every bone and joint put into frame,
 That none with emulous skill should dare the like,
 Jove him to hell did with his thunder strike
 But though she could not by her power control
 The Fates' decree, to reunite the soul, 190
 Into another shape she made it pass,
 A doctrine held by old Pythagoras
 For stripping off her clothes, she made her skin
 To wear a soft and plummy covering
 Her gristly nose was hardened to a bill,
 And at each finger's end grew many a quill,
 Her arms to pennons turn'd, and she in all
 Chang'd to a fowl, which men a sea gull call
 A bird of evil nature, and set on
 Much mischief, to whose composition 200
 A great part of her former malice went,
 And was the principal ingredient

160 As if a perjurer? Or 'as if pressed to death for refusal to plead'?

198 In all this Marmon has accentuated the story Apuleius does not identify the tell tale sea gull with the elder sister, and our poet omits the fate of the other unless the strange couplet *sup* (161-2) refers to it Pennon' for 'pinion' is in Milton

For being thus transfigur'd, straight she swam
Into the bottom of the ocean,
Where Neptune kept his court, and pressing near
To Venus' seat, she whisper'd her i' the ear,
How that her son lay desperately griev'd,
Sick of a burn he lately had receiv'd
And many by that means at her did scoff,
And her whole family was ill spoken of 210
For whilst that she herself thus liv'd recluse,
And he his close adulteries did use
No sport or pleasure, no delight or grace,
Friendship or marriage, could find any place
In love no pledge, no harmony in life,
But everywhere confusion was, and strife
Thus the vile bird maliciously did prate,
And Cupid's credit did calumniate
Venus replied, impatient and hot,
'What, has my good son then a mistress got? 220
Which of the Nymphs or Muses is his joy?
Who has inveigled the ingenious boy?
Which of the Hours, or of the Graces all?'
'None of these,' said the bird, 'but men her call
Psyche' So soon as Venus heard her nam'd,
O! how with indignation she exclaim'd
'What, my own beauty's rival, is it she?
That plant, that sucker of my dignity,
And I his bawd?' With these words she ascended 230
To the sea's superficies, where attended
Her doves both ready harness'd, up she got,
And flew to Paphos in her chariot
The Graces came about her, and in haste
What the rough seas or rude winds had misplac'd,
Did recompose with art and studious care,
Combing the cerule drops from her loose hair,
Which, dry'd with rosy powder, they did fold,
And bind it round up in a braid of gold
These wait about her person still, and pass 240
Their judgement on her, equal with her glass
These are the only critics that debate
All beauty, and all fashions arbitrate
These temper her ceruse, and paint, and limn
Her face with oil, and put her in her trim
Twelve other handmaids, clad in white array,
Call'd the twelve Hours, and daughters of the Day,
Did help to dress her there were added more,
Twelve of the night, whose eyes were shadow'd o'er
With dusky and black veils, lest Vulcan's light,
Or vapours, should offend their bleared sight, 250
When they her linen starch, or else prepare
Strong distillations to make her fair

SECT IV] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

These bring her baths and ointments for her eyes,
 And provide cordials 'gainst she shall arise
 These play on music, and perfume her bed,
 And snuff the candle while she lies to read
 Herself asleep thus all, assign'd unto
 Their several office, had enough to do
 And had they twenty times as many been,
 They all might be employ'd about the queen 260
 For though they us'd more reverence than at prayer,
 And sat in council upon every hair,
 And every plait and posture of her gown,
 Giving observance to each frequent frown,
 And rather wish'd the state disorder'd were,
 Than the least implement that she did wear
 As if, of all, that were the greatest sin,
 And that their fate were fasten'd to each pin—
 Though their whole life and study were to please
 Yet such a sullen humour and disease 270
 Reign'd in her curious eyes, she ever sought,
 And scowling look'd, where she might find a fault
 Yet felt she no distemper from the care
 Of other business, nor did any dare
 To interpose or put into her mind
 A thought of any either foe or friend,
 Receipt or payment, but they all were bent
 To place each jewel and each ornament
 And when that she was dress'd and all was done
 Then she began to think upon her son, 280
 And being absent spake of him at large,
 And laid strong aggravations to his charge
 And laid strong aggravations to his charge
 She ripp'd her wrongs up, how she had pass'd by,
 In hope of 'mendment, many an injury,
 Yet nothing could reclaim his stubborn spleen,
 And wanton looseness, though she still had been
 Indulgent to him, as they all did know
 She talk'd too of the duty children owe
 Unto their parents, and did much complain,
 Since she had bore and bred him up with pain, 290
 Now for requital had receiv'd offence,
 And sorely tri'd his disobedience
 Then ask'd the Graces if they could disclose
 Where his new haunts were and his rendezvous,
 For she had trusted them to overlook,
 As guardians, and to guide, as with a hook,
 His straggling nature, and they had done ill
 To slack their hand, and leave him to his will

281 'Large' seems here to have something of the unfavourable sense which it bears in Shakespeare.

294 rendezvous] This word was becoming quite common but Marmion's rhymes are too loose to justify a supposition that it was sometimes pronounced 'rose

Who, as she said, was a weak child, and none
Being near, might soon into much mischief run 300
They blushing smile, and thus allege, 'Since she,
His mother, could not rule him, how can we
That are but servants? whom he does despise,
And brandishes his torch against our eyes,
And in defiance threats what he will do,
Upon the least distaste, to shoot us through'

When Venus heard how the world stood in awe
Of her son's desperate valour, and no law
Might curb his fierceness, flattery nor force
Prevail, she then resolv'd upon a course, 310
With open libels, and with hue and cry,
To publish to the world his infamy
And therefore caus'd in every town and street,
And in all trivial places where ways meet,
In these words, or the like, upon each post,
A charter to be fix'd that he was lost

*The wanton Cupid t'other day
Dud from his mother Venus stray
Great pains she took, but all in vain,
How to get her son again 320
For since the boy is sometimes blind,
He his own way cannot find
If any one can fetch him in,
Or take him captive in a gin,
And bring her word, she for this
Will reward him with a kiss
That you the felon may deserve,
These are signs to know him by
His skin is red with many a stain
Of lovers, which by him were slain 330
Or else it is the fatal doom,
Which foretells of storms to come
Though he seem naked to the eye,
His mind is cloth'd with subtlety
Sweet speech he uses, and soft smiles,
To entice where he beguiles
His words are gentle as the air,
But trust him not, though he speak fair,
And confirm it with an oath
He is fierce and cruel both, 340
He is bold and careless too,
And will play as wantons do
But when you think the sport is past,
It turns to earnest at the last*

317 The inclusion of this version of the famous 'Hue and Cry after Cupid, though an obvious, is a fairly ingenious embroidery on the original. But Marmion might have taken more trouble than to hide him in the very chamber of Venus

Legend of Cupid and Psyche

*His evil nature none can tame,
 For neither reverence nor shame
 Are in his looks his curl'd hair
 Hangs like nets for to ensnare
 His hands, though weak and slender, strike
 Age and sexes all alike , 350
 And when he list, will make his nest
 In their marrow or their breast
 Those poison'd darts shot from his bow,
 Hurt gods above, and men below
 His left hand bears a burning torch,
 Whose flame the very same will scorch ,
 And not hell itself is free
 From this imp's impiety
 The wounds he makes no salve can cure
 Then if you catch him, bind him sure 360
 Take no pity, though he cry,
 Or laugh, or smile, or seem to die,
 And for his ransom would deliver
 His arrows and his painted quiver
 Refuse them all, for they are such
 That will burn where'er they touch*

When this edict was openly declar'd,
 And Venus' importunity, none dar'd
 To be so much of counsel as to hide,
 And not reveal where Cupid did abide 370
 There was an old nymph of the Idalian grove,
 Grandchild to Faune, a Dryad, whom great Jove
 Had ravish'd in her youth, and for a fee,
 In recompense of her virginity,
 Did make immortal, and with wisdom fill,
 And her endow'd with a prophetic skill,
 And knowledge of all herbs, she could apply
 To every grief a perfect remedy,
 Were it in mind, or body, and was sage,
 And weighty in her counsel, to assuage 380
 Any disease, she had the government
 Of the whole palace, and was president
 Of all the nymphs, for Venus did commit
 Such power, to do whatever she thought fit
 She at that time dress'd Cupid for his smart,
 And would have hid his shame with all her heart
 But that she fear'd her mistress to displease,
 If it should after chance the Dryades
 Betray'd her therefore she durst do no other,
 But to send private word unto his mother, 390
 Where her son was, and how he hid his head,
 And groaning lay upon his mother's bed

469 To be of counsel' here seems = 'to keep counsel,' 'to keep things secret'

Soon as this news was brought her, Venus went,
Blown with the wind, and her own discontent,
And there began to scold, and rail, before
She did arrive within the chamber door

‘Are these things honest, which I hear,’ says she,
‘And suiting with our fame and pedigree?

Seducing trifle, have you set at large

Mine enemy, whom I gave up in charge,

40c

That thou shouldst captivate, and set on fire

With sordid, but unquenchable desire?

But since, that thou mightst the more stubborn prove,

Hast fetter’d her unto thyself in love,

Seems you presume, that you are only he,

The chick of the white hen, and still must be

And I, by reason of my age, quite done,

Cannot conceive, nor bear another son

Yes, know I can, and for thy more disgrace,

I will adopt another in thy place

41c

I’ll take away that wicked stuff, with which

Thou dost abuse thy betters, and bewitch

Each age and sex, and not without delight,

Thine uncle Mars and thine own mother smite

Then burn those arms, which were ordain’d to do

Better exploits than thou employ’st them to

For thou wast ever from thy youth untoward,

And dost, without all reverence or regard,

Provoke thy elders, but, Jove! here I wish

I ne’er may eat of a celestial dish,

42c

Unless I turn this triumph to offence,

This sweet to sour, this sport to penitence

But I thus scorn’d, whither shall I fly?

Here is a matron call’d Sobriety,

Whom I have oft offended, through his vain

Luxurious riot, yet I must complain

To her, and at her hands expect the full

Of my revenge, she shall his quiver pull,

Unhead his arrows, and his bow unstring,

Put out his torch, and then away it fling

43c

His golden locks with nectar all imbru’d,

Which I from mine own bosom have bedew’d,

His various wings, the rainbow never yet

Was in such order, nor such colours set,

She shall, without remorse, both cut and pare,

And every feather clip, and every hair

And then, and not till then, it shall suffice

That I have done my wrongs this sacrifice’

Thus full of choler did she Cupid threat,

And having eas’d her mind did back retreat

44c

But making haste, with this distemper’d look,

Ceres and Juno both she overtook

SECT IV] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

Who seeing her with such a troubled brow,
 Did earnestly demand the manner how
 She came so vex'd, and who had power to shroud
 Her glorious beauty in so black a cloud
 'You cannot choose but hear,' Venus reply'd,
 'How I have been abus'd on every side
 First, when my limping husband me beset,
 And caught Mars and myself both in his net, 450
 And then expos'd us naked to the eyes
 Of heaven, and the whole bench of deities
 'Tis a known tale, and to make up the jest,
 One god, less supercilious than the rest,
 Told Mars, if those his fetters made him sweat,
 He would endure the burthen and the heat
 Time wore out this disgrace, but now your art
 Must drive another sorrow from my heart
 And if you love me, use your best of skill
 To seek out Psyche, she hath done this ill 460
 Cupid, my son, has chose her for his spouse,
 That is the only plague unto my house'
 'Lady,' said they, 'alack, what hurt is done,
 Or crime in this committed by your son?
 Is this a cause fit to provoke your spite,
 T' impugn his sports, and hinder his delight?
 What imputation on your house were laid,
 I though he should set his fancy on a maid?
 You may allow his patent for to pass,
 That he may love a blithe and bonny lass 470
 What! you forget that he is well in years,
 And 'tis a comfort to you that he bears
 His age so well, therefore you must not pry
 Into his actions so narrowly
 For with what justice can you disapprove
 That in your son, which in yourself you love?
 Is't fit that seeds of love by you be sown
 In others' hearts, and banish'd from your own?
 You have an interest in all that's his,
 Both prais'd for good, both blam'd for what's amiss 480
 Remember too you are his mother dear,
 Held wise, and must give way' Thus they for fear
 Of Cupid's arrows did him patronize
 But Venus, scorning that her injuries
 Were no more pitied, her swift doves did rein,
 And took her way towards the sea again

END OF THE FIRST BOOK

BOOK II

The First Section

PSYCHE this while wander'd the world about
 With various errors to find Cupid out,
 Hoping, although no matrimonial way,
 Or beauty's force his ringer might allay,
 Yet prayers and duty sometimes do abate,
 And humble service him propitiate
 She travell'd forth, until at length she found
 A pleasant plain, with a fair temple crown'd,
 Then to herself she said, 'Ah, who can tell
 Whether or no my husband there do dwell?' 10
 And with this thought she goes directly on,
 Led with blind hope and with devotion
 Then ent'ring in, she to the altar bended,
 And there perform'd her orisons, which ended,
 Casting her eyes about, she did espy
 A world of instruments for husbandry,
 As forks, and hooks, and rakes, sickles and scythes,
 Garlands, and shears, and corn for sacrifice
 Those ears that were confused she did sever,
 And those that scatter'd lay she put together, 20
 Thinking she ought no worship to decline
 Of any thing that seem'd to be divine
 Ceres, far off, did Psyche overlook,
 When this laborious task she undertook,
 And as she is a goddess that does love
 Industrious people, spake to her from above
 'Alas, poor Psyche, Venus is thy foe,
 And strives to find thee out with more ado
 Than I my Proserpine the earth, the sea,
 And the hid confines of the night and day, 30
 Have all been ransack'd, she has sought thee forth
 Through both the poles and mansions of the north
 Not the Riphean snow, nor all the droughth
 That parches the vast deserts of the south,
 Have staid her steps she has made Lethys sweep,
 To find thee out, the bottom of the deep,
 And vows that heaven itself shall thee resign,
 Though Jove had fix'd thee there his concubine

- Probably M intended a double sense in 'error'—'wandering' and '*mistaken wandering*'. In the latter part of the sentence 'might,' 'do,' and 'him' taken together form a curious instance of the confusion common in writing of this time

33 Prof Skeat thinks 'droughth' the true form

Legend of Cupid and Psyche

She never rests, for since she went to bed,
The rosy crown is wither'd from her head 40
Thou careless wretch, thus Venus all enrag'd,
Seeks for thy life, whilst thou art here engag'd
'Bout my affairs, and think'st of nothing less
Than thine own safety and lost happiness'

Psyche fell prostrate on her face before
Fair Ceres' throne, and did her help implore,
Moist'ning the earth with tears, and with her hair
Brushing the ground, she sent up many a prayer
'By thy fruit scattering hand I thee entreat,
And the Sicilian fields, that are the seat 50
Of thy fertility, and by the glad
And happy ends the harvest ever had,
And by thy coach, with wing'd dragons drawn,
And by the darksome hell that 'gan to dawn
At the bright marriage of fair Proserpine,
And by the silent rites of Eleusine,
Impart some pity, and vouchsafe to grant
This small request to your poor suppliant
I may lie hid among these sheaves of corn 60
Until great Venus' fury be outworn,
Or that my strength and faculties, subdued
By weary toil, a little be renew'd'

But as the world's accusom'd, when they see
Any overwhelm'd with a deep misery,
Afford small comfort to their wretched state,
But only are in words compassionate,
So Ceres told her, she did greatly grieve
At her distress, but durst her not relieve,
For Venus was a good and gracious queen,
And she her favour highly did esteem 70
Nor would she succour a contrary side,
Being by love and kin to her ally'd

Poor Psyche thus repuls'd, soon as she saw
Her hopes quite frustrate, did herself withdraw,
And journey'd on unto a neighbouring wood,
Where likewise a rich fane and temple stood,
Of goodly structure, and before the house
Hung many gifts and garments precious,
That by the name engrav'd, and dedication,
Express'd without to whom they had relation 80

Here Psyche enter'd, her low knees did bend,
And both herself and fortunes recommend
To mighty Juno, and thus spake to her
'Thou Wife and Sister to the Thunderer,
Whether thou dost in ancient Samos lie,
The place of thy first birth and nursery,

65 The omission of 'to' and the use of 'but' for 'and' again illustrate Marmion's nonchalant way of writing

Or by the banks of Inacus abide,
 Or thy lov'd Carthage, or round heaven dost ride
 Upon a lion's back, that art in the east
 Call'd Zigia, and Lucina in the west 90
 Look on my grief's extremity, and deign
 To ease me of my labour and my pain'

Thus having pray'd, straight Juno from on high
 Presents herself in all her majesty,
 And said, 'Psyche, I wish you had your ends,
 And that my daughter and yourself were friends
 For Venus I have ever held most dear,
 In as high place as she my daughter were
 Nor can that, which one goddess has begun,
 By any other deity be undone 100
 Besides the Stygian laws allow no leave,
 That we another's servant should receive,
 Nor can we by the league of friendship give
 Relief to one that is a fugitive'

Fair Psyche, shipwreck'd in her hopes again,
 And finding no ways how she might obtain
 Her wing'd husband, cast the worst of all,
 And thus her thoughts did into question call
 'What means can be attempted or applied 110
 To this my strange calamity, beside
 What is already used? For though they would,
 The gods themselves can render me no good
 Why then should I proceed, and unawares
 Tender my foot unto so many snares?
 What darkness can protect me? what disguise
 Hide me from her inevitable eyes?
 Some women from their crimes can courage gather,
 Then why not I from misery? and rather,
 What I cannot defer, not long withstand,
 Yield up myself a prisoner to her hand 120
 For timely modesty may mitigate
 That rage, which absence does exasperate
 And to confirm this, who knows whether he,
 Whom my soul longs for, with his mother be?'

Venus, now sick of earthly business,
 Commands her coach be put in readiness
 Whose subtle structure was all wrought upon
 With gold, with purple, and vermilion
 Vulcan compos'd the fabric, 'twas the same
 He gave his wife, when he a-wooing came 130
 Then of those many hundred doves that soar
 About her palace, she selected four,

107 cast] As in 'cast accounts,' = 'drew the worst conclusions,' 'made up her mind to the worst'

116 This is the sort of thing which repays one for the reading of many pages

Legend of Cupid and Psyche

Whose chequer'd necks to the small traces tied,
 With nimble gyres they up to heaven did glide
 A world of sparrows did by Venus fly,
 And nightingales that sung melodiously,
 And other birds accompanied her coach,
 With pleasant noise proclaiming her approach
 For neither hardy eagle, hawk, nor kite,
 Durst her sweet sounding family affright
 The clouds gave way, and heaven was open made,
 Whilst Venus Jove's high turrets did invade
 Then having silenc'd her obstreperous quire,
 She boldly calls for Mercury the crier,
 Jove's messenger, who but a while before
 Return'd with a loose errand, which he bore
 To a new mistress, and was now t' advise
 Upon some trick, to hide from Juno's eyes
 Jove's bawdery, for he such feats can do,
 Which are his virtues and his office too
 When Venus saw him, she much joy did show,
 And said, 'Kind brother Mercury you know
 How I esteem your love at no small rate,
 With whom my mind I still communicate
 Without whose counsel I have nothing done,
 But still preferr'd your admonition,
 And now you must assist me,—there's a maid
 Lies hid, whom I have long time sought, and laid
 Close wait to apprehend, but cannot take,
 Therefore I'd have you proclamation make,
 With a reward propounded, to requite
 Whoe'er shall bring, and set her in my sight
 Make known her marks, and age, lest any chance,
 Or after dare, to pretend ignorance'

Thus having said, she gave to him a note,
 And libel, wherein Psyche's name was wrote
 Hermes, the powerful and all-charming god,
 Taking in hand his soul-constraining rod,
 With which he carries, and brings back from hell,
 With Venus went, for he lov'd Venus well,
 'Cause he in former time her love had won,
 And in his dalliance, had of her a son
 Begot, call'd the Hermaphrodite, which is
 The boy that was belov'd by Salmacis
 Thus both from heaven descended, open cry,
 In express words, was made by Mercury

*O yes! if any can true tidings bring
 Of Venus' handmaid, daughter to a king,
 Psyche the fugitive, of stature tall,
 Of tender age, and form celestial
 To whom, for dowry, Art and Nature gave
 All grace, and all the comeliness they have*

*This I was bid to say, and be it spoken
Without all envy, each smile is a token
Sufficient to betray her In her gait
She Phoebus' sister does most imitate
Nor does her voice sound mortal if you spy
Her face, you may discern her by the eye,
That like a star, dazzles the optic sense
Cupid has oft his torch brought lighted thence 190
If any find her out, let him repair
Straightways to Mercury, and the news declare,
And for his recompense he shall have leave,
Even from Venus' own lips, to receive
Seven fragrant kisses, and the rest among,
One honey-kiss, and one touch from her tongue*

Which being publishèd, the great desire
Of this reward, set all men's hearts on fire
So that poor Psyche durst no more forbear
To offer up herself then drawing near 200
To Venus' house, a maid of her's, by name
Call'd Custom, when she saw her, did exclaim,
'O, Madam Psyche, Jove your honour save
What? do you feel now, you a mistress have?
Or does your rashness, or your ignorant worth
Not know the puns we took to find you forth?
Sweet, you shall for your stubbornness be taught,
With that rude hold upon her locks she caught,
And dragg'd her in, and before Venus brought

The Second Section

So soon as Venus saw her, she, like one
That looks 'twixt scorn and indignation,
Rais'd a loud laughter, such as does proceed
From one that is vex'd furiously indeed
Then shaking of her head, biting her thumb,
She said, 'What, my good daughter, are you come
Your mother to salute? But I believe
You would your husband visit, who does grieve
For the late burn with which you did inure
His tender shoulder But yet rest secure, 10

196 Apuleius combines what Marmion seems (but in his careless way probably without meaning) to separate—*Et unum blandientis, appulsu linguae longe mellitum*

209 The triplet, at this important juncture, is noteworthy

9 inure] Literally from *murare* as here, is not accepted by the authorities as the origin of the English 'in' or 'en ure,' to put in ure or use But it is probable that many, if not most, educated people connect the two (cf. Tennyson's 'The sin that practice burns into the blood'), and I do not see why a double etymology should not be allowed

SECT II] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

I shall provide for you, nor will I swerve
 From any needful office you deserve '
 Thus winking Venus did on Psyche leer,
 And with such cruel kindness did her jeer
 Then for her entertainment, cries, 'Where are
 My two rough handmaids, Solitude and Care?'
 They enter'd, she commands her hands to tie,
 And take the poor maid to their custody
 Which done accordingly, with whips they beat,
 And her with torments miserably treat 20
 Thus used, and in this shameful manner dight,
 They her, with scorn, reduce to Venus' sight
 Who smiling said, 'Tis more than time, that I
 Should set my nymphs all to work sempstery,
 And make your baby clouts Why this is brave,
 And you shall Juno for your midwife have
 Where will you lie in? how far are you gone?
 That's a great motive to compassion
 And I my style must rather boast, than smother,
 That in my youth I shall be call'd grandmother 30
 But by your leave, I doubt these marriages
 That are solemniz'd without witnesses,
 Witho^t consent of friends, the parties' state
 Unequal too, are scarce legitimate,
 And so this child they shall a bastard call
 If yet thou bring'st forth any child at all '
 Then to begin with some revenge, she rose,
 And all her ornaments did discompose,
 And her discolour'd gown in^{*pieces} pull,
 And whatsoever made her beautiful 40
 But lest her sufferings should all passive be,
 She turns her punishment to industry,
 And takes of several seeds a certain measure,
 Wheat, barley, oats, and a confusèd treasure
 Of pease and lentils, then all mix'd did pour
 Into one heap, with a prefixèd hour,
 That, ere herself should on our hemisphere
 That night as the bright evening star appear,
 Psyche each grain should rightly segregate,
 A task, for twenty, too elaborate 50
 This work assign'd, Venus from thence did pass
 To a marriage feast, where she invited was
 Poor Psyche all alone amaz'd did stand,
 Nor to this labour would once set her hand
 In her own thoughts judging herself unable,
 To vanquish that was so inextricable,
 When lo, a numerous multitude of ants,
 Her neighbours, the next field's inhabitants,

22 reduce] = 'bring back' The Latinism is not from Ap, who has *reddunt*

Came thronging in, sent thither by some power,
That pity took on Cupid's paramour, 60
Nor would that wrong should be without defence,
And hated Venus for her insolence
All these by an instinct together met,
Themselves in a tumultuous method set
On work, and each grain arithmetically
Subtract, divide, and after multiply
And when that this was done away they fled,
Each grain being by its kind distinguishèd
Venus now from the nuptial feast was come,
Her breath perfum'd with wine and balsamum, 70
Her body was with twines of myrtles bound,
Her head with garlands of sweet roses crown'd
And seeing this accomplish'd task, she said,
'Housewife, 'twas not your handywork convey'd
These seeds in order thus, but his, that still
Persists in love, to thine and his own ill'
Then on the ground she threw a crust of bread,
For Psyche's supper, and so went to bed
Cupid the while in a back room was put
Under the same roof, and in prison shut 80
A punishment for his old luxury,
Lest he with Psyche should accompany
And so by too much straining of his side,
Might hurt his wound before 'twas scarified
But when the rosy morning drew away
The sable curtain, which let in the day,
Venus to Psyche calls, and bids awake,
Who standing up, she shows to her a lake,
Environ'd with a rock, beyond whose steep
And craggy bottom graz'd a flock of sheep 90
They had no shepherd them to feed or fold,
And yet their well-grown fleeces were of gold
Pallas sometimes the precious locks would cull,
To make great Juno vestures of the wool
'Fetch me,' says Venus, 'some of that rich hair,
But how you'll do it, I nor know nor care'
Psyche obeys, not out of hope to win
So great a prize, but meaning to leap in,
That in the marsh she might end her life,
And so be freed from Venus and her strife 100
When drawing near, the wind inspirèd reed
Spake with a tuneful voice, 'Psyche, take heed,
Let not despair thee of thy soul beguile,
Nor these my waters with thy death defile,
But rest thee here under this willow tree,
That growing drinks of the same stream with me
Keep from those sheep that, heated with the sun,
Rage like the lion, or the scorpion

T II] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

None can their stony brows nor horns abide,
 Till the day's fire be somewhat qualified 110
 But when the vapour and their thirst is quench'd,
 And Phoebus' horses in the ocean drench'd,
 Then you may fetch what Venus does desire,
 And find their fleecy gold on every briar
 Th' oraculous reed, full of humanity,
 Thus from her hollow womb did prophesy
 And she observing strictly what was taught,
 Her apron full of the soft metal brought,
 And gave to Venus, yet her gift and labour
 Gain'd no acceptance, nor found any favour 120
 'I know the author of this fact,' says she,
 'How 'twas the price of his adultery
 But now I will a serious trial make,
 Whether you do these dangers undertake
 With courage, and that wisdom you pretend
 For see that lofty mountain, whence descend
 Black colour'd waters, from Earth's horrid dens,
 And with their boilings wash the Stygian fens,
 From thence augment Cocytus' foaming rage,
 And swell his channel with their surplusage 130
 Go now, and some of that dead liquor skim,
 And fill this crystal pitcher to the brim
 Bring it me straight '—and so her brows did knit,
 Threat'ning great matters if she fail'd of it
 With this injunction Psyche went her ways,
 Hoping even there to end her wretched days
 But coming near to the prefixed place,
 Whose height did court the clouds, and lowest base
 Gave those black streams their first original,
 That wearing the hard rocks, did headlong fall 140
 Into the Stygian valleys, underneath
 She saw a fatal thing, and full of death
 Iwo watchful dragons the straight passage kept,
 Whose eyes were never seal'd, nor ever slept
 The waters too said something, 'Psyche, fly!
 What do you here? Depart, or you shall die!'
 Psyche with terror of the voice dejected,
 And thought of that night never be effected,
 Like Niobe was changed into a stone,
 In body present, but her mind was gone 150
 And, in the midst of her great grief and fears,
 Could not enjoy the comfort of her tears
 When Jove, whose still protecting providence
 Is ever ready to help innocence,
 Sent the Saturnian eagle, who once led
 By Love's impulsion, snatch'd up Ganimed

143 Probably 'strait' but the substitution is constant

To be Jove's cup-bearer, from Ida hill,
 And ever since bore Cupid a good will
 And what he could not to his person show,
 Resolv'd upon his mistress to bestow 160
 Then with angelic speed, when he had left
 The Air's high tracts, and the three regions cleft,
 Before her face he on the meadow sate,
 And said, 'Alas, thou inconsiderate
 And foolish maid, return back, go not nigh
 Those sacred streams, so full of majesty
 What hope hast thou those waters to procure,
 Which Jove himself does tremble to abjure?
 No mortal hand may be allow'd to touch,
 Much less to steal a drop, their power is such 170
 Give me the pitcher' She it gave, he went
 To Styx, and feign'd that Venus had him sent
 Psyche the urn did to his talons tie,
 Then with his plum'd oars poised equally,
 He lets it sink betwixt the very jaws
 Of those fierce dragons, and then up it draws,
 And gives it Psyche, she the same convey'd
 To Venus, yet her pains were ill repaid
 Nothing her rage might exprite, but still
 The end of one begins another ill 180
 'For aught,' says Venus, 'that I gather can,
 You are a witch or some magician
 What else can be concluded out of these
 Experienc'd impossibilities?
 If your commerce be such then, you may venture
 Boldly to hell, and when you there shall enter,
 Me to my cousin Proserpine commend,
 And in my name entreat her she would send
 Some of her box of beauty to me, say,
 So much as may suffice me for a day 190
 Excuse me to her, that my own is spent,
 I know not how, by an ill accident,
 I am asham'd to speak it, but 'tis gone,
 And wasted all in curing of my son
 But be not slack in your return, for I
 Must with the gods feast, of necessity
 Nor can I thither go, without disgrace,
 Till I have us'd some art unto my face'
 Psyche conceiv'd now, that her life and fate,
 And fortunes, all were at their utmost date, 200
 Being by Venus' cruelty thrust on
 Towards a manifest destruction,

168 'Abjure' in the sense of 'perjure himself by,' must be rare, and may well be left so. It is however fair to M. to say that he may have had Apuleius' *dejero* in his mind just as he directly reproduces 'expiate' below (179), in the sense, rare in Latin, and more than questionable in English, of 'appease'

Which she collects by argument, that thus
 With her own feet, must march to Ixion
 In this delusive agony she rose,
 And by degrees up to a turret goes,
 Whose top o'erlook'd the hills, it was so high,
 Resolv'd to tumble headlong from the sky
 Conceiting, as her fancy did her feed,
 That was the way to go to hell indeed 210
 But then a sudden voice to her did call,
 Which brake out of the caverns of the wall,
 That said, 'Ah, coward, wretch! why dost thou yield
 To this last labour, and forsake the field?
 Whilst Victory her banner does display,
 And with a proffer'd crown tempts thee to stay
 The way to hell is easy, and the gate
 Stands ope, but if the soul be separate
 Once from the body, true, she goes to hell
 Not to return, but there for ever dwell 220
 Virtue knows no such stop, nor they, whom Jove
 Either begot, or equally does love
 Now list to me there is a fatal ground
 In Greece, beyond Achar's farthest bound,
 Near Lacedemon, famous for the rape
 Paris on Helen made, and their escape
 'Tis quickly found, for with its sterner breath
 It blasts the fields, and is the port of death
 The path, like Ariadne's clue, does guide
 To the dark court where Pluto does abide 230
 And if you must those dismal regions see,
 Then carry in your hand a double fee
 For Charon will do nothing without money,
 And you must have sops made of meal and honey
 It is a doubtful passage, for there are
 Many decrees and laws peculiar
 Must strictly be observ'd, and if once broke,
 No ransom nor entreaty can revoke
 Nor is there prosecution of more strife,
 But all are penal statutes on your life 240
 The first that you shall meet with, as you pass,
 Is an old man come diving of an ass,
 Decrepid as himself they both shall sweat
 With their hard labour, and he shall entreat
 That you would help his burthen to untie,
 But give no ear, nor stay when you go by
 And next you shall arrive without delay
 To slow Avernus' lake, where you must pay
 Charon his waftage, as before I said,
 For avarice does live among the dead 250
 And a poor man, though tide serve, and the wind,
 If he no stipend bring, must stay behind

Here as you sail along, you shall see one
 Of squalid hue, they call Oblivion,
 Heave up his hands, and on the waters float,
 Praying, you would receive him in your boat
 But know, all those that will in safety be,
 Must learn to disaffect such piety
 When you are landed, and a little past
 The Stygian ferry, you your eyes shall cast 260
 And spy some busy at their wheel, and these
 Are three old women, call'd the Destinies,
 They will desire you to sit down and spin,
 And show your own life's thread upon the pin
 Yet are they all but snares, and do proceed
 From Venus' malice to corrupt your creed,
 For should you lend your help to spin or card
 Or meddle with their distaff, your reward
 Might perhaps slip out of your hand, and then 270
 You must hope never to come back again
 Next, a huge mastiff shall you see before
 The palace gate, and adamantine door,
 That leads to Dis, who when he opens wide
 His triple throat, the ghosts are terrified
 With his loud barkings, which so far rebound,
 They make all hell to echo with their sound
 Him with a morsel you must first assuage,
 And then deliver Venus' embassy
 For Proserpine shall kindly you entreat,
 And will provide a banquet and a seat 280
 But if you sit, sit on the ground, and taste
 None of her dainties, but declare in haste
 What you desire, which she will straight deliver
 Then with those former rules pass back the river
 Give the three headed dog his other share,
 And to the greedy mariner his fare
 Keep fast these precepts whatso'er they be,
 And think on Orpheus and Euridice
 But above all things, this observe to do,
 Take heed you open not, nor pry into 290
 The beauty's box, else shall you there remain,
 Nor see this heaven, nor these stars again'
 The stone enclosed voice did friendly thus
 Psyche forewarn, with signs propitious

254 Where Marmion got 'Oblivion' from I know not Apuleius merely has
quidam senex mortuus

The Last Section ¹

So soon as Psyche got all things together,
 That might be useful for her going thither,
 And her return, to Taenarus she went,
 And the infernal passage did attempt
 Where all those strange and fatal prophecies
 Accomplish'd were in their occurrences
 For first she passes by with careless speed,
 The old man and his ass, and gave no heed
 Either unto his person or desire,
 And next she pays the ferryman his hire, 10
 And though Oblivion and the Fates did woo her
 With many strong temptations to undo her,
 Ulysses like, she did their prayers decline,
 And came now to the house of Proserpine
 Before the palace was a stately court,
 Where forty marble pillars did support
 The roof and frontispiece, that bore on high
 Pluto's own statue, grav'd in ebony
 His face, though full of majesty, was dimm'd
 With a sad cloud, and his rude throne untrimm'd 20
 His golden sceptre was eat in with rust,
 And that again quite overlaid with dust
 Ceres was wrought him by, with weeping eyne,
 Lamenting for the loss of Proserpine
 Her daughter's rape was there set down at full,
 Who, while that she too studiously did pull
 The purple violet and sanguine rose,
 Lilies and low-grown pansies, to compose
 Wreaths for the nymphs, regardless of her health
 Was soon surpris'd, and snatch'd away by stealth, 30
 Forc'd by the king of the infernal powers,
 And seem'd to cry and look after her flowers
 Enceladus was stretch'd upon his back,
 While Pluto's horses' hoofs and coach did wrack
 His bruised body Pallas did extend
 The gorgon's head Delia her bow did bend,
 And Virgins both, their uncle did defy
 Like champions, to defend virginity
 The sun and stars were wrapp'd in sable weeds,
 Damp'd with the breath of his Taenarian steeds 40
 All these, and more, were portray'd round about,
 Which filth defac'd, or time had eaten out
 Three-headed Cerberus the gate did keep,
 Whom Psyche with a sop first laid to sleep,

¹ Marmion has expatiated largely and with no ill result in this last section Ap tells Psyche's journey very briefly

And then went safely by, where first she saw
Hell's judges sit, and urging of the law
The place was parted in two several ways
The right hand to Elysium conveys,
But on the left were malefactors sent,
The seat of tortures and strange punishment 50
There Tantalus stands thirsty, to the chin
In water, but can take no liquor in
Ixion too, and Sisyphus, the one
A wheel, the other turns a restless stone
A vulture there on Titius does wreak
The gods' just wrath, and pounding with his beak,
On his immortal liver still does feed,
For what the day does waste the night does breed
And other souls are forcèd to reveal,
What unjust pleasures they on earth did steal, 60
Whom fiery Phlegethon does round enclose,
And Styx his waves does nine times interpose
The noise of whips and furies did so fright
Poor Psyche's ears, she hasted to the right
That pathway straight, for on each side there grew
A grove of mournful cypress and of yew
It is the place of such as happy die
There, as she walkèd on, did infants cry,
Whom cruel death snatch'd from their teats away,
And robb'd of sweet life in an evil day 70
There lovers live, who living here, were wise,
And had their ladies to close up their eyes
There mighty heroes walk, that spent their blood
In a just cause, and for their country's good
All these beholding, through the glimmering air,
A mortal, and so exquisitely fair,
Thick as the motes in the sunbeams came running
To gaze, and know the cause too of her coming,
Which she dissembled, only ask'd to know
Where Pluto dwelt, for thither she must go 80
A guide was straight assign'd, who did attend,
And Psyche brought safe to her journey's end,
Who being enter'd, prostrate on her knee,
She humbly tenders Venus' embassy
Great Pluto's queen presented to her guest
A princely throne to sit on, and a feast,
Wishing her taste, and her tir'd limbs refresh,
After her journey and her weariness
Psyche excus'd it, that she could not stay,
And if she had her errand would away 90
But Proserpine replied, 'You do not know,
Fair maid, the joys and pleasures are below,

65 'Path lay' ? or 'Pathway's strait' ?

SECT III] *Legend of Cupid and Psyche*

Stay and possess whatever I call mine,
 For other lights and other stars do shine
 Within our territories, the day's not lost,
 As you imagine, in the Elysian coast
 The golden age and progeny is here,
 And that fam'd tree that does in Autumn bear
 Clusters of gold, whose apples thou shalt hoard,
 Or each meal, if thou please, set on the board 100
 The matrons of Elysium at thy beck
 Shall come and go, and buried queens shall deck
 Thy body in more stately ornaments
 I than all Earth's feign'd majesty presents
 The pale and squalid region shall rejoice,
 [And] Silence shall break forth a pleasant voice
 Stern Pluto shall himself to mirth betake,
 And crown'd ghosts shall banquet for thy sake,
 New lamps shall burn, if thou wilt here abide,
 And night's thick darkness shall be rarefied, 110
 Whate'er the winds upon the earth do sweep,
 Rivers, or fens embrace, or the vast deep,
 Shall be thy tribute, and I will deliver
 Up for thy servant the Lethean river
 Besides, the Parcae shall thy handmaids be,
 And what thou speakst stand for a destiny'

Psyche gave thanks, but did her plainly tell,
 She would not be a courtier unto hell
 When, wond'ring that such honours did not please,
 She offer'd gifts far richer than all these 120
 For as a dowry at her feet she laid
 The mighty engines which the world upweigh'd,
 And vow'd to give her immortality,
 And all the pleasures and the royalty
 Of the Elysian fields, which wisely she
 Refus'd, for Hell, with all their power and skill,
 Though they allure, they cannot force the will

This vex'd fair Proserpine any should know
 Their horrid secrets, and have power to show
 Unto the upper world what she had seen 130
 Of Hell and Styx, of Pluto and his queen
 Yet since she might rot her own laws withstand,
 She gave the box of beauty in her hand
 And Psyche with those precepts used before,
 The sun's bright beams did once again adore
 Then, as she thought, being out of all control,
 A curious rashness did possess her soul,
 That slighting of her charge and promis'd duty,
 She greatly itch'd to add to her own beauty,
 Saying, 'Ah fool, to bear so rich a prize, 140
 And yet, through fear, dost envy thine own eyes
 The happy object, whose reflection might



Shakerley Marmion

[Book II

Gain thee some favour in young Cupid's sight
The voice forbade me, but I now am free
From Venus' vision and hell's custody '
And so without all scruple she unlocks,
And lets forth the whole treasure of the box,
Which was not any thing to make one fair,
But a mere Stygian and infernal air,
Whose subtle breathings through her pores did creep, 150
And stuff'd her body with a cloud of sleep

But Cupid, now not able to endure
Her longer absence, having gain'd his cure,
And prun'd his ruffled wings, flew through the gate
Of his close prison, to seek out his mate,
Where finding her in this dull lethargy,
He drew the foggy vapour from her eye,
And that her stupid spirits might awake,
Did all the drowsy exhalation shake
From off her sense, he shut it up, and seal'd 160
The box so fast, it ne'er might be reveal'd
Next with his harmless dart, small as a pin,
He prick'd the superficies of her skin,
Saying, 'What wondrous frailty does possess
This female kind, or rather wilfulness?

For lo, thy foolish curiosity
Has tempted thee again to perjury
What proud exploit was this? what horrid fact?
Be sure, my mother Venus will exact
A strict account of all that has been done, 170
Both of thyself and thy commission
But yet for all this trespass, be of cheer,
And in a humble duty persevere,
Detain from Venus nought that is her own,
And for what else remains let me alone '
Thus Psyche by her lover being sent,
And waxing strong through his encouragement,
The box of beauty unto Venus brings,
Whilst Cupid did betake him to his wings
For when he saw his mother so austere, 180
Forc'd by the violence of love and fear,
He pierc'd the marble concave of the sky,
To heaven appeal'd, and did for justice cry,
Pleading his cause, and in the sacred presence
Of Jove himself did his love-suit commence

Jove, at his sight, threw by his rays, so pure,
That no eyes but his own might them endure
Whom Cupid thus bespake, 'Great Jove, if I
Am born your true and lawful progeny,

160 Singer 'she '

167 This curious line becomes more curious when we read in Ap *Rursus perieras, misella, simili curiositate* Did M take it as *pejeras*!

If I have play'd between your arms, and sate 190
 Next to yourself, but since grown to a state
 Of riper years, have been thought fit to bear
 An equal sway, and move in the same sphere
 Of honour with you, by whose means both men
 And gods have trembled at my bow, as when
 Yourself have darted thunderbolts, and slain
 The earth bred giants in the Phlegrian plain
 And when in several scales my shafts were laid
 With your own trident, neither has outweigh'd—
 I come not now that you should either give, 200
 Confirm, or add to my prerogative
 But setting all command and pow'r aside,
 Desire by Law and Justice to be try'd
 For whither else should I appeal? or bring
 My cause, but to yourself, that are a king,
 And father to us all, and can dispense
 What right you please in court and conscience?
 I have been wrong'd, and must with grief indite
 My mother of much cruelty and spite
 To me and my poor Psyche there's but one 210
 In the whole world that my affection
 And fancy likes, where others do enjoy
 So many, the diversity does cloy
 Their very appetite yet who but owes
 All his delight to me? And Venus knows,
 By her own thoughts, the uncontroll'd fire
 That reigns in youth, when Love does him inspire,
 Yet she without all pity or remorse,
 Me and my mistress labours to divorce
 I covet no one's spouse, nor have I taken 220
 Another's love, there's not a man forsaken,
 Or god, for my sake, that bewails his dear,
 Or bathes his spoil'd bosom with a tear
 Then why should any me and my love sever,
 That join all other hearts and loves together?
 Jove heard him out, and did applaud his speech,
 And both his hand and sceptre to him reach
 Then calling Cupid, his smooth fingers laid
 On his ambrosiac cheek, and kissing, said,
 'My little youngster, and my son, 'tis true 230
 That I have never yet receiv'd from you
 Any due reverence or respective meed,
 Which all the other gods to me decreed
 For this my heart, whose high pre eminence
 Gives edicts to the stars, and does dispense
 The like to nature, your fine hand the while
 With earthly lusts still labours to defile,
 And contrary to public discipline,
 And 'gainst all laws, both moral and divine,
 (57)

Chiefly the Julian, thou dost fill mine eyes 240
 With many foul and close adulteries
 For how oft-times have I, through vain desire,
 Been chang'd to beasts, birds, serpents, and to fire?
 Which has procur'd ill censures, and much blame,
 And hurt my estimation and my fame
 Yet being pleas'd with this thy foolish sport,
 I'm loath to leave it, though I'm sorry for't,
 And on condition thou wilt use thy wit
 In my behalf, and mind the benefit,
 I will perform all thy demands if when 250
 Thou seest fair damsels on the earth again,
 Rememb'ring thou wast brought up on my knee,
 I hat every such maid thou wilt bring to me'
 Cupid assents Then Jove bid Maya's son
 Publish a royal proclamation
 I through the precincts of heaven, and call at once
 A general council and a scssions,
 That the whole bench and race of deities,
 Should in their several ranks and pedigrees
 Repair straight to his court, this to be done 260
 In pain of Jove's displeasure, and a sum
 Of money to be laid upon his head,
 And from his lands and goods be levied,
 If any god should dare himself absent,
 For any cause, from this great parliament
 And that whoever had his name i' th' book
 His fine, but his excuse should not be took
 This being nois'd abroad, from everywhere
 The lesser gods came thronging out of fear,
 And the celestial theatre did thwack, 270
 That Atlas seem'd to groan under his pack
 Then Jove out of his ivory throne did rise,
 And thus bespake them, 'Conscript Deities,
 For so the Muses, with then whitest stone,
 Have writ your names and titles every one,
 You know my nephew Cupid, for the most
 Of us, I'm sure, have felt him to our cost,
 Whose youthful heat I have still sought in vain,
 And his licentious riot to restrain
 But that his lewd life be no farther spread, 280
 His lusts nor his corruptions publish'd,
 I hold it fit that we the cause remove,
 And bind him in the fetters of chaste love
 And since that he has made so good a choice
 Of his own wife, let each god give his voice,

262 Ap is precise, *decem nullum minimum*

267 i.e. His fine [*should*] &c

274 There is much argument over the orig 'Mu arum albo' But if *albo* is correct it must mean 'in the book,' not 'with the stone'

That he enjoy her, and for ever tie
 Unto himself in bands of matrimony,
 Then unto Venus turning his bright face,
 'Daughter,' he says, 'conceive it no disgrace
 That Psyche marries with your son, for I, 290
 That where I please give immortality,
 Will alter her condition and her state,
 And make all equal and legitimate'
 With that, command to Mercury was given,
 That he should fetch fair Psyche unto heaven
 And when that she into their presence came,
 Her wondrous beauty did each god inflame
 Then Jove reach'd forth a cup with nectar fraught,
 And bade her be immortal with the draught
 So join'd them hand in hand, and vow'd beside, 300
 That she with her dear Cupid should abide,
 Ne'er to be separated, and more t' enlarge
 His bounty, made a feast at his own charge,
 Where he plac'd Cupid at the upper end,
 And amorous Psyche on his bosom lean'd
 Next sate himself and Juno, then each guest,
 And this great dinner was by Vulcan dress'd
 The Graces strew'd the room, and made it smile
 With blushing roses and sweet flowers, the while
 The Spheres danc'd harmony Apollo ran 310
 Division on his harp, Satyr and Pan
 Play'd on their pipes the choir of Muses sang,
 And the vast concave of Olympus rang
 With pious acclamations to the bride,
 And joy'd that Psyche was thus deify'd
 Hermes and Venus mov'd their graceful feet,
 And did in artificial measures meet,
 The Phrygian boy fill'd wine at this great feast
 Only to Jove, and Bacchus to the rest
 Thus Cupid had his Love, and not long after 320
 Her womb, by Juno's help, brought forth a daughter,
 A child by nature different from all,
 That laugh'd when she was born, and men did call
 Her Pleasure, one that does exhilarate
 Both gods and men, and doth herself dilate
 Through all societies, chiefly the best,
 Where there is any triumph, or a feast
 She was the author that did first invent
 All kind of sport, conceits and merriment
 And since to all men's humours does incline, 330
 Whether that they be sensual or divine

307 Vulcan as cook is Apuleian

325 This odd use of 'dilate' in the sense of *se repandre* is not Apuleian, though it looks as if it might be. The orig. simply states this birth of Voluptas with no expatiation on it

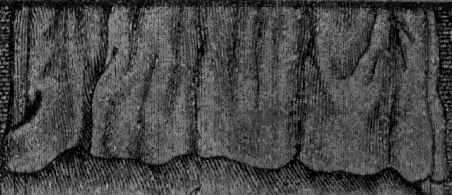
Shakerley Marmion.

[Book II]

Is of a modest and a loose behaviour,
And of a settled and a wanton favour,
Most dangerous when she appears most kind,
For then she'll part and leave a sting behind
But happy they that can her still detain,
For where she is most fix'd she is least vain



LEOLINE & SUDANIS

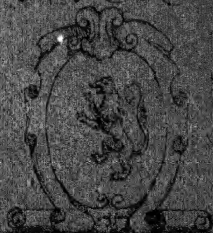


An
Historick Romance of the Ad-
ventures of Amorous Princes
Together
With sundry affectionate addresses
to his M^{rs} under the name of

CYNTHIA

By

S^r F. K. R.



LONDON Printed by Richard Meares
In D. Graue's Lane

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TOGETHER,
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NAME OF *CYNTHIA*

Written by *Sir FR KINNASION, Knight*

LONDON
Printed by *Ric Hearne* 1642

INTRODUCTION TO SIR FRANCIS KYNASTON

THE author of the poems that follow—poems never yet reprinted in modern times¹ and in their original edition among the very rarest of the things here collected—must have been an interesting person², and rather typical of the restless and eccentric flickers of genius or talent in which the great torch of Elizabethan poetry sank. Even in his University career, though it was not so very unusual then for a man to be a member of both Universities, there is something a little out of the common. He is probably known³ to many students of English literature who have never read, perhaps to some who have never heard of, *Ieoline and Sydanis*, as having embarked on the ultra-eccentric enterprise⁴ of translating *Troilus* into Latin rhyme royal, a venture in which he at least⁵ showed that he had thoroughly saturated himself with the rhythm—

Si non sit amor, Di! quid est quod sentio?
 Et si sit amor, quidnam est vel quale?
 Si bonus est, malorum unde inventio?
 Si malus est, portentum non est tale,
 Quum omnis cruciatus et letale
 Vulnus sit gratum misera quam conditio!
 Quanto plus bibo, tanto magis sitio

Dr Skeat 'prefers the English' (not in the case of this stanza, it is true, for he only quotes the opening one) and welcome, but why not like both? There is a great charm, and also a not small lesson, in the way in which Latin, not too classically treated, adapts itself to modern measures and for

¹ Hazlitt quotes a reprint of four years later (1646) than the original (which is itself not in the Bodleian) as sold sixty years ago for £4 15s *od*. The actual copy of the 1642 issue which is reproduced here I owe to the extreme kindness of Professor Firth, who lent it to me for the purpose, from his remarkable collection of books of this period.

² Francis Kynaston, or Kinaston, was born at Oteley in Shropshire as early as 1587, matriculated at Oriel in 1601, took his B A from its satellite St Mary Hall in 1604, transferred himself to Cambridge, and took his M A from Trinity there in 1609, was reincorporated at Oxford two years later, was knighted in 1618, sat in Parliament for his native county from 1621, was proctor at Cambridge in 1635, and died in 1642.

³ From the brief note of Professor Skeat in his *Chaucer*, vol II, p lxxviii (Oxford, 1894).

⁴ A fairly full account of this will be found, with numerous quotations, in the *Retrospective Review*, xii 106 sq.

⁵ I do not think this version of the famous 'If no love is' so contemptible

Introduction

my part I wish that Kynaston, instead of stopping at the second book, had come not only to the surrender of Cressid but the lament of Troilus

In the very same year—1635—with this, he had embarked on a still more ambitious, and a much more costly enterprise by starting, in his own house in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, a private but chartered Academy or *Museum Minervae*, in which he and certain of his friends were Professors, which aimed at scientific as well as literary study, which was actually visited¹ by the two young princes (afterwards Charles and James the Second) and their sister Mary (afterwards Princess of Orange), and which seems to have continued in some sort of working order till he died, at a time when England began to trouble itself with worse things than Academies. This institution—so odd-looking now, so normal in its abnormality at the time between Bacon and Cowley, between the institution of the French Academy and of the English Royal Society—Kynaston seems to have taken very seriously, assuring the elder Universities (with one of which *v sup* he was at the moment officially connected) that no offensive rivalry was intended

His English poems were not published till 1642, the year of his death, though the Imprimatur at the end of *Cynthiades* is dated a year earlier. Ellis gave two of these shorter things², both beautiful, in his *Specimens*, but with no critical remarks either upon them or upon the romance. The *Retrospective Reviewer* does not seem to have taken the trouble even to glance at *Leoline* or the *Cynthia* poems, dismissing the former with 'which Peck commends' and Sir Egerton Brydges in the *Censura Literaria*³, justly calling Ellis's excerpts 'exquisite,' adding another, and giving an account of *Leoline*, supplies hardly any criticism, and never seems to have thought of adding, to his reprints of Hall and Stanley, Kynaston, whose poetical attraction is perhaps above that of the first and scarcely inferior to that of the second. Singer, at least in his more pudibund moods such as that in which he edited *Marmion*, would hardly have been likely even to attempt *Leoline and Sydanus*. So that this President of the Museum of Minerva and past master (despite his disclaimers in the overture) in the arts of her lovelier sister, has been left for us, almost unmeddled with

There is, in fact, a certain amount of what is called 'loose' and 'free' handling in this Heroic Poem and the looseness and freedom are not quite atoned for by the passionate beauty (not to say of *Venus and Adonis*) of such poems as *Britain's Ida* though it is clear from the *Cynthia* pieces that Kynaston could have achieved this had he chosen. The defect, however,

¹ Kynaston wrote for this occasion, and published, a masque entitled *Corona Minervae*

² 'Do not conceal' and 'April is past'

³ II 333

Sir Francis Kynaston

is not without its compensating interest. Of its very nature the kind lent itself to burlesque, as the Italians had seen and shown. And though *Leoline and Sydanis* is serious in the main, it is quite obvious that Kynaston has sometimes dropped, and only fair to him to conclude that he has dropped purposely, into passages at least of that mock heroic which has always indulged itself in a certain 'breadth' of treatment. And after all there is no hanging matter in his licences of fancy and language.

On the other hand, there is in *Leoline and Sydanis* much matter not for hanging but for crowning, while the *Cynthiades* are full of the special nectar of the period. The longer poem is said vaguely to be 'founded on the legendary history of Wales and Ireland' [Erinland in the poem], a point on which my extremely limited knowledge of the matter prevents me from giving any information or opinion. It is at any rate certain that any one, tolerably acquainted with romances, could have written it without knowing one item of the legendary history either of Ireland or Wales. The lovers, he the son of a king, she the daughter of a duke, are united at the very beginning—an exceptional, but not so very exceptional start—and defrauded of their union by a wicked French marquis (whose offensive name shows true English animus). Sydanis, who is falsely thought to have murdered her husband, escapes to Ireland, and is established, disguised as a boy (here the favourite seventeenth century touch imitated from *Viola* through *Bellarion* comes in), as page to the Princess Mellefant under the name of Amanthis. *Leoline* also comes to Ireland and falls in love (thinking Sydanis dead) with Mellefant. He conducts his wooing through Amanthis, who turns it to her own advantage, and substitutes herself for the Princess. He discovers his mistake after a sufficient amount of confusion and knightly adventure, and all ends happily.

The grave and precise may be shocked at the freedom of treatment above referred to, and another class of critics may be as much or more offended by the oscillation between the serious and the comic, and the occasional flatness and bathos to which it partly leads. But Kynaston tells his story by no means ill¹ and for all the affectation of nonchalance and something more which appears here, and in the Preface of *Cynthia* (a nonchalance which reminds us of Suckling, and which was to degenerate into something much worse in the next generation), shows that he is the same.

¹ It runs very much more clearly than most of the Heroic plots. The weak point is the author's neglect to give a more plausible air (1) to Sydanis's continued concealment of herself when she is almost discovered by *Leoline*, (2) to her fabrication of a compromising statement against herself in connexion with the rascally Marquis, (3) to her extraordinarily rash handing over of the ring, when she has got it, to her rival. All these no doubt add to the interest of the story, and what is more, they could all be explained consistently with it, but Kynaston does not take the trouble to explain them. However, since similar lapses are common in the abundantly practised, and almost veteran, drama of the period, it is not wonderful that they should appear in the comparatively experimental and infantile narrative.

Introduction

as the Cynthia poet after all I have barred myself citation but if the reader will turn to the pages where Amanthis fears she has overreached herself, I am much mistaken if he will not find there some real passion, and what is more, some real delicacy Indeed she—or rather Sydanis—is quite a nice girl—much too good for Leoline and her proceeding, though in line with that of Helena in *All's Well that Ends Well*, seems to me to escape, almost if not altogether, the taint which hangs upon that of Shakespeare's only disagreeable heroine¹

Kynaston's diction is, like his general *faire*, a little mixed but on the whole it is Spenserian with a fresh dose of Chaucerisms, suiting his selection of the rhyme-royal as his stanza He does not manage this consummately as a rule, but he manages it fairly and though he never quite gets out of it its unrivalled powers of 'plangency,' or its full comic (at least burlesque) force, he makes of it a fluent and easy medium

If, however, it were not for the *Cynthuades*, Kynaston would be chiefly interesting as a contributor, rather good than bad, to that corpus of 'Heroic' poetry of which we spoke in the general introduction, and for his Chaucerism But 'Cynthia' is here regent of a choir which, with a few ugly exceptions, is worthy even of her name An excellent judge, and one than whom none is less tainted with any drop of the blood of Philistia, expressed to me a slight fear that the length and solidity of the two poems which opened our first volume and made up some two-thirds of its substance, would appear to the general reader what in his lighter moods that reader himself calls 'stodgy' I fear I have again dared this result by opening the present with another 'long' though a short long poem But most of its constituents will more than make up for this and Kynaston, I think, does not ill deserve—considering his merit and his long occultation—to lead the way in this respect He has, almost to the full, that intense *poignancy*, that ever repeated pang of peculiar pleasure, which these poets give to the true lover of poetry, and which is hardly given by any others And it is curious how in his masterpieces—those given (one imperfectly) by Ellis, that² added by Sir Egerton, and others—his favourite and most successful method of exhibiting this pang is that of *expostulation*, of negative imploring and deprecation, of as it were enumerating the blessings and the delights which his mistress can give, and spicing the enumeration with fear that she will *not* give them

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star light of serenest skies,

¹ Both have the excuses, first of legal and ecclesiastical right, and secondly of the legal and ecclesiastical importance attached to consummation But Helena knows that Bertram would not knowingly have touched her while Sydanis has Leoline's assurance of love and regret

² The 'Dear Cynthia' cited *inf*

Sir Francis Kynaston

and so forth, he cries in this poem—

April is past then do not shed,
Nor do not waste in vain
Upon the mother's earthy bed
Thy tears of silver rain

in another Or hear him in a third entreat

Dear Cynthia, thou that bearest the name
Of the pale queen of Night,

not to change as her namesake changes To me at least this shadow of anxiety, this nervous realization of the exquisite possibilities and the envious probability that may frustrate them, has an extraordinary charm It is of course in itself fanciful, metaphysical, conceited, decadent, what you will but it is intensely and essentially poetic It is, in fact, only another form of that famous Renaissance mixture of the yew and the roses of Love and Death, which is the secret of Donne, and of many another singer but it wears this mixed wreath with a sufficient difference 'Morbid' if you like 'false wit' if you like 'insincere' if you like 'ornament without substance' if you like many other opprobrious epithets and phrases may be thrown at it But they will all wither very soon and the poetry at which they are flung will abide, and be ready to administer the sting of beauty, the 'faradization' of the imaginative-voluptuous, the *vis superba formae* in this particular variety, to the fit recipient, whensoever he presents himself¹

¹ The spelling of the original is rather modern for its date, the chief variations from norm, themselves most irregularly observed, being unnecessary final l's and e's, italic proper names, and initial capitals But there is one peculiarity which is so much more uniform than in other cases that I have thought it desirable to retain it, and that is the use of the short *t* form in participles, so fondly dear to Tennyson and others Kynaston is also constant to 'bin' in places where an over-ingenious excuse which occurred to me (*v mf*) will not hold so this also is kept The text is so utterly virgin of editing that I have ventured to make the notes rather fuller than elsewhere—I may perhaps add that, while these pages were in the press, I was able to secure a copy of Kynaston's *Troilus* I shall not say with 'Ed Foulis Equitis et Baronetti filius Coll Om An Socius' that 'none sees Chaucer but in Kynaston' But I have found Chaucer by no means too much disfigured in Kynaston, and I do not think that Kynaston 'lost his Latin' upon Chaucer

To the Reader

AN Epistle before a Book is as ordinary as a Bush before a Tavern, and as unnecessary if either the wine or the book be good. The Author would have written a Dedicatory¹ if he had known to whom, for the candid intelligent buyer, or reader of his book, there needs no compliment² to the ignorant or malevolent he cannot descend so low as to use any. He therefore instead of an Epistle prefixes an Apology for the buyers of his book³, and not the readers of freecost first, for that he having by him in any pieces of real and solid learning ready written for the press, he exposes this toy and trifle to the world's view and censure next, that he being old⁴ and stricken in years, doth write of love and such idle devices. For the first, he observes that Ballads, and twelvepenny Pamphlets, are a more current commodity than books of a greater bulk and better note, and like light French stuffs, are sooner bought than cloth of Gold or Tissue, which is not for every one's

wearing for the second, he considering that many elder men than he do wear lovelocks and fancies, he entering into his second and worst childhood may of course be excused, if as in his first he was taken with hobby-horses, rattles, and babies so like old men, who do but *Clavius inepture*, he dotes⁵ upon women and beauties, and such things, of which they can commonly make little or no use. It is very true, that a lady's beauty, with whom he was scarcely acquainted, begot these lighter fancies in his head, with whom if he had been really in love, perhaps he would have written more and better lines. It may be said of him, that *Agnoscat veteris vestigia flammae*, but those fires are now rak'd up in embers, his *Couvre-feu* Bell being already rung since he that writ these lines could have writ worse, these perhaps may please some courteous⁶ favourable judgements, to whom only he presents and recommends them.

¹ 'Dedicatory' without 'epistle' occurs even in Milton, and might well have been kept

² Orig 'complement,' which would make sense, but is probably not meant

³ A good instance of the futility of keeping spelling 'Book' here, 'booke' above

⁴ He was only fifty five, but his death was actually at hand

⁵ Orig 'dote' ⁶ Orig 'courteous'

LEOLINE AND SYDANIS

A Romance of the Amorous Adventures of Princes

STANZA I

FORTUNES of Kings, enamour'd Princes' loves,
Who erst from Royal ancestors did spring,
Is the high subject that incites and moves
My lowly voice in lofty notes to sing
Of Leoline, son to a mighty King,
And of a Princess, Sydanis the fair,
Who were the world's incomparable pair

II

You learned Sisters of the Thespian well,
That sweetly sing to young Apollo's lyre,
That on Parnassus' forkèd top do dwell,
And Poets with prophetic rage inspire,
Accept my humble Muse into your Quire,
My labouring breast with noble raptures fill,
And on my lines Castalian drops distill

10

III

Your aid I need in this great enterprise,
Be you my guides, and give direction,
For all too weak are my abilities
To bring this Poem to perfection,
Let each Muse of her part then make election,
And while of Love Clio sings loud and clear,
Melpomene the tragic base must bear

20

IV

And be not absent thou, all puissant Love,
Thy favour I implore above the rest,
I thou wilt my best enthusiasms prove,
If with thy flames thou warm my trembling breast,
And though among thy servants I am least,
Yet thy high raptures may sublime my fame,
And blow my spark up to a glorious flame

V

For without thee impossible it is,
Of lovers' joys, or passions to enquire
He needs of feats of arms must speak amiss,
That ne'er saw battle, nor knew how to fight,
Then how may I of lovers say aright,

30

24 enthusiasms] Orig 'enthousiasmes'

Leoline and Sydanis

Or feelingly discourse of them, unless
Myself had known some joy, and some distress

VI

Therefore since I for each true lover's sake,
And for the advancement of true love's affairs,
Am ready prest this task to undertake,
Assist me, all Love's servants, with your prayers,
That neither cold old age, with snowy hairs, 40
May cool or quench that pure aethereal fire
With which youth's heat did once my soul inspire

VII

And since, for every purpose under Sun,
There is a time and opportunity,
Pray that this work of mine may be begun
When as there be aspects of unity
'Twixt Mars and Venus, and a clear immunity
From frosty Saturn's dismal dire aspect,
And every Planet in his course direct

VIII

When Mercury, Lord of the hour and day, 50
Shall in his house diurnal potent be,
Not slow, nor yet combust then also pray
He may be in a fortunate degree,
And in no dark void Azimen, that he,
Conjoined with Sol, in the tenth house, may thence
Infuse invention, wit and eloquence

IX

That so each love-sick heart, and amorous mind,
That shall this Romance read, remarking it,
May remedy, or some such passage find
As him, or her, in the right vein may hit 60
And now having thus prayd, I think it fit,
That you no longer should the story miss,
Of Leoline and beauteous Sydanis

X

BEFORE proud Rome's victorious legions knew
The Britains, by blue Neptune's arm divided
From the whole world, before they did subdue
The Island Albion, when as Consuls guided
Their Commonwealth by whom it was decided
What tribute was impos'd on every State,
Tradition and old Annals thus relate 70

38 prest] Not 'pressed,' but a duplicate of 'ready,' 'prompt'

46, 47 'Immunity' and 'unity,' like 'election' and 'perfection' above, exhibit that licence of what we may call 'rhyme length' which is so common in Wyatt, and which even Spenser does not relinquish. It is not a beauty—but sometimes almost a 'beauty-spot'

55 Azimen] Kynaston is as Chaucerian in his faithfulness to astrology as in other things. But Azimen is not in Chaucer

65 Britains] Orig 'Brittains' K might mean this as = 'Britannias' but the phrase is in favour of 'Britannos,' and 'Britons'. And so *inf*

Sir Francis Kynaston

XI

On the Virgivan Ocean's foaming shore,
Down at the mountain Snowdon's rocky foot,
Whose cloud bound head with mists is ever hoar,
So high, the sight can scarcely reach unto't,
Against whose brows the forked lightning shoot,
A stately Castle stood, whilome the seat
Of th'old Britains' King, Arvon the great

XII

This King upon Beumaris, his fair Queen,
Begot a Prince, whose name was Ieoline,
In whom so many graceful parts were seen,
As if the Heavens and Nature did combine
To make a face and personage divine,
For Jove and Venus I imagine were
Conjoined in his horoscope yfere

80

XIII

By whose benign and powerful influence,
Which governs our affections here below,
And in Love's actions hath pre-eminence,
Prince Leoline incited was to go
(His Fortune and the gods would have it so)
To a fair city, in those days much fam'd,
Which from Duke Leon, Carleon was nam'd

90

XIV •

This city was not only celebrated
For riches brought by sea from all the West,
But for a Temple (as shall be related)
To Venus, unto whom a solemn feast
Was yearly made, to which the worthiest best
Of Knights and Ladies came, and who did come,
If not before, from it went Lovers home

XV

And so unto this Prince it did befall,
Who viewing of those Ladies did repair
As votaries to this great festival,
He was aware of Sydanis the fair,
Duke Leon's only daughter, and his heir,
Who offering sacrifice at Venus' shrine,
Did seem the goddess to Prince Leoline

100

XVI

More lovely fair she was than can be told,
So glorious and resplendent her array,
Her tresses flow'd like waves of liquid gold,
Burnisht by rising Titan's morning ray,

75 lightning] *sic* in orig. It may be either a misprint or intended as plural
77 th'old] Here is another instance of the mania for elision and 'apostrophation,'
in spite of the fact that the full syllabic value of 'the' is indispensable metrically
87 yfere] = 'together,' Chaucerian and Lydgatian
100 did] = 'that did'

Leoline and Sydanis

From her eyes broke the early dawning day ·
A coral portal plac'd above her chin,
Inclos'd a bed of orient pearl within

110

XVII

A carquet net her neck encircled round
Of ballast rubies, cut in form of hearts,
Which were with true-love knots together bound,
Of gold enamel'd, pierct with Cupid's darts,
From which small pendants by the workman's arts
Were made, which on her naked skin did show
Like drops of blood new fallen upon the snow

XVIII

More of her beauties will I not relate,
Of which the young Prince was enamour'd,
It was the Gods' decree, and will of Fate,
Prince Leoline fair Sydanis should wed,
And both be join'd in one nuptial bed
Nor speak I of their marriage royalties,
Which were as great as man's wit could devise

120

XIX

The tilings, jousts, and tournaments by day,
The masques and revcls on the wedding night,
The songs to which prophetic Bards did play,
With many other objects of delight,
(All which this History embellish might,)
I will omit, since eachwhere of that kind
You may in books frequent descriptions find

130

XX

For in this match the Fates seem'd to portend
Millions of joys, myriads of happy hours,
That on their heads and beds there might descend
All blessings that come down from heavenly powers,
No Star malignant on their nuptials lowers,
For Hymen all his virgin torches lighted,
When first these princely lovers' troths were plighted

140

XXI

But O false world! O wretched state unstable
Of mortal men! O frail condition!
O bliss more vain than any dream, or fable!
O brittle joy, even lost in the fruition!
O doubtful truth! O certain true suspicion!
O bitter sweetest love, that let'st us know,
That first or last thou never wantest woe!

XXII

For if there be no lets in the obtaining
Of a man's honour'd mistress, and her love,

113 carquet net] This form of the more common and correct 'carcanet' seems worth keeping, as well as 'ballast' for 'balas' in the next line. The latter at least may come from a real confusion as to the meaning and etymology

133 frequent] The adjective with the verbal accent

Sir Francis Kynaston

Yet still there are crosses enough remaining, 150
Which neither force nor foresight can remove,
That to his joys a sad allay will prove,
And make him know it is a truth confest,
That no one thing on every side is blest

xxiii

But to the matter shortly now to go,
That day the Prince did wed his beauteous bride,
As then the custom was, he did bestow
Rich scarfs, and points, and many things beside,
Which in fine curious knots were knit and tied,
And as his royal favours, worn by those 160
Whom he to grace his princely nuptials chose

xxiv

Favours are oft, unhappily, by chance
Bestow'd for 'mongst those courtiers that did wear
The Prince's points, a Marquess was of France,
Who for some heinous fact he had done there,
Hang'd in effigie, fled from France for fear,
And so for refuge to Carleon came,
Monsieur Marquis Jean Foutre was his name

xxv

Who though he had a farinee face,
Thereto a bedstaff leg, and a splay foot, 170
By angry nature made in man's disgrace,
Which no long slop, nor any ruffled boot
Could mend, or hide, for why, they could not do't,
Though his mouth wore a wide world without end,
His shape so ugly, as no art could mend—

xxvi

Although his weatherwise autumnal joints,
As if they wanted Nature's ligaments,
Did hang together, as if tied by points,
I though most deform'd were his lineaments,
Yet fouler was his mind, and base intents, 180
His matchless impudence, which appear'd in this,
That he made love to beauteous Sydanis

xxvii

So by the canker-worm the fragrant rose
Is tainted so the serene wholesome air
By black contagion, pestilential grows,
As she by this base wretch, who thought to impair
The chastity of one so matchless fair,

166 effigie] The Latin form and case doubtless meant

168 The offensiveness of this nomenclature and description may be noted

169 farinee] The full syllabic value of the French kept I do not know where else it occurs for 'powdered' or 'meal coloured'

172 slop] Remember that this word for long, loose *trousers*, not as sometimes = 'frock,' is specially noted as French in Shakespeare (*R & J* II iv.)

176 The 'weatherwise autumnal joint,' if not in the highest degree poetical, is all too certainly an acute and acutely phrased criticism of life

Leoline and Sydanis

But his foul base intents being once detected,
Were with all scorn and just disdain rejected

XXVIII

In dire revenge thereof, that day the bands 190
Were made between Prince Leoline and his bride,
As the Arch-flamen joinèd had their hands,
And made them one, which no man ought divide,
Upon the Prince's point this catiff tied
A magic knot, and muttered a spell,
Which had an energetic force from hell

XXIX

For by it was he maleficated,
And quite depriv'd of all ability
To use a woman, as shall be related,
For Nature felt an imbecility, 200
Extinguishing in him virility
The sad events whereof to set before ye,
Is as the dire Praeludium to our story

XXX

Now at that instant the Prince felt no change,
When as the charm was spoke, nor alteration
Within his mind or body, for so strange
Was the effect of the said incantation,
As that it wrought in him no perturbation
But woe is me! the damnèd hellish spite
Was first discern'd upon the wedding night 210

XXXI

For then this princely couple being laid
Together in their hymenaeal bed,
And prayers to all the nuptial gods being said,
To Domiduca, that her home had led
To Virginalis, that her maidenhead
Might without pain be lost, and suddenly,
To Subiga, that she might quiet lie

XXXII

And lastly, that Pertunda by her power
The Princess would endue with fruitfulness,
That she would still make fortunate the hour 220
Of her conception, and her labour bless,
Preventing all abortion, barrenness
And now, all these devotions being said,
The Bride no longer was to be a Maid

197 maleficated] The correct technical expression K has also some justification in making a Frenchman select the form of magic malice for which *nouer l'aiguillette* is the best-known phrase

218 Pertunda] This is the proper form for this member of the group of nuptial semi-divinities. But orig. has 'Partunda,' and K's assignment of her duty looks as if he confused her with 'Partula,' another of the bevy

Sir Francis Kynaston

XXXIII

But though the Prince enjoy'd all sweets of sense,
Her rosy lips, which with sweet dew did melt,
And suckt her breath, sweet as their quintessence,
Which like to aromatic incense smelt,
Though he her dainty virgin beauties felt,
Embracing of soft ivory and warm snow,
Arriv'd at her Hesperides below

230

XXXIV

Though Venus in Love's wars hath domination,
Sworn enemy to every maidenhead,
And sovereign of the acts of generation,
Whose skirmishes are fought in the field-bed,
Although her son a troop of Cupids led,
Yet thus much had the dismal charm effected,
As Venus' standard might not be erected

XXXV

For when no dalliance nor provocation
That weak opiniator part could raise,
Which Fancy and a strong imagination,
Rather than a man's will or reason sways,
Which rebel like it ever disobeys,
The Prince's heart with shame and rage was fill'd,
That willingly himself he could have kill'd

240

XXXVI

For on a sudden he left off to'embrace
And kiss his lovely, and yet maiden bride,
And with a sigh he turn'd away his face
From her, and lying on the other side,
Under the sheet his face did eftsoons hide
At which the princely Lady, much dismay'd,
After a while, with tears thus to him said

250

XXXVII

'Dear Lord, if that a maid, whose innocence
Is such and so great, as she doth not know
How to commit a fault, or give offence
Towards you, to whom her best love she doth owe,
Nor yet the cause why you are alter'd so,
That on the sudden thus you do restrain
Your favours, turning love into disdain—

XXXVIII

You made me to believe, when you did woo,
That I was fair, and had some loveliness
But ah, my beauties were too mean for you,
Or your esteem of them, I must confess,
Yet in a moment they could not grow less
But woe is me, for now I plainly see,
That the world and my glass have flatter'd me

260

Leoline and Sydanis

XXXIX

For with the pleasures that you have enjoy'd,
As the chaste pledges of my nuptial bed,
Your appetite had not so soon been cloy'd,
Nor you on them so soon had surfeited,
Which have (it seems) a loathing in you bred
By which I find, that human fond desire
Is like the lightning, at once cloud and fire

270

XL

I cannot think, but that I do molest
Your Highness, who are us'd to lie alone,
I must not be the cause of your unrest,
And therefore crave your leave I may be gone,
And leave the bed wholly to be your own
Only vouchsafe this ease unto my sorrow,
That I may sit by you, until to-morrow

280

XLI

For I will watch, and to the gods will pray,
And to your Angel tutelar, to keep
Your person, and from you to drive away
All thoughts and dreams of me, whenas you sleep'
And with that word she bitterly did weep
Who, as she was arising from his side,
Holding her down, thus Leoline replied

XII

'Most divine Princely Sweetness, do not waste
That precious odoriferous breath of yours
In vain, nor fruitlessly away it cast,
Whose scent excels all essences of flowers
For could you sin against the heavenly powers,
Or could you do a thing that might displease them,
The incense of your breath would soon appease them

290

XIII

O be not of a breath then so profuse,
Can purify the air from all infection
Nor yet profane it so, as to accuse
Yourself, of all rare beauties the perfection,
Of whom the gods themselves have made election,
To print their forms on, to let mortals see
What their Angel-like shapes and beauties be

300

XLIV

Yet, dearest Lady, do not think it strange,
That though you are, a paradise of bliss,
You are the cause of this my sudden change,
For why, some god of you enamour'd is,
And makes of me a metamorphosis
For vent'ring to enjoy what is his own,
I find myself already turning stone

(77)

Sir Francis Kynaston

XIV

Or you a goddess are, whose Deity
I'll now I knew not, as Diana chaste, 310
Whose sacred heavenly sweets, without impiety,
By no man can be wantonly embrac't,
And therefore a just punishment is cast
On my presumption, which was so much more,
To touch you, whom I rather should adore

XLVI

And therefore by your bed, as by a shrine,
I'll kneel, as penitent for my offence,
In my affecting of a thing divine,
Since you an object are, whose excellence 320
Is so exalted above human sense,
As like the Sun, it rather doth destroy
Sensation, than permit me to enjoy

XLVII

Which though I do not, yet you still shall find,
There is no want of love in me, no more
Than want of beauty in your heavenly mind,
Which I religiously shall still adore
And though I as a husband lov'd before,
I'll turn Platonic lover, and admire
Your virtue's height, to which none can aspire'

XLVIII

With sighs, and such-like words, these Princes spent 330
The wearisome and tedious night away,
Prince Leoline by this his compliment,
T'excuse his want of manhood did assay
Thus sorrowing one by the other lay,
Till Lucifer the morning did disclose,
Which when they saw, they from their bed arose,

Xlix

And drest themselves before that any one
Knew of it, or their rising was descried
Away went Leoline, and left alone 340
The comfortless and lovely maiden bride
Now towards the hour of eight it did betide,
An ancient matron to their chamber came,
The Lady's Nurse, Merioneth was her name

L

Who for the bridegroom had a cullis brought,
And of sweet richest Candian wine a quart,
To cheer his spirits up for why, she thought
Prince Leoline might over-act his part,
In too much using Cupid's wanton dart,
But seeing the blear eyes of Sydanis,
Her heart misgave her, something was amiss 350
(78)

Leoline and Sydanis

LI

And by the Princess, as she trembling stands,
'Madam,' quoth she, 'what causes your unrest,
That you sit weeping thus, wringing your hands?
Doth Hymen thus begin your marriage feast?
Is this the love your bridegroom hath express?
To rise so early, leaving you alone,
With tears and sighs his absence to bemoan'

LII

Herent the Princess, raining from her eyes
A shower of orient pearl, richer than gold
Jove pour'd on Danae, to her thus replies, 160
'Dear Nurse' (quoth she), 'my grief cannot be told,
Words are too weak my sorrows to unfold,
Nor do I know a reason that might move
My Lord to leave me, unless want of love

LIII

Our feast of love (if any) was soon done,
So soon all worldly joys away do fleet,
Which oft are ended as soon as begun,
Each earthly pleasure being a bitter sweet
Ah, Nurse, my Lord and I must never meet
Yet pry him that he would not her despise, 370
Who from his side did a pure virgin rise'

LIV

Hearing these words, Merioneth straight fell down,
Opprest with grief unspeakable, and woe,
For fear she well near fell into a swoone
For the experienc'd matron did well know
Much mischief would ensue, if it were so,
Or were a truth that Sydanis had said,
That lying with the Prince, she rose a maid

LV

For that the ancient Britons then did use,
When any bridegroom did a maiden wed, 380
(A custom they received from the Jews,)
To bring some linens of the bridal bed,
To witness she had lost her maidenhead,
Without which testimony there was none
Believ'd to be a virgin, although one

LVI

The wedding smock, or linens of the Bride,
The married couple's parents were to see,
Whereon, if any drops of blood they spied,
Rejoicing, they persuaded were, that she
Had not till then lost her virginity 390
If on the linens nothing did appear,
The bride and bridegroom straight divorc'd were,
(79)

Sir Francis Kynaston

LVII

And she with shame unto her father sent,
As one, whose chastity had been defil'd,
And of her body was incontinent,
Or else in secret had a bastard child,
And so for ever was to be exil'd
From all pure virgins' company, whose name
No tongue of slander justly could defame

LVIII

Now what to do in this hard doubtful case 400
The poor perplexèd matron did not know,
To tell the truth, would Leoline disgrace
And since of force the linen she must show,
If it were best to counterfeit or no,
(To hinder the divorce) a mark or spot,
In sign the Prince her maidenhead had got

LIX

Yet this imposture, if it were disclos'd,
It might beget both danger and disdain
For why, Merioneth wisely presuppos'd,
Although to others she a thing might feign, 410
Yet to Prince Leoline it was but vain,
Who knowing his own frozen impotence,
Would soon suspect the Lady's innocence

LX

Nor was there hope the thing could be conceal'd,
Since to King Arvon and Duke Leon's eyes
The truth of all things was to be reveal'd,
This being one of the solemnities
Which show'd how much our ancestors did prize
A virgin's chastity, which approbation,
What maid declin'd, was lost in reputation 420

LXI

Yet thus the Nurse resolv'd in this distress,
Since Sydanis for three days was t'abide
Within her chamber's close retiredness,
As was the custom then for every Bride,
Till they were past, nothing should be descried
In the meanwhile it was her resolution,
To try some powerful magical conclusion

LXII

Which was, to give a philtre or love-potion,
That should not only cure frigidity,
But to that secret part give strength and motion, 430
Imparting heat unto it, and humidity
Both this and many another quiddity
These credulous old women do believe,
And to effect such purposes do give

432 quiddity] Though it *might* bear its proper sense of 'essential quality,' the word seems here used as = 'oddity'

Leoline and Sydanis

LXIII

Amongst high horrid rocks, whose rugged brows
Do threaten surly Neptune with their frown,
When he at them his foaming trident throws,
Beating his high-grown surging billows down,
An aged learned Druid liv'd, far known
For magic's skill, who in a lonely cell
As hermit, or an anchorite did dwell

440

LXIV

Merioneth posting to this Druid's cave,
When of her coming she the cause had told,
The aged sire unto the matron gave
A liquor far more precious than gold,
Of which the secret virtue to unfold,
It would not only cause a strong erection,
But working on the mind, procure affection

LXV

Believing this with joy, she back returns,
And privately to Sydanis she went,
Who in her chamber like a turtle mourns
She fully told to her all her intent,
And that successful would be the event,
That Leoline those pleasures should enjoy,
The want of which had caus'd her annoy

450

LXVI

Although affection, which Art doth create,
Is nothing worth, and of true love no part,
But lust, which, satisfied, doth end in hate,
Yet Sydanis to palliate the smart,
Rather than cure the wound of her sad heart,
Since of two evils she the least might choose,
Her Nurse's counsel she will not refuse

460

LXVII

Heaven's glorious lamp of light, that all day burn'd,
Was now extinguisht in the western seas,
To dens the beasts to nests the birds return'd,
And night arising from th' Antipodes,
Summon'd men from their labours to take ease,
And drowsy sleep so soon as they repose
With her soft velvet hands their eyes doth close—

LXVIII

Whenas the Prince the second night did lie
By lovely Sydanis as yet a maid,
Again in Venus' wars such force to try
But when that he with her in bed was laid,
And had (but all in vain) all means essay'd,
Finding that his virility was gone,
He grievously began to sigh and groan

470

Sir Francis Kynaston

LXIX

The Princess hearing, mildly pray'd him tell
His cause of grief, that she might bear her part
'Madam' (quoth Leoline), 'I am not well,
I feel a deadly pain about my heart
Oh might it please the gods, Death's ebon dart
(Ere the approach of the next rising morrow)
Might free me from this world, and you from sorrow

480

LXX

For while I live you'll be unfortunate,
And in sad discontentment will grow old,
For (oh my stars) such is my wretched fate,
I like a miser keep a heap of gold,
For no use else, but only to behold,
Possessing an unvalu'd treasure, which
Being put to use, the whole world would enrich

490

LXXI

But now of ladies you most excellent,
Be pleas'd to hear and pardon what I say
In wars to seek a death is my intent,
For ere the beams of the next morning's ray,
I from your dearest self must part away,
And when that I am dead you shall see clearly,
That (though I leave you) yet I lov'd you dearly'

LXXII

What tongue can tell the grief of Sydanis,
When as Prince Leoline, without remorse,
Had given her his last sad parting kiss,
And death must them eternally divorce,
So that unless the magic potion's force,
The Prince's resolution did prevent,
She thought nought else could alter his intent

500

LXXIII

Therefore with broken sighs and many a tear,
She as the Prince was ready for to rise,
To speak to him once more could not forbear,
Though to her words, grief utterance denies,
She show'ring down a deluge from her eyes
Which down her cheeks in silver rivers ran,
With no less modesty than grief began

510

LXXIV

'My Lord' (quoth she), 'your will is a command,
And shall by me most humbly be obey'd,
Which, though I could, I ought not to withstand
But yet be pleas'd to think, that you have laid
Upon the frailty of a silly maid
So insupportable a weight of woe,
As our weak sex it cannot undergo.

Leoline and Sydanis

XXXV

Whate'er is writ of Grissel's patience,
Or Roman Martia's, when she lost her son, 520
(Whose grief was lessened by the eloquence
Of Seneca) by me would be outdone.
Nay, all those ladies that such fame have won
For manly fortitude, I should outvie,
Could I endure my sorrow and not die.

LXXVI

But that's impossible, it cannot be,
Since you, who are my soul's soul, who instead
Of longer animating it or me,
Will straight depart, leaving me doubly dead,
You from my soul, it from me being fled 530
By which you shall a demonstration see,
Proving a human soul's mortality

LXXVII

Now when, like dear departing friends, the soul
And body from each other are to part,
The learn'd physician seeming to control
Th' approach of death, some cordial gives by's art,
That for a while revives the dying part
Here is a drink, which if you please to taste
And drink to me, your pledge shall be my last'

XXXVIII

Prince Leoline, with sighs and sorrow dry, 540
Only to quench his thirst with it did think
But having drunk it, he immediately
(Such was the force of the enchanted drink)
As one stark dead into his bed did sink,
Where senseless without motion he did lie,
As one new fallen into an ecstasy

XXXIX

Th' amazed Princess thinking he was dead,
Opprest with grief, she suddenly fell down,
The spectacle such horror in her bred,
That with a shriek she fell into a swoone 550
Which her Nurse hearing, and the cause unknown,
Unto the Prince's bedside ran in haste,
Being ignorant as yet of what had past

LXXX

And finding how these princes speechless lay,
It was no time nor boot for to complain
To bring them back to life she doth assay,
And first with Sydanis she taketh pain,
Who after much ado reverts again
Which being done, they both together join
Their labours, to revive Prince Leoline 560
(83)

Sir Francis Kynaston

LXXXI

But all in vain , for after that they two,
For his recovery all means had tried,
And finding at the last nothing would do,
They thought it would be death there to abide,
And therefore some disguise they would provide,
That friended by the darkness of the night,
They might the more securely take their flight

LXXXII

A woman's wit, which in extremities
Is present, and upon the sudden best,
For Sydanis, a proper neat disguise
To her old Nurse's thoughts doth straight suggest,
Who forthwith went and openèd a chest,
In an out-room near where the pages lay,
One of whose suits she eftsoons brought away

570

LXXXIII

In this neat, fit, and handsome page's suit,
No sooner was fair Sydanis array'd,
But as she more advisedly did view 't,
Upon the sudden she was much dismayed,
And of herself began to be afraid,
When on the hose before (a fashion then)
She saw a thing was only worn by men

580

LXXXIV

A shape undecent made by tailor's art,
Of secrecies, which Nature bids us hide,
Which as a case seem'd of that privy part,
Great Julius Caesar cover'd when he died
To look upon it she could not abide,
It did so much her modesty perplex,
As now she wish'd to change both clothes and sex

LXXXV

And needs she would undress herself again,
Of that immodest habit to be rid ,
But her old Nurse her purpose did restrain ,
Besides, the present danger did forbid
That act, since no way else she could be hid
The doing of it therefore she forbears,
Which vex'd her mind, more than secur'd her fears

590

LXXXVI

Accoutred thus, and ready to be gone,
The Princess only for her Nurse doth stay
Who without scruple instantly put on
The clothes Prince Leoline on's wedding day
Had worn, and drest herself without delay
Nor were the breech or codpiece to her view
Unpleasing, who so well the linings knew

600

Leoline and Sydanis

LXXXVII

And now as they were ready for to go,
The reverend Nurse by reason of her age,
Had counsell'd, and had order'd things so,
She should be Lord, and Sydanis her Page
Thus like two birds new got out of a cage,
To fly away with all speed they intend,
And to the Druid's cave their course to bend

LXXXVIII

Yet before that the woful Sydanis
Could part away, she could it not forbear
On Leoline's cold lips to print a kiss,
And wash his face with many a briny tear
By all the gods she solemnly did swear,
(For her excuse) she never once did think
That she had given to him a deadly drink

LXXXIX

To clear herself, the poor officious Nurse
Strong argument and many reasons brought,
But what was bad before, is now much worse
She of the magic potion takes a draught,
Which on her vital powers so strangely wrought,
That all the spirits from her heart were fled,
And she upon the floor fell down as dead

XC

Th' affrighted Princess, that before might think
Her Lord might on an apoplexy die,
Or some apostume, now is sure, the drink
Was th' only cause of this mortality
Griev'd for her Nurse's fond credulity,
Who drinking it, had made her griefs far more,
Doubling the sorrows that she had before

XCI

No tongue of rhetorician can express
Her patience, which such mischiefs could abide
Her perturbations only one may guess
Who in perpetual fear to be descried
Must without any company or guide,
Through solitude and darkness of the night,
Unto a place uncertain take her flight

XCII

But she must go for fear now bids her fly,
And to the Druid's Cave to post in haste,
And so to put her life in jeopardy,
Rather than to be sure to die at last
Through desert rocks, and byways having past,
Her Genius not permitting her to stray,
She there arrivèd ere the break of day

610

620

630

640

620 draught] Orig 'drought,' which is rather too large a licence of eye rhyme
625 This use of 'on' is noteworthy 631 rhetorician] Orig 'Rhethoric in

Sir Francis Kynaston

XCIII

Ent'ring with trembling feet the horrid cave,
Morrogh the Druid to her did appear,
Like a ghost sitting in a dead man's grave
Or darksome vault who did no sooner see her,
But beck'ning to the Princess to come near,
The awful silence of his cell he brake,
And in few words to Sydanis thus spake

650

XCIV

'Thou lovely-seeming youth, who in disguise
Art come, and art not what thou seem'st in show,
As if thou couldst deceive my aged eyes,
Who both thee and thy cause of coming know,
Oh let no fond belief delude thee so,
As make thee think thou canst not be descried,
Or that from me thy secrets thou canst hide

XCV

Thou art a hapless lady, lately wed
Unto Prince Leoline, whose wretched state
(Wanting the pleasures of thy marriage bed)
I could relieve, and would commiserate,
Wer't not for the inveterate just hate
I bear King Arvon, who me here confin'd
To live a wretch exil'd from all mankind

660

XCVI

Therefore to be reveng'd upon his son,
For his unjust and cruel father's sake,
Know, Sydanis, that I the deed have done
I did the deadly poisonous potion make
Which thou didst cause Prince Leoline to take,
For whose dire murder thou wilt be detected,
Since no one else but thee can be suspected

670

XCVII

Nor is thy nurse, that came unto my cell
(Whose death as well as Leoline's doth grieve thee)
As now alive, the truth of things to tell
There is but one way left now to relieve thee,
And therefore take the counsel that I give thee,
Fly straight beyond seas, for before sunrise,
Men will be here thy person to surprise'

XCVIII

The Druid's words, like the death boding notes
Of the night raven, or the ominous owl,
Sent from their dismal hollow-sounding throats,
Or like the noise of dogs by night, that howl
At the departing of a sick man's soul
Such terror into Sydanis did strike,
As never tender lady felt the like

680

Leoline and Sydanis

XCIX

What she should do, or whither she should go,
The poor distressed Sydanis not knew,
If undescried she could take ship or no,
And thereupon what dangers might ensue, 690
Therefore with visage deadly pale of hue,
'O Druid, let me die at once,' she says,
'And not so often, and so many ways'

C

And here I'll die, thy cell shall be my grave
Before thee all my misery shall end
So as if any come into thy cave
And find me here, they may thee apprehend
And with wild horses thee in pieces rend
Inflicting several deaths on thy each limb,
For murdering a Prince, and me in him ' 700

CI

As Sydanis these passionate words spake,
All ready was her nimble flickering ghost
Her body's beauteous mansion to forsake,
And towards the blest Elysian fields to post,
All sense of this world's miseries were lost
Yet this her sad departure seem'd most sweet,
That there again she Leoline should meet

CII

But now the Druid, who unto the height
Had wrought her grief, resolv'd to hold his hand,
And suddenly to alleviate that weight 710
Of woe oppress her, takes a frozen wand,
With which, and magic spells, he could command
The Furies, Fates, Nymphs, Furies, and what else
In the Sea's deeps, or Earth's dark bosom dwells

Explicit pars prima

CIII

BRIGHT beauty's goddess, Aphrodite styl'd
From whitest froth of the sea billows sprung,
O Jove's most lovely, best beloved child,
Who evermore continu'st fresh and young,
Assistant be to that which here is sung,
And guide my Muse, which now the land forsakes, 720
And to the stormy seas herself betakes

704 Elysian] Orig 'Elisium'

713 The repetition of 'Furies' may be a mere oversight, or more probably a misprint in one case for 'Fairies'

Sir Francis Kynaston

CIV

Sweet-singing Sirens, you who so enchant
The pilot and the list'ning mariner,
As the one's head, the other's hand doth want
Abilities the rudder for to steer,
Receive a beauty to you without peer,
That puts to sea, whose orient teeth and lips
Doth shed your coral, and your pearl eclipse

CV

For now the Druid took her in his arms,
Which never yet so sweet a burthen bore,
Waving his rod with strange and hideous charms,
Whilst near the water he stood on the shore,
A spectacle appear'd ne'er seen before
For Amphitrite, the great Queen of Seas,
Appear'd with twelve Sea-Nymphs, Nereides

730

CVI

Here I should tell you how this glorious Queen
Sate in a chariot, no man's eye e'er saw
So rare a one, her robes were of sea green,
Her coach four Hippopotami did draw,
Who fear'd no gust, nor tempests' angry flaw
But to describe things now I cannot stand,
I haste to finish what I have in hand

740

CVII

Three steps into the sea the Druid wading,
The sleeping Princess to the coach he heaves,
Who proud to be enricht with such a lading,
Her Amphitrite joyfully receives,
With whom old Morrogh such directions leaves
As needful were, whither, and in what sort
She should the beauteous Sydanis transport

CVIII

Leaving the firth whereas black Durdweye's streams,
Swifter than shafts shot from the Russ's bow,
Do enter and invade King Neptune's realms,
Justling the surly waves when as they flow,
Under Hilbree's high craggy cliffs doth row,
The sea's fair Queen, whom Tritons do attend,
While towards the main sea she her course doth bend

750

CIX

The sea bred steeds so swiftly cut the main,
As that the sight of every land was lost,
But a glass being turn'd, they see again

744 'Heaves' is not a bad example of the way in which poetic phrase acquires grotesqueness for which the poet is not responsible

748 whither] Orig 'whether'

750 Durdweye] = 'Dyfyrdwy' = Dee I do not know whether 'firth' occurs earlier in strictly English literature For 'ream[e]s' below cf Fr and M E *reame*

759 i e 'in an hour's time'

Leoline and Sydanis

The island Mona's solitary coast, 760
 Who of her learnèd Bards may justly boast
 In music, and in prophecies deep skill'd,
 Who with sweet Englens all the world had fill'd

CX

And as the sun arose, they did descry
 The lofty cliffs of the high head of Hoth,
 A rocky promontory, which doth lie
 Near Erinland, white with sea-billows' froth
 Here Amphitrite (though exceeding loath)
 Was by the Druid Morrogh's strict command,
 Her dearest lovely charge to set on land 770

CXI

But yet before such time she would do so,
 She sends three Sea-Nymphs down into the deep,
 To bring her up such treasures from below,
 As under rocks the wealthy Sea-gods keep
 Now all this while was Sydanis asleep,
 And dream't that she was in some tempest tost,
 And ship-wrack't, she and all her goods were lost

CXII

But dreams fall out by contraries, for why?
 The Sea-Nymphs with more speed than can be told,
 Returning, brought from Neptune's treasury 780
 A large heap of a wreckèd Merchant's gold,
 More than a page's pockets well could hold
 The second coral brought the third, a piece
 Of the sea's richest treasure, Ambergris

CXIII

I ast, the sea's Empress, for to testify
 How much her love and bounty did abound,
 A rope of orient pearl did straight untie,
 Which thrice her ivory neck encircled round,
 Such as in deepest southern seas are found,
 These pearls she knit on Sydanis her wrist, 790
 And having done, a thousand times her kist

CXIV

I then raining tears upon her curlèd head,
 Which was on Amphitrite's bosom laid,
 She wept o'er Sydanis as she were dead
 So much sleep (death's resemblance) her dismayed,
 As that a man that saw them would have said,

760 Mona's] It may be worth observing that the apostrophe is orig., showing that its absence elsewhere is of no importance

763 Englens] = *W. englynion*, 'short poems'

765 Is 'Hoth' for 'Howth' merely a rhyme licence, or does it answer to pronunciation?

774 wealthy] Orig. 'whealthy'

782 page's pockets] This may be just worth indicating as a representative touch of the mock heroic noticed in *Intro*. Also see *infra*

Sir Francis Kynaston

That once more there was really again
Venus, and in her lap Adonis slain

CXV

The sad Nereides with mournful cheer,
Taking their leaves, do kiss her whitest hand, 800
Grieving to leave her, whom they held so dear
And now as they approachèd near the strand,
Within some dozen steps of the dry land,
Down dī'd the Hippopotami the Queen,
Her chariot, horses, Nymphs, no more were seen

CXVI

Fair Sydanis now left to swim or sink,
Ashore the surges of the billows threw ,
Who therewith waking, verily did think,
That what she dream't had really bin true ,
The manner of her coming she not knew, 810
But howsoever, although cold and wet,
She was right glad she was on dry land set

CXVII

There not full half an hour she did abide,
Wond'ring how she such gold and pearl had got,
But by a fisherman she was espied,
Who saw her page's cloak and bonnet float
Upon the waves, and towards her with his boat
(Taking them up) all possible speed he makes,
And Sydanis into his skiff he takes

CXVIII

Two leagues thence distant was a famous port 820
Of a great city, that Eplana hight,
Where Dermot King of Erin held his court,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight
To whom the fisherman told in what plight
He on the shore a shipwreckt youth had found,
And how the rest o'th' passengers were drown'd

CXIX

When as King Dermot Sydanis beheld,
It doubtful was whether his admiration
Of her rare face, which others all excell'd,
Was greater, or his tender sad compassion 830
Of her mishap, which gave to him occasion
His royal bounty tow'rds her to express,
And to relieve her wants in this distress

798 Adonis] Remember that Sydanis was in page's garments

809 I keep 'bin' K may have meant it as *shorter* than 'been' (But see Introd)

811-812 This final couplet of st 116 shows, as others have done and will do, the 115k
of *unintended* comic effect in rhyme-royal

821 Eplana] *Sic* in orig

825 Here 'shipwreckt,' elsewhere 'wrackt' As in the case of 'bin' and 'been'
there may be reasons for this, so I do not 'standardize'

Leoline and Sydanis

CXX

Desiring therefore first to have her name,
She told him that her name Amanthis was,
Page to a British Prince, who as he came
For Erinland (such was his woful case)
Was drown'd, as he those stormy seas did pass,
And that except her page's only suit,
She was of means and all things destitute

847

CXXI

The royal Dermot forthwith gave command,
She should have anything that he could grant
And now because the King did understand,
His only princely daughter Mellefant,
Of such a page at that time stood in want,
He to her chamber did Amanthis send,
The high born lovely Princess to attend

CXXII

The fair attendant by King Dermot sent,
The noble Princess kindly doth receive,
Whose page-like and discreet deportement,
Was such as no one did her sex perceive
Now as a page Amanthis we must leave,
With the fair Princess Mellefant to dwell,
And you shall hear what Leoline befell

850

CXXIII

Dionea early rising in the dark,
Sets open wide the opal ports of day,
In night's black tinder putting out each spark,
That twinkling shone with a faint flaring ray,
And now Nyctimene was flown away,
To the dark covert of a hollow tree,
Unwilling Phoebus' brightest beams to see

860

CXXIV

The glorious rays of the next morning's light,
Which from the eastern ocean rose,
The dismal deeds of the preceding night
To the world's view were ready to disclose
And Night unable longer to oppose
Bright Phoebus, or such things in secret keep,
Down sinking div'd into the western deep

840 And the gold and pearls? But if we are to indulge all such cavillings it will be necessary to ask how the former floated which would be absurd

850 'Deportement' must be kept *metri grat* It is probable that the word had not long been introduced from France, where, indeed, in the oldest forms the *e* seems to be absent, but where it existed in K's time

855 Dion[a]ea = Venus in her form of morning star With the next line of Benlowes' 'opal coloured dawns' There are other obligations or communities of obligation between B and K which I leave to the reader

859 *Nyctimene*, who, victim of her father's incestuous passion, was changed by Pallas to an owl

864 night] Orig by a clear misprint 'might'

Sir Francis Kynaston

CXXV

The sun's swift coursers upwards making haste,
From his first house in the east horizon,
Had now two more supernal mansions past,
And to the entrance of the third were gone,
Ere any of these things in Court had known
But when nor Prince, nor Princess did appear,
Each one admir'd why they not stirring were

870

CXXVI

King Arvon and Duke Leon gave command,
A page should to the Prince's chamber go,
And instantly should let them understand,
If that Prince Leoline were well or no
And why his rising he deferred so
The page he went, and finding the door lockt,
Softly at first, then louder call'd and knockt

880

CXXVII

But when within, no answer he could hear,
Nor voice of any one that to him spoke,
The page unto the King relates his fear,
Who straight commands that with a mighty stroke
Of iron bars the door should down be broke
Which having done, and broken down the door,
A dismal sight lay on the chamber floor

CXXVIII

For there the aged Nurse along was laid,
Cold and stretcht out, as one that were stark dead,
In all Prince Leoline's*best clothes array'd
Which sight not only fear, but wonder bred
The King and Duke straight went unto the bed,
And opening the curtains, there alone
The Prince lay dead, but Princess there was none

890

CXXIX

Tearing their hairs with lamentable groans,
These two sad parents' eyes with tears abound
The King his son, Duke Leon he bemoans
His daughter's loss, who nowhere could be found
Men search for her above and under ground,
But all in vain for she (you heard) was gone
The night before to Erinland, unknown

900

CXXX

The ports are stop't they search each boat and bark,
Thinking that in some ship they might her find
But that unlikely was, when as they mark
How that contrary blew the north-west wind,

873 Court] i.e. the *Welsh* Court to which we return

876 Arvon] Orig misprints 'Arnon'

884 spoke] Orig 'spake'

cxxviii l 5 'door,' l 6 'dore,' in orig And there are people who want such spelling kept!

Leoline and Sydanis

Yet this her absence to King Arvon's mind
Was evidence enough it could not be,
That any one had kill'd the Prince but she

910

CXXXI

Now as before a storm, the clouded sky
Blackens and darkens, sullenly it lowers,
Ere that the dreadful thunderer from on high
Roars in the clouds, and on the earth down pours
Another dismal cataclysm of showers,
Even so King Arvon's countenance did betoken
A storm of words, which afterwards were spoken

CXXXII

For in the word of an enraged King,
(Whose fatal anger is assur'd death)
He vow'd he would upon Duke Leon bring
Confusion, for his sword he would unshathe,
Which ne'er should be put up whil'st he had breath,
Until that he a just revenge should take,
For Sydanis his murderous daughter's sake

920

CXXXIII

You must imagine more than shall be said,
Touching Duke Leon's grief and his reply,
Unto whose charge a Prince's death was laid,
Against all laws of hospitality
He told King Arvon that he did defy
His threats, and being free from all offence,
He knew Heaven would protect his innocence

930

CXXXIV

Leaving Carleon, back the King return'd
Unto Carnarvon castle, with intent,
That since that he and all his Court now mourn'd
The Prince's body thither should be sent
To lay him by his ancestors he meant,
Whose funeral should not be long deferr'd,
But he with all solemnity interr'd

CXXXV

Among these troubles and distractions,
That 'twixt King Arvon and Duke Leon fell,
The catiff Marquis Foutre, all whose actions
Were form'd by some infernal fiend in hell,
Had learn'd, there was a Druid that could tell
Men's fortunes, and whate'er they did demand,
Could give a resolution out of hand

940

908 Arvon (not 'Arvon') is now habitually printed in orig

915 showers | Orig 'shores'

941 Here 'Marquis' formerly 'Marquess'

Sir Francis Kynaston

CXXXVI

To Morrogh went this Foutre for to know
The place to which fair Sydanis was fled,
And whether that she living was or no
If not, and that she certainly was dead,
He needs would know where she was buried 950
To whom the Druid with a countenance grave,
Waving his wand, this sudden answer gave

CXXXVII

'Know, Frenchman, if to satisfy thy lust
Of that fair Lady, whom thou dost pursue,
Thou do intend, to Erinland thou must
There thou may'st find her, and thy suit renew'
But seeing that the wind contrary blew,
Foutre demanded, 'Hast thou not a kind
Of trick in magic for to sell a wind?'

CXXXVIII

'Yea,' quoth the Druid, 'ere thou hence depart,
I hat I am my Art's master thou shalt know,
And am no ignorant in magic art,
For knots that on thy handkercher I'll throw,
Untied shall cause that any wind shall blow,
Or strong or gently, and as thou dost please,
Shall waft thy ship or bark along the seas' 960

CXXXIX

On Foutre's handkercher three knots he knits,
Which when he was at sea should be untied
This done, forthwith the Druid's cell he quits,
And to the haven of Carleon hied, 970
Himself there of such shipping to provide,
As at that time the haven did afford,
Where having got a ship he went aboard

CXL

Untying the first knot, the wind, whose blast
Was contrary unto his going out,
And blew ahead, now blew abaft as fast,
And was upon the sudden come about
Which caused all the mariners to doubt
I hat they had got a passenger, whose art
Had no relation to the seaman's chart 980

CXLI

The second knot unknot the merry gales,
The vessel's linen wings her sails did spread,
Which having past the dangerous coast of Wales,
Was sailing now athwart the Holy-head
The skippers, without sinking of their lead,
Upon a sudden now are come so nigh
To Erinland, that they it do descry

Leoline and Sydanis

CXLII

Here Foutre was the third knot to untie,
Who thought he had the winds at his dispose
But having loos'd that knot, immediately
So hideous a storm at sea arose,
As if each several wind that fiercely blows
From two and thirty points at sea, had met,
Contending who the sovereignty should get

990

CXLIII

The mariners observing that the storm
From any natural cause proceeded not,
Noting withal the superstitious form
And manner of untying of the knot,
Which now this raging tempest had begot,
Ready to sink with every stormy blast,
Marquis Jean Foutre overboard they cast

1000

CXLIV

No sooner was the miscreant thrown in,
And in the bottom drown'd, but straight the seas
Were calm again, as if the wretch had bin
A sacrifice, their anger to appease,
So that it did the Fatal Sisters please
That he that tied one knot, in the conclusion,
Should by another come unto confusion

CXLV

The mariners now with a prosperous blast,
Their sea toss'd vessel towards Carleon guide,
Which there I leave, all dangers being past,
At anchor in the harbour safe to ride
For I must tell what fortune did betide
Unto Prince Leoline, whose various fate
Makes the strange story that I shall relate

1010

CXLVI

Twice had pale Phoebe in her silver wain,
Drawn with full dragons, rode her nightly round,
Since that the prince with his face bare had lain,
Within an open coffin yet unwound
In's winding sheet, his hands and feet not bound,
That when a prince was dead all men might see
And know for certainty, that it was he

1020

CXLVII

Now the third night, which was the night before
The Prince's body was to be convey'd
Unto Carnarvon, there were half a score
Of knights and squires in mourning black array'd,
That watching by the Prince's body stay'd,

1025 Carnarvon] Orig as often 'Carnarvan'

Sir Francis Kynaston

Who being fore wak't they could no longer keep
Their eyelids open, but fell all asleep

CXLVIII

Just at the hour of night the Prince did take 1030
The potion which the Druid did compose,
Out of dead sleep did Leoline awake,
And like a ghost out of the coffin rose,
Which erst his princely body did enclose
For now the potion had no more a force
To make a living prince a seeming corse

CXLIX

For it was but a soporiferous potion,
Made of cold nightshade's, gladials', poppies' juice,
Which for a while suppress all sense and motion,
And of his members took away the use, 1040
By a narcotic power it did infuse,
Which could no longer work on Leoline
But till the Moon pass'd to another sign

CL

Nor ought this to seem strange, since as we read,
Inhabitants of the cold frozen zone,
Call'd Leucomori, for six months seem dead,
For as for sense or motion they have none,
And so remain till Phoebus having gone
Through the six southern signs, salutes the Twins,
At which time yearly their new life begins 1050

CLI

But pass we this The Prince in deid of night,
Finding that those that should have watcht him slept,
Took up the mortar, by whose small dim light
He silently unto the chamber stept
Of an esquire, who all his wardrobe kept,
Whom he in all important things employ'd,
And most relied upon his name was *Ffloyd*

CLII

Coming now near, and waking the esquire,
Whose hair for fear began upright to stand,
Thinking he saw a ghost, but coming nigher, 1060
The Prince upon him gently laid his hand,
And beck'ned as he silence would command,
Then putting on a suit he lately wore,
They both at midnight went to the sea shore

1028 fore wak't] (it should of course be 'for waked') = 'worn out with waking'
is another of K's Chaucerisms

1030 'At which' or 'when' is conversationally ellipsed between 'night' and 'the'

1038 Gladials] *sic* in orig. Has any kind of gladiolus a narcotic or poisonous quality?

1046 Leucomori] Orig. 'Leucomori'

1053 mortar] for 'night light' is again Chaucerian but it survived both as a trade
and a household word till quite recently, though literature seems to have lost it

Leoline and Sydanis

CLIII

Who being now informèd by the way
Of all the accidents that had fallen out,
He durst no longer in Carleon stay,
Duke Leon's faithfulness he did misdoubt,
Who (as he did conceive) had gone about
To poison him, and would some plot contrive,
That might of life him utterly deprive

1070

CLIV

No sooner were they come, but there they found
(Even as they wisht) then ready to hoise sail
A vessel that for Erinland was bound,
They so far with the mariners prevail,
To take them in, of which they did not fail
And now the wind so large was, that ere day,
The ship quite out of sight was flown away

CIV

Prince Leoline being loath it should be known,
What either he, or his associate were,
Desir'd the skippers, that they two alone,
On the next coast or creek that did appear,
Row'd in their cock-boat, might be landed there
The mariners accordingly it did,
And the meantime the ship at anchor rid

1080

CIVI

As they were ready for to set their feet
Upon dry land, and so to take their way,
Upon the shore a ghastly sight they meet,
For there Jean Foutre's drownèd body lay,
In the same clothes, and in the same array,
He on the Prince's wedding day had worn,
Whose face and hands fishes had eat and torn

1090

CLVII

The Prince approaching nearer for to view
The sea drown'd carcass, which he had descried,
That it was Foutre, instantly he knew,
For on his breast his bridal point he spied,
Which Leoline forthwith took and untied,
Unwilling that the mariners should have
A thing he as his wedding favour gave

CLVIII

The magic knot undone by fortune strange,
And by this sad and yet glad accident,
In Leoline did work a sudden change
For though it was undone with no intent,
But such as hath bin said, yet the event
Was such, and did so happily succeed,
He from th' enchanted ligature was freed

1100

1081 skippers] The plural use of this, as—'shipmen' generally, might have been noticed before

Sir Francis Kynaston

CLIX

The jewels, gold, and silver that he found,
Among the seamen he distributed,
Who making of a poor hole in the ground,
Such as is made for felons being dead,
(Who by the highway-side are buried)
Jean Foutre's body they stark naked strip,
Which done they back do row unto their ship

1110

CLX

Prince Leoline and his esquire Ffloyd
In Erinland being safely set on shore,
The better all suspicion to avoid,
Would not unto Eblana come, before
They had conceal'd themselves a week or more
In the meantime they purpose to devise
A way how they might pass in some disguise

1120

CLXI

Which while they are contriving, you shall hear
King Arvon and Duke Leon's sad estate,
Who equally in grief engagèd were,
And equally did one another hate
With swords they mean the business to debate,
And thereupon make preparation,
One for defence, the other for invasion

CLXII

For when the servants that King Arvon sent,
Missing the body, all about had sought,
And could by no means find which way it went,
Returning to the King they nothing brought
But only this conjecture, that they thought
Duke Leon (on whom all the blame they lay)
Whilst they did sleep, had stolen the corpse away,

1130

CLXIII

And buried it obscurely in some place,
Where never any one should find his grave
Ih' enraged King resenting this disgrace,
And now perceiving that he might not have
His son alive, nor dead, he straightway gave
Commissions forth an army to assemble,
Should make Carleon's city walls to tremble

1140

CLXIV

'Tis hard to say, whether was greater grown,
King Arvon's anger, or Duke Leon's grief,
On whom those black aspersions were thrown,
First of a murderer, and then a thief
His patience yet (exceeding all belief)
And fortitude, were greater than his wrongs,
Or the foul malice of all slanderous tongues

Leoline and Sydanis

CLXV

So now it hap't as Leon went alone
To Venus' temple, and at midnight pray'd, 1150
Down in that very vault he heard one groan,
Wherein two nights before the Nurse was laid
Then afterwards he heard a voice, which said,
'Oh when will it be day? When will the light
Disperse the darkness of this endless night?'

CLXVI

The Duke at first amazèd, recollects
His fear dispersèd spirits, and before
That he would speak, he earnestly expects
To hear what the sad ghost would utter more
Whom he perceivèd wept, and sighèd sore 1160
Which made him on it such compassion take,
As that forthwith the vault he open brake

CLXVII

And bowing down into the grot, he said,
'If thou a soul leaving th' Elysian rest,
Art back return'd, whereas thy corpse is laid,
To bring some comfort to a Prince distrest,
And with all manner injuries opprest,
Then in the dead more mercy doth abound,
Than here among the living can be found

CLXVIII

For thou wilt tell me whether bale or bliss 1170
Be now the sad condition or glad state
Of my late dear deceasèd Sydanis,
And where and how she yielded to her fate
All which, I pray thee, gentle ghost, relate,
And ease my heavy heart, opprest with grief,
Which among mortals can find no relief'

CLXIX

Grief hath few words Th' amazèd Nurse that heard
Duke Leon's words, and knew it was his voice,
Of the vault's darkness being much afraid,
And the dead silence where there was no noise, 1180
Not knowing if she wak't, or dream't, the choice
That she did make, was rather to conceal
Herself awhile, than anything reveal

CLXX

And therefore that opinion to maintain,
And fancy in Duke Leon, of a ghost
From the Elysian shades return'd again,
And had now twice the Stygian ferry crost,
To seek that body it before had lost,
She in a piteous voice Duke Leon told,
As yet she might not anything unfold 1190

1165 'corps' in orig, as usual, and as late as Dryden

Sir Francis Kynaston

CLXXI

For Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamant,
The three grim Judges of th' infernal Court,
Would not unto the ghosts a licence grant,
The secrets of the dark world to report,
But to their tombs they nightly must resort,
Till seven nights were past, and there must stay
Till the cock's crow before the break of day

CLXXII

But if that he on the eighth night would come
About the hour of twelve, when ghosts appear,
And call upon her at the silent tomb,
Of all things he the certainty should hear
Where Leoline and his fair daughter were,
And be inform'd of everything he crav'd,
And what the Fates on leaves of steel had grav'd

1200

CLXXIII

The Duke expecting at that time no more,
Up from the vault he silently arose,
Forgetting now to shut the temple door,
Unto his palace back again he goes,
And now the Nurse ere that the first cock crows,
Stole from the vault, and in her winding sheet,
Went to a beldam's house in a by-street

1210

CLXXIV

Who being a lone woman, was most fit
To keep her close, and what she had design'd,
Unto whose trust herself she doth commit,
And told to the old beldam all her mind,
Intending that as soon as she could find
An opportunity, she would go thence
To Morrogh, to get more intelligence

CLXXV

Through darkness of the third ensuing night,
To the learn'd Druid Morrogh's cell she went,
Clad like a soldier, in a buff coat dight,
With hat, sword, gorget This habiliment
Her hostess the old beldam to her lent,
Whose husband being a soldier long before,
Under Duke Leon, in his lifetime worc

1220

CLXXVI

Attired thus in habit of a man,
When she before the reverend Druid came,
To counterfeit men's gesture she began
And to appear that she was not the same
She was, she alter'd her voice and name,
Thinking that Morrogh knew not who she was,
But that she for a soldier well might pass

1230

Leoline and Sydanis

CLXXVII

But he well knowing she did counterfeit,
And to delude his cunning had a mind,
Resolvèd her finenesses should be met,
And quitted back to her in their own kind
'Soldier,' quoth he, 'I by my skill do find,
Prince Leoline and Sydanis are fled,
And Merioneth, her old nurse, is dead

CLXXVIII

More of the Princes I cannot unfold,
But by my art I certainly do know,
That ere three days be past, thou shalt behold
Carleon city walls beleagured so,
'That out of it alive there none shall go,
By famine brought to that extremity,
As that the Duke himself thereof would die

1240

CLXXIX

But such a horrid death I must prevent,
And for thou seem'st one of Duke Leon's guard,
Tell him that I to him by thee have sent
An amulet by chymic art prepar'd,
Whose virtue told, will purchase thy reward,
For if that one but touch his lips with it,
'Twill satisfy the hungry appetite'

1250

CLXXX

The skilful Druid gave no more direction,
Nor of the secret properties more spake,
Of the Epimenidial confection
The seeming soldier doth the present take,
And towards Carleon all post-haste doth make,
Intending that if possible she may,
She would be back before the break of day

1260

CLXXXI

But ere 'twas day, King Arvon's legions were
So far advanc'd, as that he sent a scout
To make discovery if the foe were near,
Or that there were any ambushment without
Now as the swift vaunt couriers rode about
As sentinel perdu, the Nurse they caught,
And to King Arvon instantly her brought

1233 counterfeit] 'counterfet' as usual in orig

1235 'fineness' in the sense of 'finesse,' must be rare

1256 Epimenidial] This 'bless'd word' (obviously misprinted 'Epimmedial' in orig) must refer to the purification of Athens by Epimenides from the Cylonian plague

1265 vaunt couriers] 'Vant curriers' in orig

1266 Orig 'sentinell perdu,' and indeed it would perhaps be better to supply the c to 'sentinell' to make the regular Fr phrase But I do not know why K used the singular

Sir Francis Kynaston

CLXXXII

Who forthwith gave command she should be sent
Unto Carnarvon, and there should be cast
Into the deepest dungeon, to th' intent
That she in links of iron fettered fast,
Being hunger starv'd to death, should breathe her last
His angry doom is straight accomplish'd,
And to Carnarvon is Merioneth led,

1270

CLXXXIII

Of all poor creatures most unfortunate
For while that in the dungeon she did lie,
She with herself did oftentimes debate,
Whether was better, hunger-starv'd to die,
Or for to take the Druid's remedy,
'Twould but prolong her misery to use it,
And it was present death for to refuse it

1280

CLXXXIV

But here I leave her and King Arvon's host
Carleon city walls besieging round
My tale must follow them, who having crost
The British seas, for Erinland were bound,
Where Leoline fair Sydanis hath found,
But so transform'd, as (though he did her see)
He little did suspect that it was she

Explicit pars secunda

CLXXXV

LATONA's twins, bright Cynthin, and her brother,
Resplendent Phoebus, with his glorious rays
Had seven times given place to one another,
And fully had accomplisht seven days
Ere Leoline, through devious woods and ways,
Accompanied by Pfloyd as his consort,
Came to Eblana to King Dermot's court

1290

CLXXXVI

On the eighth day, sacred to Venus' name,
It fortunèd at court there was a feast
To welcome an Ambassador that came
From Albion, which they two (among the rest)
Coming to see, like two French monsieurs drest,
They, noted to be strangers, were so grac't,
As next to the King's table to be plac't

1300

Leoline and Sydanis

CLXXXVII

At midst whereof under a cloth of state,
To which one must by three degrees ascend,
In a rich chair the royal Dermot sate,
Th' Ambassador and Princess at each end,
On Mellefant, Amanthis doth attend,
As cup-bearer, the while that she did dine,
And when she pleas'd to call, did bring her wine

CLXXXVIII

Whenas six several courses serv'd had bin,
The royal dinner drawing towards an end,
A rich and sumptuous banquet was brought in,
Which did such kinds of sweetmeats comprehend,
As might with fruits of Paradise contend
Of which the choicest and most excellent
The Princess to the seeming Frenchmen sent,

1310

CIXXXIX

Giving her page Amanthis a command
To let them know, that if they did desire,
They should be brought to kiss King Dermot's hand
Prince Leoline and Floyd, his faithful Squire,
These unexpected courtesies admire
Which taking, they a low obeisance make,
Admiring the pure French Amanthis spake

1320

CXC

To whom Prince Leoline in French replied,
And told her, such an unexpected grace,
Their duties and affections so tied,
As that they all occasions would embrace,
To testify their service, and in case
They might receive such honour, that it would
Oblige them more than any favour could

1330

CXCI

The table taken from before the King,
And all the royal ceremonies ended,
Amanthis ettsoones did the strangers bring,
And told him that two French Lords there attended,
By Mellefant the Princess recommended,
To have the honour for to kiss his hands,
And to receive his Majesty's commands

CXCII

King Dermot, full of royal courtesy,
Not only gave his hand, but more to grace'em
Descended so below his Majesty,
As that he did in friendly wise embrace'em,
Commanding his Lord Chamberlain to place'em
In his own lodgings, that they might not want
Conveniency to wait on Mellefant

1340

1312 Remember that 'banquet' at this time means especially 'dessert'

Sir Francis Kynaston

CXCIII

Whose hands they kissing with all reverence
The Princess doth them kindly entertain
Now while the King had private conference
With the Ambassador, the Prince did gain
An opportunity for to detain
The Princess in discourse 'twixt him and her 1350
Amanthis was the sweet interpreter

CXCIV

Prince Leoline's discourses pleas'd so well
The Princess, that she oftentimes did send
To have him come, fine romances to tell,
To which she would so sweet attention lend,
As Dido like she seemèd to depend
Upon his lip, and such delights did take,
She wisht to speak French only for his sake

CXCV

But whatsoever by the Prince was said
Of love, or of adventures of that kind, 1360
Must by Amanthis be interpreted,
Whose eyes the Prince's language could not blind,
For he was known, and how he stood inclin'd,
Nor was discreet Amanthis ignorant
That Leoline made love to Mellefant

CXCVI

But to what end she could not yet discover
For if to marry her was his intent,
It seem'd most strange that he should be a lover,
Who in loves actions was so impotent,
And if he were not so, then that content 1370
Should Mellefant enjoy, and that delight
In Hymen's sports, which was Amanthis' right

CXCVII

But ere a month was past, it fortun'd so,
The Princess Mellefant Amanthis sent
To the Prince Leoline, to let him know
And carry him this courtly compliment,
That if he pleas'd to ride abroad, she meant
(Since that the weather was so calm and fair)
To ride into the fields to take the air

CXCVIII

Amanthis with this message being gone, 1380
Prince Leoline was in his chamber found
Sitting upon his bedside all alone
His countenance sad, his eyes fixt on the ground,
As if he did with careful thoughts abound
But seeing of Amanthis, he acquir'd
A happiness that he had long desir'd

1354 Here and elsewhere the value 'rômances' is noticeable

1359 said] Orig has the odd form 'se'd'

Leoline and Sydanis

CXCIX

For he now got an opportunity,
His mind unto Amanthis to disclose
Whose message being told, immediately
The Prince began and said, 'Fair youth, suppose 1390
I told a secret, might I not repose
So much in thee as never to reveal it,
But in thy faithful bosom to conceal it?'

CC

To whom Amanthis straight replied, 'You may
A privacy unto my trust commit,
Which if it touch the Princess any way,
Or King, to hide it were nor safe nor fit,
For in my duty I must utter it
But if so be that it touch none of these,
You may securely tell me what you please' 1400

CCI

Quoth Leoline, 'That which I have to say
Concerns the Princess, but in such a kind,
As if that thou my counsel should'st bewray,
After that I have utter'd all my mind,
It may be I with thee no fault should find
For say I should desire thee to prove,
Whether the Princess Mellefant could love

CCII

My fortunes and my birth perchance may be
Greater than yet they seem, 'tis often seen,
Mean clothes do hide high-born nobility 1410
And though she be a Princess, nay a Queen,
Great Princesses have oft enamour'd been
Of gentlemen, so fortune did advance
Medor above the Paladins of France

CCIII

And so Queen Clytemnestra, as we read,
Before King Agamemnon did prefer
And took into her royal nuptial bed
Aegisthus, her sweet fac'd adulterer,
In birth and fortunes far unworthy her,
And so fair Helen did young Paris make 1420
Her choice, and Menelaus did forsake

CCIV

But these, thou'lt say, were precedents of lust,
And such as virtuous ladies should detest
But what I seek is honourably just,
Which since I have committed to thy breast,

1414 Orig 'Palladines' It is morally rather hard on Angelica to put her in line with the Tyndaridae, though it may be a compliment in another way And neither Aegisthus nor Paris was a simple gentleman But here as elsewhere, on Spenserian even more than Chaucerian pattern, K is apt a little to drag in mythology

1422 precedents] Orig 'presidents,' as usual Again, this is hardly fair to Angelica

Sir Francis Kynaston

If thou, fair lovely youth, wilt do thy best
My suit to thy sweet Princess to commend,
Be sure that thou hast gain'd a thankful friend'

CCV

To which Amanthus answer'd, 'You are
(My Lord) a stranger and as yet unknown, 1430
You must upon your honour then declare
Whether you have a lady of your own
Living, and if that she from you be gone,
Or you from her, if either should be true,
None knows the inconvenience would ensue'

CCVI

These speeches startled Leoline, whose heart
Being conscious, made him answer, 'Tis a truth
I had a lady once, to whom thou art
So like in feature, personage, beauty, youth,
And every lineament, as if she doth 1440
Yet live, I should my state and life engage,
That thou wert she in habit of a page

CCVII

For woe is me, away from me she fled,
Being ignorant of what the cause might be,
And left me lying fast asleep in bed,
And now for aught I know thou must be she,
For her true image I behold in thee
But to believ't were fondness' Here he stopt,
And from his eyes some crystal tears there dropt

CCVIII

Amanthus weeping for to see him weep, 1450
'My Lord,' quoth she, 'if you a lady had
That parted from you when you were asleep,
(Though loath) I shall unto your sorrows add
Such a relation shall make you more sad,
For if your lady can nowhere be found,
It is too true, I fear, that she is drown'd

CCIX

For now it is some twenty days and more
Since mariners arriv'd here, who do say
How that they found sailing along the shore
The body of a Frenchman cast away, 1460
On whom were letters found that did bewray
That he had stol'n a lady, who together
Perisht with him, as they were coming hither

1435 The line is a little bathetic but the speech elicited from Leoline is artistic enough, both as a justification of Amanthus in her conduct later, and as a provocation of her rather rash immediate experiment

Leoline and Sydanis

CCX

And if one may believe the common fame
That 'mongst the people hath divulgèd this,
The lady was of quality, her name,
If I remember right, was Sydanis
Now if that this were she that did amiss,
And so much wrong'd your love, I must confess
Your sorrow for her ought to be the less'

1470

CCXI

Prince Leoline hearing this sad relation,
Like serpents to him were Amanthis' words,
Stirring both jealousy and indignation,
And pierc't his heart like to so many swords,
His grief this only utterance affords,
'Ah, Sydanis was she, whom I deplore,
Who seem'd a saint, but ah me! died a whore'

CCXII

'Well,' quoth Amanthis, 'if I may amend
What is amiss, or may your woe relieve,
You may be sure I shall my furtherance lend,
And to your suit my best assistance give
For Sydanis no longer shall you grieve,
For being free to marry whom you please,
I shall endeavour to procure your ease'

1480

CCXIII

This said, Amanthis Leoline did leave,
And back return'd to act that was design'd
Now here a man may easily conceive
What perturbations vext the Prince's mind,
Who knowing he Jean Foutre dead did find,
And that part of the story he well knew,
He might well think, that all the rest was true

1490

CCXIV

Perplex with doubts, whether his impotence
Was the sole cause made Sydanis to fly
Before that he could have intelligence
Of such unfeignèd marks as might descry
The truth, or loss of her virginity,
For though she as a virgin was reputed,
Yet by Jean Foutre he might be cornuted

CCXV

On th' other side one probably may guess
The trouble that perplex Amanthis thought,
Since Leoline must Mellefant possess,
Who might deny him, nothing that he sought
And all this by Amanthis must be wrought,
Who by a kind unkind, and courteous wooing,
Must be the author of her own undoing

1500

1478 quoth, &c] The double meaning is rather ingeniously maintained throughout this speech

Sir Francis Kynaston

CCXVI

But since Amanthis had a promise made
To further his love-suit in all she might
It must be done, therefore she did persuade
Prince Leoline, in the French tongue to write
To Mellefant, for what he did indite,
She said the Princess would show none but her,
Who was betwixt them both interpreter

1510

CCXVII

And thereby she should find occasion
Fitly to speak of Leoline's true love,
And by a gentle amorous persuasion
She might all lets (if any were) remove
Prince Leoline her counsel doth approve,
And writes, who by Amanthis was assur'd
An answer to his lines should be procur'd

CCXVIII

Now after courtship and kind compliment,
And many courteous visits of respect,
Amanthis came, as if she had bin sent
To Leoline, to tell him the effect
Of her proceedings (which he did expect)
And brought a letter with her, which she feign'd
She had from Princess Mellefant obtain'd

1520

CCXIX

Th' effect whereof was this she first desir'd
It might not seem a lightness in a maid,
To yield so soon to that which was requir'd
For Cupid, whose commands must be obeyed,
Had by her eyes into her heart convey'd
His lovely shape, his worth and every grace,
Where never man but he had yet a place

1530

CCXX

But now her amorous bosom was a shrine,
Devoted wholly to the god of Love,
In which the saint was lovely Leoline
She writ, That in affection she would prove
More constant than the truest Turtle dove
What more for modesty might not be told,
She left it to Amanthis to unfold

1540

CCXXI

In fine, Amanthis did the Prince persuade
So powerfully, that if he pleas'd, he might
The maiden fort of Mellefant invade,
And enter in that fortress of delight
For she, Corinna-like, the following night
Would come unto Prince Leoline his bed,
And offer there her princely maidenhead

1515 gentle] Orig 'gentle'

1545 The Ovidian Corinna

Leoline and Sydanis

CCXXII

Provided always, when that she did come,
A promise must be made, might not be broken,
That they in their embraces should be dumb,
And that between them no word should be spoken
For on the morrow, by a private token,
He should be sure, so that he would not vaunt,
He had enjoy'd the Princess Mellefant

1550

CCXXIII

The Prince, that heard with joy and admiration
Amanthis' words, impatient of delay,
On the Sun's horses lays an imputation,
That they were lame, or else had gone astray,
And Sol in malice had prolong'd the day,
That drove so slowly down Olympus' hill,
And wing'd Time he chid for standing still

1560

CCXXIV

But at the last the long'd-for hour grew near,
The evening sets, and the steeds of the Sun
Were posted to the other hemisphere,
On this side having their last stage y run,
Bright things beginning to wax dim and dun,
And night uprising from dark Acheron,
O'er all the sky a pitchy veil had thrown

CCXXV

About the hour of twelve, when, all was still,
And Morpheus seal'd had all mortal eyes,
Amanthis, who was ready to fulfil
Her promise, softly from her bed doth rise,
And in her smock and a furr'd mantle hies
To Leoline's bedchamber, where in stead
Of Mellefant, she goes to him to bed

1570

CCXXVI

No sooner did they touch each other's skin,
And she was in his fragrant bosom laid,
But that the Prince love's onset did begin,
And in his wars the valiant champion play'd
What faint resistance a young silly maid
Could make, unto his force, did quickly yield,
Some blood was lost, although he won the field

1580

CCXXVII

For no hot Frenchman, nor high Tuscan blood,
Whose panting veins do swell with lively heat,
In Venus' breach more stoutly ever stood,
Or on her drum did more alarums beat,
But Cupid at the last sounds a retreat
Amanthis at his mercy now doth lie,
Thinking what kind of death she was to die

Sir Francis Kynaston

CCXXVIII

But she must now endure no other death, 1590
For standing mute, but either must be prest,
Or smothering kisses so should stop her breath,
As that Love's flames enclos'd within her breast,
Should burn the more, the more they were suppress
And so she as Love's Martyr should expire,
Or Phoenix-like, consume in her own fire

CCXXIX

These pleasant kind of deaths Amanthis oft
And willingly did suffer ere 'twas day,
Nine times the lusty Prince did come aloft
But now Amanthis could no longer stay, 1600
For while 'twas dark she needs must go away
On her, Prince Leoline bestow'd a ring,
Man's eye did ne'er behold so rare a thing

CCXXX

For in it was an admirable stone,
Whose colour (like the carbuncle) was red,
By day, it with its native lustre shone,
And like the sun-bright beams abroad did spread
But that which greatest admiration bred,
It had a quality ne'er seen before,
First to keep light, then after to restore 1610

CCXXXI

For if one to the stinbeams did expose it,
And hold it in them but a little space,
And in a box would afterwards enclose it,
Then after go into some darksome place
Whereas one could not see one's hand, nor face,
Opening the box, a beam of light would come,
Pyramid-like, would lighten all the room

CCXXXII

But she was gladder of the consequence,
Than of the precious stone she did receive
For now, without suspicion or offence, 1620
She knew how she might Leoline deceive,
Whom she at parting from his bed did leave,
Recounting with himself, how by that deed
He might as King of Erinland succeed

1590 In this one stanza K rises to something not too far below the cadence and the spirit of *Venus and Adonis* itself

1597 These pleasant kind } Worth noting as yet another instance of a true English idiom which grammaticasters stigmatize

1599 Is perhaps rather too faithfully borrowed from *F Q III xlviii 5*

1624 The author is not very complimentary to Leoline but this is possibly due to the mock heroic *nuance* Amanthis is much better treated in the long passage which follows See *Introd*

Leoline and Sydanis

CCXXXIII

Amanthis being come to her own bed,
Lay down, but sleep she could not Jealousies
Concerning Leoline disturb'd her head,
For having now tried his abilities,
She thought the Prince her sweetness did despise,
But that he no virility did want,
To enjoy his princely mistress Mellefant

1630

CCXXXIV

Oh Jealousy in love, who art a vice
More opposite in every quality,
Than is penurious sordid avarice,
To the extreme of prodigality

[*Line missing*]

Besides, thou sufferest no man to enjoy
What he possesses, without some annoy

CCXXXV

So many cares, so many doubts and fears
Upon thee do continually attend,
As the two portals of the soul, the ears,
Which to all rumours do attention lend,
Dire perturbations to the heart do send,
Procuring such unquiet and unrest,
As should not harbour in a lover's breast

1640

CCXXXVI

And to that pass Amanthis thou hast brought,
With fear of losing that delight and pleasure
Which she hath tasted, as her troubled thought
And perturbations one may rightly measure
By a rich miser, who hath found a treasure,
Who is solicitous, and vext with care,
Lest any one of it should have a share

1650

CCXXXVII

Further she thought, if Mellefant but knew
Prince Leoline to be King Arvon's son,
He needed not his love suit to pursue,
For he already had the conquest won
Such cogitations in her head did run,
And with such thoughts she entertain'd the time,
Ill Sol began Night's starry rich to climb

CCXXXVIII

But when the feather'd herald of the light,
Stout Chanticleer the Cock, with trumpet shrill
Had now proclaim'd darkness was put to flight,
And Phoebus driving up the eastern hill,
With glorious golden beams the world did fill,

1660

1636 Line missing This incomplete stanza has no gap in orig It probably should contain the protasis of 'besides'

Sir Francis Kynaston

From 'twixt her sheets, as 'twixt two Groneland snows,
Amanthis like a new-sprung lily rose

CCXXXIX

And in her page's habit neatly fine,
Her beauteous self she curiously did dight,
As if she had not lain with Leoline,
Nor had not lost her maidenhead that night
Venus and Cupid pleas'd were with the sight,
And how she did Prince Leoline beguile,
Even made the old austere Saturnus smile

1670

CCXL

For Jupiter in lovers' witty sleights,
Which they contrive and cunningly devise,
(Himself having bin one) so much delights,
As that he oftentimes with them complies,
And doth but laugh at lovers' perjuries
For now Amanthis was a part to act,
Which to perform, she no invention lackt

1680

CCXLI

For the next morn about the hour of ten,
To Princess Mellefant she had access,
Who seeing her, demanded of her, When
That the French Lord such courtship would express,
As unto her a visit to address?
To whom Amanthis said, 'I am to blame,
That I no sooner to your highness came,

CCXLII

To tell you that it is the Lord's intent,
(If so it please your Highness and the King)
This night a Masqueiada to present,
Where you shall see him dance, and hear him sing
Your answer I again to him must bring,
Who hopes your Highness graciously will take,
A service only done for your dear sake

1690

CCXLIII

He further hopes you'll honour him thus much,
As to receive this ring, and so to grace it,
As that it may your princely finger touch,
On which he humbly prays that you would place it
This fair occasion, if you please t' embrace it,
And cherish it, may the beginning prove
Of a most happy honourable love

1700

CCXLIV

For, Madam, his brave parts and excellence,
Which other men's perfections far outgoes,

1665 The form 'Groneland,' undoubtedly derived from the Dutch, should evidently be kept

1690 Masquerado] K makes this form (which is unique) on English analogies without regard to S 'mascarada' or I 'mascherata'

1703 The unexpectedness of this is rather agreeable for Amanthis seems to be throwing the helve after the hatchet with a vengeance

Leoline ana Sydanis

His valour, learning, wit, and eloquence,
Which like a flood of nectar from him flows,
That he is some great Prince most plainly shows
And let one presuppose that he were none,
Yet your most honour'd service makes him one'

CCXLV

Fair Mellefant, whose breast th' Idalian fire
Had gently warm'd, unto her thus replied 1710
'Amanthis,' quoth she, 'I do much admire
How that a stranger can so soon have spied
An advocate, that cannot be denied,
Those in their suits of eloquence have need,
That seek unjust things, and so fear to speed

CCXVI

But thou who art a young and lovely youth,
Might'st well have sparèd that which thou hast said,
For to converse with thee (such is thy truth)
A Vestal Virgin would not be afraid 1720
Thy looks are Rhetoric to persuade a maid,
And be assur'd, I willingly shall grant
Whatever thou shalt ask of Mellefant

CCXVII

Therefore to him who (as thou sayst) doth seem
A noble Prince, this message thou shalt bear
Tell him his love we highly do esteem,
And for his honour'd sake the ring I'll wear,
Which next himself shall be to me most dear'
Having thus said, straight to the King she went,
And for that time broke off her compliment

CCXLVIII

Now some will say, 'twas too much forwardness 1730
In Mellefant, that with so small ado,
She did her love unto the Prince express
For bashful maids do let their suitors woo,
And that same thing they have most mind unto,
Lest men their maiden coyness should suspect,
They seem to shun, at leistwise to neglect

CCXLIX

But since great Virgil writes, That Dido lov'd
At the first sight the wand'ring Knight of Troy,
Whose story much more her affections mov'd,
Than could the torch of Venus' wanton Boy 1740
Let Mellefant, in that she was not coy,
Be blameless, since we by experience find
Those women are not fair, that are not kind

1719 The irony here is again ingenious—if the poet meant it

1730 It is curious that K as he *does* digress, draws no attention to the apparent rashness of Amanthis, and some to what is, to us, much less striking

1735 Lest] Orig as often 'least'

Sir Francis Kynaston

CCL

For Heaven itself, that is a thing most fair,
While it is gently calm, serene and clear,
While Zephyrus perfumes the curlèd air,
With gladness it the heart of man doth cheer
But if it gloomy, dark, and sad appear,
It never on us mortals showers a storm,
But blackness doth heaven's beauteous face deform 1750

CCLI

Nor do I say she lov'd but as a friend,
Giving the Prince a courteous sweet regard,
Which had not yet so far as love extend,
Though more for him than other men she car'd,
Her gracious looks were only his reward
For why, as yet she only did incline,
And not resolve, to love Prince Leoline

CCLII

But time and opportunity of place,
Which clerks assign for all things that are done,
Did consummate within a little space 1760
That part of love was happily begun
The evening now approach't, and that day's Sun
Himself below the horizon had set,
And had in western waves his chariot wet

CCIII

Whenas those high supernal Deities
That all men's actions do foresee and know,
And do preside at all solemnities,
Assembled were to look on things below,
A Masque before King Dermot, which doth show,
That 'tis a part of their celestial mirth, 1770
To see how men do personate them on earth

CCLIV

In Heaven's tenth house, bright Honours highest throne,
On starry studded arches builded round,
Great Jupiter the Thunderer bright shone,
His brows with beams of radiant lightning crown'd
Just opposite to him, low under ground
His melancholy sire Saturnus old
Did sit, who never pastimes would behold

CCV

Next Jove sate Mars, the fiery god of war,
In arms of burnisht steel completely dight 1780
By him Apollo, who had left his car,
And for a while laid by his robes of light
Next him sate Venus, goddess of delight,

1753 A slip of 'had' for 'did' is perhaps more likely than 'extend' for 'extended'

1770 celestial] Orig 'coestiall'

1781 car] Orig 'care,' no doubt for 'carre,' as usual

Leoline and Sydanis

Whose golden hair in curious knots was tied
Then Mercury, and Luna by his side

CCLVI

With these assembled were those Heroes,
Whose fixèd lights the eighth Sphere do adorn,
Stormy Orion, and great Hercules,
With skin from the Nemean Lion torn,
August's bright Virgin with her ear of corn
Near Berenice combing of her hair,
Sate CASSIOPAEA in her starry chair

1790

CCIVII

As these spectators sitting in the skies
Made Jove's high palace glorious, even so
As they cast on King Dermot's court their eyes,
Another heaven they beheld below
Such art and cost did Leoline bestow
Upon the masquing scenes, as no expense
Could add more beauty or magnificence

CCIVIII

For to a high and spacious stately room
Prepar'd for presentations of delight,
King Dermot in his royal robes being come,
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,
With his fair daughter Mellefant the bright,
Where under a rich pearl-embroider'd state,
She like a glorious constellation sate

1800

CCLIX

The ladies hid with jewels, who had seen
On arras-covered scaffolds sitting there,
He would have thought that he so high had been,
As he at once saw either hemisphere,
So like a starry firmament they were,
And all that space that was below, between
The hemisphere, lookt like the earth in green

1810

CCLX

For all the floor, whereon the masquers' feet
Their stately steps in figures were to tread,
And gracefully to sunder, and to meet,
A carpet of green cloth did overspread,
Which seem'd an even flow'ry vale, or mead,
On which the hyacinth and narcissus blue
So naturally were stain'd, as if they grew

1820

CCIXI

The violet, cowslip, and the daffodill,
The tulip, the primrose, and with them

1787 eighth] in the Ptolemaic system

1805 state] - 'canopy'

1813 Only those who have not read the actual stage-directions of Ben's and other masques will require assurance that Kynaston had probably seen things quite as elaborate as he describes

Sir Francis Kynaston

The daisy sprung from the green camomill,
The flow'ry orchis with its tender stem,
The goddess Flora's crown, the meadows' gem,
Which seem'd the masquers' dancing did commend,
Who trod so light they did not make them bend

CCLXII

More might be said, but let thus much suffice,
For to say more of flow'rs but needless were
The King being set, and all spectators' eyes 1830
Fixt on the scene, the first thing did appear
Were clouds, some dusky blue, and some were clear,
As if it seem'd a sky were overcast,
Which all did vanish, with Favonie's blast

CCCLXIII

These clouds disperst, down dropping the May dew,
Aurora rose, crown'd with the morning star,
Four snow-white swans her purple chariot drew,
And gently mounted up her rosy car
Next that in perspective was seen from far
The rolling Ocean, and as there had bin 1840
Waves of a flowing spring-tide coming in—

CCLXIV

Which as they rolled nearer on the sand,
Upon the tumbling billows was descried
Arion with a golden harp in's hand,
Who a huge crooked dolphin did bestride,
And on the dancing waves did bravely ride
Before him Tritons, who in shells did blow,
And were as the loud music to the show

CCCLXV

Sea-monsters, who up from the deep were come,
Presented a delightful antic dance, 1850
Who on the waters' surface nimbly swome,
Making odd murgeons with their looks askance,
Sometimes they dive, sometimes they did advance,
Sometimes they over one another leapt,
And to the music time exactly kept

CCCLXVI

Between each dance Arion with his lyre,
That with sweet silver sounding chords was strung,
Sitting in midst of a melodious quire
Of sixteen sirens, so divinely sung,
That all the room with varied echoes rung 1860
Arion's part was acted by the squire,
Whose singing all that heard him did admire

1850 antic] Orig as usual 'antique'

1851 'Swome' for 'swam' seems worth keeping on the Spenserian system

1852 murgeon] = 'grimace,' 'quaint gesture,' seems not only Northern but Scot.
Kynaston must have picked it up

1861-2 Had Scott, who read everything, read Kynaston? If Kynaston could
have read Scott 'murgeon' would present no difficulties

Leoline and Sydanis

CCXVII

The music ended, to delight the eye,
Another scene and spectacle begun,
For there aloft in a clear azure sky
Was seen a bright and glorious shining sun,
Who to his great meridian had run,
O'er whom the asterisme was represented
Of Leo, whose hot breath his flames augmented

CCLXVIII

Under his beams, as flying o'er the seas,
Did Daedalus and Icarus appear,
The sire in the mid-way did soar at ease,
But Icarus his son mounting too near,
His wax composèd wings unfeathered were
So headlong to the sea he tumbled down,
Whose billows the foolhardy youth did drown

CCXIX

Now the sea going out, which erst had flow'd,
Did leave a bare and golden yellow sand,
Whereon rare shells, and orient pearls were strow'd,
Which gathered by twelve Sea-Nymphs out of hand,
In scallop shells, were brought unto the land
Unto the King, and Mellefant, as sent
From him that did Arion represent

CCXX

The first scene vanishing, and being past,
And all things gone, as if they had not been;
The second scene, whereon their eyes they cast,
Was the Hesperides, with trees all green,
On which both gold and silver fruits were seen
Apollo there amidst the Muses nine
Sate, personated by Prince Leoline

CCXXI

Who playing on a rare theorbo lute,
The strings his fingers did not only touch,
But sung so sweet and deep a base unto't,
As never mortal ear heard any such
The Muses did alternately as much,
To sound of several instruments, in fine,
They in one chorus all together join

CCLXXII

Besides them, there was sitting in a grove
The shepherds' god Pan, with his pipe of reed,
Who for the mastery with Apollo strove,
Whether in Music's practice did exceed
Between them both, King Midas, who decreed

1893 base] sic in orig

1900 for] Orig 'far

Sir Francis Kynaston

That Pan in skill Apollo did surpass,
Had for his meed two long ears of an ass

CCXXIII

These with ten Satyrs danc'd an antic round
With voltas, and a saraband which ended,
They suddenly all sunk into the ground,
And with Apollo they no more contended
Thus done, he and his Muses down descended
From their sweet rosy arbours, which did twin
The honey-suckle and sweet jessamin

1910

CCXXIV

The stately Grand Ballet Apollo led,
Wherein most curious figures were exprest,
Upon the flow'ry carpet as they tread,
The Muses in fine antique habit drest,
Unto their nimble feet do give no rest,
But in neat figures they the letters frame
Of Mellefant's, and of King Dermot's name

CCLXXV

This done, the Muses like nine ladies clad
(For so they did appear unto the eye)
Their antique habits chang'd, and as they had
Bin metamorphosèd, they suddenly
Their neat disguise of women did put by,
And like to nine young gallants did appear,
The comeliest youths that in Eblana were

1920

, CCXXVI

The Prince, too, putting off his masquing suit,
Apollo representing now no more,
His habit gave, his vizor, ivory lute
To pages, that sweet cedar torches bore,
Appearing now a Prince as heretofore,
Who with the nine young gallants went about
New dances, and to take the ladies out

1930

CCLXXVII

Now as the Prince did gracefully present
Himself to Mellefant, it did betide
As he did kiss her hand in compliment,
Upon her finger he the ring espied
He gave in bed, which to her wrist was tied
With a black ribbon, as if she did fear
To lose a jewel she did prize so dear

CCLXXVIII

Prince Leoline assur'd was by that ring,
That he with Princess Mellefant had lain,
Whereas indeed there ne'er was such a thing,
Such was his courage he could not refrain
To court the Princess in an amorous strain

1940

1906 voltas] More commonly 'lavoltas' 1910 twin] Better kept than altered to
'twine' 1915 antique] is perhaps better kept here

Leoline and Sydanis

For while he danc't with her, his eyes exprest
I hose flames of love that burnt within his breast

CCLXXIX

But now it growing late, and night far spent,
The Bransles being danc't, the revels ended,
The Prince's Masque did give all eyes content,
Who by King Dermot highly was commended,
On whom both he and masquers all attended,
Who to a stately room were forthwith guided,
Whereas a sumptuous banquet was provided

1950

CCXXX

Which being finisht, the late hour of night
Requir'd, that all the company should part,
Prince Leoline adjourn must his delight
Until next day, for now his amorous heart
Was quite shot through with Cupid's golden dart
Nor could he pleasure or contentment want
Who thought he enjoy'd the beauteous Mellefant

1960

Explicit pars tertia

CCXXXI

I H1 crescent crownèd empress of the flood
Had veilèd thrice her face from mortals' sight,
And having thrice in opposition stood
Unto her brother, borrow'd thrice his light
Since that auspicious happy pleasant night,
That beautiful Amanthis first had bin
A bedfellow unto Prince I coline

CCLXXXII

But well away ! for like a man that stands
With unsure footing on the slippery ice,
Or one that builds a house upon the sands,
Such is this world's joy Fortune in a trice
Can alter so the chances of the dice,
Our clearest day of mirth ere it be past,
With clouds of sorrow oft is overcast

1970

CCLXXXIII

And now, alas ! quite alter'd is the scene
From joy to sadness, and from weal to woe,
The purblind goddess Fortune knows no mean,
For either she must raise or overthrow
Our joy no sooner to the height doth grow,
But either it is taken quite away,
Or like a withering flow'r it doth decay

1980

1948 Bransles] K does not use 'brawls' because he wants the disyllable. He may have followed *F Q III x viii 5* (the Hellenore passage, *v supra*), but it is not certain that the *Fr* value is kept there

Sir Francis Kynaston

CCLXXXIV

Oh you sad daughters of dark Night and Hell,
You Furies three, that shunning of the light,
Among the buried world's pale people dwell,
And guilty consciences with ghosts affright,
Assistants be to that I now must write!
Alecto, with thy dim blue-burning brand,
Lend fatal light to guide my trembling hand

CCLXXXV

For cheerful daylight will not lend a beam,
My tear-down-dropping dreary quill to guide,
By which that may be read, which now's my theme,
In dusky clouds the Sun his face will hide,
And to behold these lines will not abide,
For they will make the rosy blushing morrow
Look deadly pale, to see Amantis sorrow

1990

CCLXXXVI

For why, it fortun'd so, that the next day
After the masque and revels all were done,
That Leoline as fresh as flowers in May,
To prosecute that victory he had won,
And finish that was happily begun,
Unto the Princess Mellefant he went,
His love and humble service to present

2000

CCLXXXVII

Whom happily he found (his luck was such
Through his kind favouring star) sitting alone
Upon an imbrocated tissue couch,
Enriched with pearl and many a precious stone
As then attendants near her there was none
Save only fair Amantis, who had bin
Discoursing to her of Prince Leoline

CCLXXXVIII

Who seeing him, rose whence that she was set,
And he with low obeisance kist her hand
'My Lord,' quoth Mellefant, 'since we are met
If 'twere my happiness to understand
The French, that I might know what you command,
And that we two together might confer,
Without Amantis our interpreter'

2010

CCLXXXIX

The Prince upon the couch set by her side,
Making his face more lovely with a smile,
In her own language to her thus replied
'Madam,' quoth he, 'twere pity to beguile
You any longer, for though all this while
I seem'd a Frenchman, yet truth shall evince,
That I your faithful servant am a Prince'

2020

2005 Note 'imbrocated' for 'brocaded'

2010 Who] Not Amantis but Mellefant

Leoline and Sydanis

CCXC

Fair Mellefant with sudden joy surpris'd,
A rosy blush her dainty cheeks did stain
'My Lord,' quoth she, 'although you liv'd disguis'd,
How is it, that so soon you did obtain
Our British tongue?' He answered her again,
'Madam,' quoth he, 'causes must not be sought
Of miracles by your rare beauty wrought

2030

CCXCI

But wonder not, for though King Dermot's throne
Is sever'd by green Nereus' briny main
From the firm British continent, yet one
Are both the laws and language those retain,
O'er whom the King of Erinland doth reign,
And those, who great King Arvon do obey,
Who doth the old Symerian sceptre sway

CCXCII

Whose kingdom all those provinces contains
Between swift Deva's streams upon the east,
Who tumbling from the hills frets through the plains,
And great Saint George's Channel on the west,
Where the fierce Ordovices and the rest
Of the ne'er conquer'd warlike Britons bold,
In hills and caves their habitations hold

2040

CCXCIII

Nor hath his spacious kingdom there an end,
But from the stormy northern Ocean's shore,
Unto the fall of Dovy doth extend,
Whose springs from highest mountains falling o'er
Steep rocks, like Nile's loud catadups do roar,
Whose crystal streams along the river's brink
The stout Dimetae, and Silures drink

2050

CCXCIV

Whose ancestors after Deucalion's flood,
First peopled Erinland long time ago,
Whose offspring is deriv'd from Britons' blood,
And is thereof but an extraction
Now both these nations may again be one,
And since they are deriv'd from one stem,
They may be join'd in one diadem

2023 If Mellefant had been, or known, French she would probably have replied
(*ela n'empêche pas* It is curious how the final couplet seems to invite bathos of
various kinds in K

2037 Symerian] for 'Cimmerian' or 'Cymbrian' seemed worth keeping

2043 warlike] Orig 'warlick'

2047 Dovy] i.e. Aberdovey

2049 catadups] for 'cataracts,' that the President of the Academy of Minerva may
show his knowledge of *Καταδυνται*

2052 This historic excursus is very Spenserian

Sir Francis Kynaston

CCXCV

If you, most fair of Princesses, shall deign
A kind alliance with the British crown, 2060
And in your bed and bosom entertain
A lover that shall add to your renown
For such a noble match will make it known
For an undoubted truth, that Princes' hands
Do not alone join hearts, but unite lands'

CCXCVI

To this the beauteous Mellefant replied,
And said, 'Fur Prince, were the election mine,
Your noble motion should not be denied
For little rhetoric would suffice t' incline 2070
A lady to affect Prince Leoline
Few words persuade a heart already bent
To amorous thoughts, to give a fit consent

CCXCVII

But my choice is not tottally my own,
Wherein we Princes are unfortunate
Fit suitors to us there are few or none
We must be rul'd by reasons of the state,
Which must our lives and actions regulate
The country maids are happier than we,
To whom the choice of many swains is free

CCXCVIII

But we must woo by picture, and believe, 2080
For all the inward beauties of the mind,
Such lineaments the painter's colours give
We ought be physiognomers, to find
Whether the soul be well or ill inclin'd
Besides, when kingdoms do ally as friends,
They know no love, nor kindred, but for ends

CCXCIX

Yet I have had the happiness to see
And to converse with you, wherein I am
More fortunate than other Princes be,
Seeing your person e'er I knew your name 2090
And now your virtues, greater than your fame,
Needs not the treaties of Embassadors,
To make the heart of Mellefant all yours

CCC

Only my father's leave must be obtain'd,
Ere we our nuptial rites do celebrate,
Whose liking and consent when you have gain'd,
(Wherein I with you may be fortunate)
You are his kingdom's heir, and this whole state
Shall do you homage, and the race that springs
From us shall reign in Erinland as Kings, 2100

Leoline and Sydanis

CCCI

And rule those ancient Septs, which heretofore
Had sovereign power, and petit Princes were,
The great O'Neale, O'Dannel and O'More,
O'Rocke, O'Hanlon, and the fierce Macquere,
MacMahon erst begotten of a bear,
Among those woods not pierc't by summer's sun,
Where the swift Shenan, and clear Leffy run

CCCH

Under those shades the tall grown kerne, content
With shamrocks and such cates the woods afford,
Seeks neither after meat, nor condiment,
To store his smoky coshery, or board,
But clad in trouses, mantle, with a sword
Hang'd in a weyth, his feltred glib sustains
Without a hat, the weather, when it rains

2110

CCCHH

The lordly Tanist with his skene and dirk,
Who placeth all felicity in ease,
And hardly gets his lazy churls to work,
Who rather chose to live as savages,
Than with their garrons to break up the lease
Of fertile fields, but do their ploughshares tie
To horses' tails, a barbarous husbandry

2120

CCCV

But as it is foretold in prophecies,
Who writ on birks of trees, a maiden Queen
Hereafter Erinland shall civilize,
And quite suppress those savage rites have been
Amongst us, as they never had been seen
This Queen must of the British blood descend,
Whose fame unto the world's poles shall extend

CCCV

Who reigning long, her sex's brightest glory,
All after ages ever shall admire
True virtue's everlasting type and story,
Who than her, when it can ascend no higher,
She like a virgin Phoenix shall expire

2130

2101 Septs] Orig 'Srepts' K, by the way, writes O not O'

2102 petit] This form still stands for 'petty' in ordinary as well as legal language much later than K 'O Rocke' is of course 'O'Rourke' Is 'Macquere' 'Macquarrie'?

2107 Leffy] = 'Liffey' I suppose

2108 Stanza 302 is no doubt purposely packed with Irish terms Everybody knows 'glib' and 'kerne,' though I did not know that the latter *ate* shamrocks 'Coshery' is used, not as commonly of non paying guestship, but of the quarters on which the guest quarters himself 'Trousers' for 'trousers' or 'tiew's' is in Spenser 'Weyth' is I suppose 'withe,' and 'feltred,' which Fairfax also has, is an interesting form

2119 garrons] Orig 'garoones' 'Chose' above is probably a misprint

2123, 2132 Who] K, though not a very careful writer, does not often write quite so loosely as this

2132 than] Orig 'then' 'Ascend' v inf 2135 is orig

Sir Francis Kynaston

And if old wizards' ancient saws be true,
I his royal Princess must ascend from you'

CCCVI

Who hath observ'd the gentle western wind,
And seen the fragrant budding damask rose,
How that it spreads and opens, he will find
When Zephyrus' calm breath upon it blows,
Even so the Prince's heart one may suppose
Dilated was with joy within his breast,
Hearing the speeches Mellefant exprest

CCCVII

To whom with looks and countenance debonaire,
He only made this short, but sweet reply
'Madam,' quoth he, 'were not you the most fair,
That ever hath bin fam'd in history,
Or shall be seen by late posterity,
There might remain a hope, that there might be
An age hereafter happier than we

CCCVIII

But since that you are Nature's paragon
Not by herself e'er to be parallell'd,
Since Heaven's the ring, and you the precious stone,
Yet never equall'd, therefore not excell'd,
Those happy eyes that have your form beheld,
Must close themselves in darkness, and despair
Of ever seeing one so heavenly fair

CCXCIX

For when to liberal Nature she had spent
The quintessence of all her precious store,
To make one glorious Phoenix, her intent
Perchance was to have form'd two, or more,
But wanting of materials she forbore
So is she now enforc'd not to make two
Such as yourself, but by dissolving you

CCCX

Therefore that glorious Queen of all perfection,
That is foretold in after times to reign,
Will be but of yourself a recollection
Who Aeson like, will be reviv'd again,
For your divinest parts will still remain

2144 Not so very short but considering what he thought had occurred, not a little curious The passage is, however, an example of K's failure to do justice to himself as a tale-teller which has been noticed, or else (perhaps and also) of the insensibility to romantic and chivalrous feeling which begins to be noticeable in Bacon, accounts for the crudities of the Restoration, and reaches its acme in the reign of William III. Even in the rapture scene, *supra*, Leoline has been represented as chiefly thinking of his chances of the kingdom Mellefant has put him still more on these thoughts and they drive everything else out of his head

2160 formed] Orig 'form'd,' but the disyllable is needed

Leoline and Sydanis

Unmixt, and the uniting of your frame
Will alter nothing of you, but your name 2170
CCCXI

For as a sovereign Prince doth honour give
To's presence chamber, though he be not there,
So you, though for a while you do not live
On earth, but in some bright celestial Sphere,
Yet is your presence chamber everywhere
For that it is the whole world here below,
To which your servants do obeisance owe'

CCCXII
This interchange of courtship 'twixt these lovers
Continued till the day was well near spent,
And Venus setting in the west, discovers 2180
The path and track where Phoebus' chariot went
To get King Dermot's fatherly consent,
Was now the only business to be done,
To consummate those joys that were begun

CCCXIII
But O you weird stern fatal Sisters three,
O Lachesis, that mortals' threads dost twine '
O influence of stars, that causes be,
Though not compulsive, yet our wills incline
You yet disclose not 'to Prince Leoline,
Of this his forward love the sad event, 2190
Nor of his match the strong impediment

CCCXIV
For now Amanthis either must oppose
His marriage, for by her it must be crost,
And consequently must herself disclose,
Or she is utterly undone, and lost
Thus like a ship 'twixt wind and tide sore tost,
Not knowing how to tack about or veer,
She wanted skill to wield the stern or steer

CCCXV
For first she thought such was the Prince's truth,
As that he would rejoice that he had found 2200
Amanthis retransformed from a youth
To Sydanis, whom he believ'd was drown'd,
With double joys their hearts should now be crown'd,
For all the bitterness they both did taste,
Should with contentment sug'red be at last

CCCXVI
And though we be no better for delight
That's done and gone, nor yet the worse for pain,
When it is past, no more than is the sight,

2192 And now the poem rises again as, if ever, it does when Sydanis-Amanthis is concerned

2197 tack] Orig 'take,' which perhaps should be kept
2208 i.e. 'the sight the better—the ear the worse' These two stanzas are
rememberable and show what K could do when he chose

Sir Francis Kynaston

For glorious species, which it did retain
Or ear for hearing some harsh music strain, 2210
The present being that, which we enjoy,
Whether it be of pleasure, or annoy—

CCCXVII

Yet as in dreams the memory suggests
Unto the fantasy things that have been,
But are no more, so a remembrance rests
In her, of all her anguish and her teen,
And of those sorrowful days that she had seen,
Which like a fearful dream once passèd o'er
That 'twas not true makes her rejoice the more

CCCXVIII

For she not knowing of the fascination 2220
Was practis'd on the Prince in's marriage bed,
Might think an over-strong imagination,
Sending venereal spirits to the head,
Had left the part of generation dead,
Too much desire in love being oft a let
And makes that fall, which men upright would set

CCCXIX

But passing that, the Princess having tried
With Leoline, whom she so oft beguil'd,
Completely all the pleasures of a bride,
And by him being young conceiv'd with child, 2230
She thought she should be fully reconcil'd
Unto King Arvon, when it did appear
That Leoline and she both living were

CCCXX

And that the war King Arvon had begun,
(Of which she had but lately heard) should cease,
She bringing to him a young Prince, a son,
And all should be concluded with a peace,
Before their two old parents did decease
These pleasant thoughts, like shapes seen in a glass
Set in a street, through her clear soul did pass 2240

CCCXXI

But as in March the sun then shining fair,
Is often by the south wind's stormy blast,
Chasing the clouds, and troubling the air,
With black and gloomy curtains overcast,
Which longer than serenity doth last,
So some sad thoughts o'erspread Amanthis' soul,
Which all her thoughts of pleasure did control

2227 A momentary confusion may beset the reader, inasmuch as K has not recently called Sydanis 'the Princess,' and has constantly so called Mellefant. But Sydanis of course is meant. 'Young conceived' below seems to mean 'newly,' 'lately.'

2240 Set in a street] i. e. a 'spion, a mirror reflecting objects outside in a window

Leoline and Sydanis

CCCXXII

For to declare herself, she was afraid,
To be the consort of the Prince's bed,
Since she should cross herself, who had averr'd
To Leoline, that Sydanis was dead,
And so for lying should be censurèd,
Or should as an impostor be accus'd,
Who with false shows had all the Court abus'd

2250

CCCXXIII

Besides, this circumstance augments her fear,
If she should say she from Carleon fled,
She must discover what had hap'nèd there,
She knew no other but her Nurse was dead,
For whom her life might well be questionèd,
And therefore in this case it her behov'd,
To say something that might not be disprov'd

2260

CCCXXIV

But she not knew nor ship, nor Prince's name
Pretended to be shipwreckt, nor could give
Account how she unto Eblana came,
So probably that men might her believe
This exigent her very soul did grieve,
That she must say it with a serious brow,
That she was come, and yet could not tell how

CCCXXV

Besides, she did imagine if she said
She was Duke Leon's daughter, none did know
Her to be such, and being now no maid,
Though formerly the Prince had left her so,
When from her bridal bed he meant to go,
Though she assumèd Sydanis her name,
The Prince might think her like, yet not the same

2270

CCCXXVI

Or presuppose Prince Leoline did know
That she was Sydanis, yet having set
His love on Mellefant, he might not show
That he did know her, and so she might get
The reputation of a counterfeit
Besides, she coming closely to his bed,
She could not prove he got her maidenhead

2280

CCCXXVII

Moreover, if all truths should be disclos'd,
And things known really which she did feign,
That all this while Prince Leoline suppos'd
That he with Princess Mellefant had lain
For such a foul aspersion, and a stain

Sir Francis Kynaston

Cast on her honour, (although not intended)
Fair Mellefant might justly be offended

CCCXXVIII

And so on every side perplex and grievèd, 2290
She of all liars should have the reward,
As when they speak truth not to be believ'd,
She could not easily mend what she had marr'd
Thus with the woful Sydanis it far'd,
Who trusting overmuch to her disguise,
Falls by it into these calamities

CCCXXIX

O aged father Time's fair daughter, Truth,
Of all divine intelligences best,
What Sages erst have said of thee is sooth,
Thou hast a window made in thy white breast, 2300
And art most lovely when thou art undrest
Thou seek'st no corners thy bright self to hide,
Nor blushest though thou naked art espied

CCCXXX

Thou needst not a *fucus* or disguise,
To cover thee thou putt'st on no new fashion,
Nor with false semblance dost delude men's eyes,
Like thy base zany, damn'd Equivocation,
Thou want'st no comment, nor interpretation,
And for maintaining thee, though men be blam'd
And suffer for a while, yet ne'er art sham'd 2310

CCCXXXI

Yet what thou art must not always be told,
For 'tis convenient thou thyself should'st hide,
Till thy old Sire thy beauties do unfold
Then as pure gold upon the touchstone tried,
That finer's hottest furnace doth abide,
Or like a palm-tree thou dost flourish best,
When thou hast bin by ignorance supprest

CCCXXXII

And so although necessity requir'd
That truth of things should now be brought to light,
That period of time was not expir'd, 2320
Wherein this Lady Sydanis the bright
Should show herself, for which she often sight
Who now with showers of tears her eyes had made,
As if two suns in watery clouds did wade

2296 I do not think the handling of the systole and diastole of self-comfort and self torture in these last stanzas can be called contemptible, though, as usual, K has a few flat lines

2310 art] One would rather expect 'are' = 'they are' But 'art' will construe

2316 palm-tree] Cf Dryden, *Heroic Stanzas*, 13

2322 sight] K would not, probably, have hesitated to make this form But, as it happens, it occurs (with the *e*) frequently in his favourite *Troilus and Cressida*

Leoline and Sydanis

CCCCXXIII

But as the lily whenas Bartholomew,
Summer's last Saint, hath ushered in the frost,
Wet, with the long night's cold, and chilly dew,
Her lustre and her verdure both are lost,
And seems to us as she were dead almost
So grief and sorrow quickly did impair
The lovely face of Sydanis the fair,

2330

CCCCXXIV

Who weeps away her eyes in pearly showers,
Rais'd by her sighs, as by a southern wind
She prays to Venus and the heavenly powers,
That they in their high providence would find
Some means to ease her sad and troubled mind
And though despair unto the height was grown,
She might enjoy that yet, which was her own

CCCCXXV

Her prayers are heard, for the next dawning day
Prince Leoline and Mellefant both went
(True love not brooking any long delay)
Unto King Dermot, with a full intent
To ask and get his fatherly consent
These Princes' loves on wings of hope did fly,
That the King neither could, or would deny

2340

CCCCXXVI

But their design they brought to no effect,
Being commenc't in an unlucky hour,
No planet being in his course direct,
And Saturn who his children doth devour
From his north east dark adamantine tower
Beheld the waning moon and retrograde,
A time unfit for such affurs had made.

2350

CCCCXXVII

They should have made election of a day
Was fortunate, and fit to speak with Kings,
When the King's planet, Sol's propitious ray,
Who great affairs to a wisht period brings,
And is predominant in all such things,
When Jupiter aspecting with the trine,
His daughter Venus did benignly shine

CCCCXXVIII

This was the cause proceeding from above,
Which clerks do call inevitable fate
That was the hindrance of these Princes' love,
And made them in their suit unfortunate
But yet there was another cause of state,

2360

2326 If 'Summer's last Saint' (a pleasing phrase) seem unreasonably associated with 'frost,' &c., let Old Style be remembered. Even then it is a gloomy view

Sir Francis Kynaston

Which was so main an obstacle and let,
That they the King's consent could never get

CCCXXXIX

For that Ambassador which lieger lay,
Sent to Eblana in King Albion's name,
Who as you heard was feasted that same day
That to the court Prince Leoline first came,
And Mellefant conceiv'd her amorous flame,
A treaty of a marriage had begun
For her, with Prince Androgios, Albion's son,

2370

CCCXL

And had so far advanc't it, that the King
With all his privy council's approbation,
Had condescended unto everything
That might concern the weal of either nation
For this alliance would lay a foundation
Of a firm future peace, and would put down
That enmity was erst 'twixt either crown

2380

CCCXLI

And now the time prefixt was come so near
Th' Ambassador had got intelligence,
Within ten days Androgios would be there
In person, his own love suit to commence,
And consummate with all magnificence
His marriage, and perform those nuptial rites
Wherein bright Cytherea so delights

CCCXII

This weigh'd, King Dermot could not condescend,
Nor give way to Prince Leoline's affection,
Unless he should Androgios offend,
Who now of his alliance made election,
The breach whereof might cause an insurrection
Among his people, if that they should see
Him break a King's word, which should sacred be

2390

CCCXIII

And now although Prince Leoline repented
He ever love to Mellefant profest,
Yet because no man should go discontented
From a great King, he as a Princely guest
Was us'd with all the noblest, fairest, best
Respects of courtesy, and entertain'd
While that he in King Dermot's court remain'd

2400

2367 lieger] Cf K Philips, i 551 and note Here the term is quite technical for 'resident' It may be observed that there is some ingenuity in making the usual Romance rival instrumental, not in ruffling but in smoothing the course of true love

2376 condescend] in the simple sense of 'consent,' is not so very uncommon in Elizabethan English

2387 Cytherea] Orig Cyntherea

Leoline and Sydanis

CCCXIV

But like to one that's into prison cast,
Though he enjoy both of the eye and ear
All choicest objects, and although he taste
Ambrosial cates, yet while that he is there
Wanting his liberty, which is most dear,
He nothing relishes, for nothing cares,
Even so now with Prince Leoline it fares

CCCXLV

Who now disconsolate, and being barr'd
All hopes of marrying Mellefant the fair,
Missing that aim he nothing did regard,
And since he must not be King Dermot's heir,
He thought that nought that damage could repair,
Himself as one he captivated deem'd,
And Dermot's court to him a prison seem'd

2410

CCCXVI

Now as a tempest from the sea doth rise,
Within his mind arose this stormy thought,
How that the Princess justly might despise
His cowardice, who by all means had sought
To win her love, if he not having sought
A combat with Androgios, he should go
Or steal away from her that lov'd him so

2420

CCCXLVII

Although to fight, no valour he did want,
Nor wisht a nobler way his life to end,
If vanquish't he should lose both Mellefant
And he King Dermot highly should offend,
Who all this while had bin his royal friend,
Love well begun should have a bad conclusion,
And kindness find an unkind retribution

CCCXLVIII

But more, if he should secretly attempt
By means to take King Dermot's life away,
Nothing his guilty conscience would exempt
From terror that so foully would betray,
Fowls of the air such treason would bewray
For ravens by their croaking would disclose
(Pecking the earth) such horrid acts as those.

2430

CCCXIX

If he with Mellefant away should steal,
And carry her where they might not be found,
Yet time at last such secrets would reveal

2412 I may be excused for again noting the frankness with which Leoline's purely mercenary aims are stated. It is odder that it should never have occurred to him to urge the dangerous but almost irresistible claim which he *thought* he possessed

2423 The valour, however, a little resembles that of Mr Winkle, both in its arguments and in its conclusion

Sir Francis Kynaston

For by that act he should her honour wound. 2440
Who for her modesty had bin renown'd,
And he than Paris should no better speed,
Of whose sad end you may in Dares read

CCCL

One while in him these noble thoughts had place,
Which did reflect on honourable fame
Another while he thought how that in case
He stole away, men could not him more blame,
Then erst Aeneas, who had done the same
To Dido, and that very course had taken,
Leaving the lovely Carthage Queen forsaken 2450

CCCLI

Injurious Story, which not only serv'st
To keep the names of heroes from rust,
But in thy brazen register preserv'st
The memories, and acts of men unjust,
Which otherwise had bin buried with their dust,
But for thy black dark soul there no man had
Examples to avoid for what is bad

CCCLII

For had it not in annals bin recorded,
That Theseus from the Minotaur was freed
By Ariadne, time had not afforded 2460
A precedent for such a horrid deed,
For when King Minos' daughter had agreed
To steal away with him, his beauteous theft,
Asleep on Naxos desert's rocks he left

CCCLIII

An act deserving hell's black imprecation
So cruel, that it cannot be exprest,
To leave a princely lady in such fashion,
That had receiv'd him to her bed and breast,
All after ages should this fact detest
For this his treason render'd him all o'er 2470
A greater monster than the Minotaur

CCCLIV

Returning home to Greece he had not taught
Demophon, by fair Phaedra his false son,
When he had King Lycurgus' daughter brought
Unto his bowe, and her affection won,
Perfidiously away from her to run,
Leaving fair Phillis, and so caus'd that she
Did hang herself upon an almond tree

2451-2 Story] Orig 'story,' but as it is obviously for 'History' personified, a capital seems needful 'Heroes' trisyllabic as before

2461 precedent] In orig 'president,' as often

2464 desert's] 'desarts' in orig Perhaps the 's' should go

2475 'Bowe' (sic in orig) means 'will,' or 'yoke'

Leoline and Sydanis

CCCLV

Yet these examples scarce mov'd Leoline,
And scarce his resolution chang'd at all 2480
For Mellefant, for he could not divine,
If she by tasting sorrows bitter'st gall,
Upon the sharp point of a sword should fall :
Or Phillis like, impatient of delay,
Would with a halter make herself away

CCCLVI

It may be she like Ariadne might
(Though she her virgin bloom had Theseus given)
Marry god Bacchus, and her tresses bright
Be afterward exalted up to heaven,
Here for to shine among the planets seven 2490
For justice is not so severe and strict
As death on all offenders to inflict

CCCLVII

Besides he did remember, should he look
On authors, he should many women find,
That had their loves, and paramours forsook,
And prov'd to them unconstant, and unkind
'Mongst other stories he did call to mind
That of the fairy Creseid, who instead
Of faithful Troilus lov'd false Diomed

CCCLVIII

And if there were as many women found 2500
As men, in love unconstant, and untrue,
He thought, that he in conscience was not bound
To render love for love, but while 'twas new,
And so might leave an old love for a new,
Besides he thought Androgios might be
A braver, and a comelier man than he

CCCLIX

And being higher both in birth and place
Then he, and heir to a more ancient crown,
He thought that Mellefant in such a case
Will do like women, all prefer their own 2510
Pre-eminence, precedence, and renown,
And so she in a short time would forget
All that affection she on him had set

CCCLX

And as for Prince Androgios, though he could
Have wisht he had not Mellefant defil'd,
With whom he thought that he had bin too bold

2479 In other words he did not care what happened to her K is certainly
industrious in blackening his hero with whitewash

2498 Cressida as a fairy is rather agreeable, but I fear we should read 'fair[e]
(re seid')

2506 'Braver' is unlucky

Sir Francis Kynaston

Yet if 'twere so, that she was not with child,
The Prince as other men might be beguil'd,
As surf'ting water, or such art might hide
Secrets by midwives not to be descried

2520

CCCLXI

And therefore he resolvèd not to fight,
Unless Androgios challeng'd him, for so
Such privacies he thought might come to light,
That were unfit for any man to know
He therefore did determine he would go
Unto Carnarvon, and there would abide,
'Till fortune show'd what after should betide

CCCLXII

Our purposes, and things which we intend,
Have not subsistence of themselves alone,
For on the heavenly powers they do depend,
As the earth gives birth to every seed is sown,
Which after to maturity is grown
For stars not only form all our intents,
But shape the means to further the events

2530

CCCLXIII

For now to further this his resolution,
Those stars, which at his birth benignly shone
In his first house, by annual revolution,
Unto his mirth, the House of Dreams was gone,
Of journeys and peregrination
Significator, and the Moon now new,
To Phoebus' bosom her dark self withdrew

2540

CCCLXIV

All this conspir'd to further a design,
Which Sydanis resolv'd to put in act,
For understanding by Prince Leoline
That there had never bin any contract
'I wixt him and Mellefant, she nothing lackt
But some fine neat device, whercof the doing
Should be the cause of Leoline's speedy going

CCCLXV

For he once being from Eblana gone,
It was her resolution and intent
(In claim of that which justly was her own)
To follow him wherever that he went,
All thoughts of future marriage to prevent,
For rather than endure such storms as those
She had abid, herself she would disclose

2550

2519 surf'ting]= 'surfeiting' By this time, and perhaps still more with CCCLXI 1, the mock heroic undercurrent is hardly to be denied, if Cynthia is to save her poet
2538 I must leave it to astrologers to expound this passage, only remarking that the 'House of Dreams' has found surprisingly little use in literature

Leoline and Sydanis

CCCLXVI

And thus it hap't, when from the frozen North
Night and her consort dull dew dropping Sleep
Arose, and drowsy Morpheus had let forth
Fantastic dreams which he in caves doth keep,
When mortals all their cares in Lethe steep,
And darkness with Cimmerian foggy damp,
Extinguist for a while heaven's glorious lamp

2560

CCCLXVII

What time the silent hours their wheels had driven
Over the sable clouds of dusky night,
And were arriv'd as high as the mid heaven,
Dividing from the hemisphere of light,
The other half in robes of darkness dight
As Leoline lay sleeping in his bed,
A pleasant vision did possess his head

CCCLXVIII

He dreamt he saw Duke Leon's palace, where
There was all pomp and bravery exprest,
All objects might delight the eye or ear
With preparation for a sumptuous feast,
Which unto Coelum's honour was addrest
For in a temple, that was high and wide,
He thought he first Duke Leon had descried

2570

CCCLXIX

Kneeling he seem'd by the high altar's side
With eyes upcast, and hands to heaven upspread,
All which the Duke devoutly having ey'd,
High in the clouds appeared overhead
Jove's mighty eagle carrying Ganymede,
Who gently down descending from above,
Did seem as sent unto the Duke from Jove

2580

CCCLXX

Lighting upon the ground the Eagle set
Her lovely load, in presence of the Duke,
Which eftsoons did a wonder strange beget,
For while he steadfastly did on it look,
The person that for Ganymede he took,
Was Sydanis his daughter, and so seem'd
Unto the sleeping Prince, who of her dream'd

2590

CCCLXXI

From whom as now the Eagle was to part,
And touring to return up to the skies,
She suddenly seiz'd on Sydanis her heart,
And having rent it out away she flies
This sight with such a horror did surprise

2561 Cimmerian] Orig 'Cymerian'

2578 upcast] Orig 'uncast,' which must be a misprint

2592 I am not sure whether 'touring' is for 'tow'ring' or whether it means 'turning'
It is odd that Milton (*P L* xi 185) has 'tour' of 'the bird of Jove'

Sir Francis Kynaston

The sleeping Prince, that every member quakes,
And in a cold sweat Leoline awakes

CCCLXXII

Awak't with fear Prince Leoline beheld
A stranger and a far more ominous sight,
Which all his dream and fantasies expell'd, 2600
For by his bedside in a glimmering light
Stood Sydanis in fairy habit dight,
'To whom she did a low obeisance make,
And afterwards to this effect she spake

CCCLXXIII

'Illustrious Prince,' quoth she, 'whom various Fate,
Guiding the helm of thy affairs in love,
Did first make happy, then unfortunate,
Yet at the last to thee will constant prove,
And will eftsoons those errors all remove,
Which heretofore have been, or else may be, 2610
Impediments to thy felicity

CCCLXXIV

Fate wills not that thou longer shouldst remain
In false belief, thy Sydanis is dead,
Or that thou with fair Mellefant hast lain,
Or hast enjoy'd her virgin maidenhead
'I was I by night came to thee in her stead,
Who am a Fairy, an inhabitant
Of another world, for 'twas not Mellefant

'CCCLXXV

For 'twixt the centre and circumference
Of this great globe of earth, Prince, thou shalt know 2620
There is another fairy world, from whence
We through the earth, as men through air, do go
Without resistance passing to and fro,
Having nor sun, nor moon, but a blue light,
Which makes no difference 'twixt our day and night

CCCLXXVI

In this our world there is not a thing here,
Upon this globe of earth, man, woman, tree,
Plant, herb, or flower, but just the same is there,
So like it hardly can distinguish'd be,
Either in colour, or in shape, for we 2630
Are all aerial phantoms, and are fram'd,
As pictures of you, and are Fairies nam'd

CCCLXXVII

And as you mortals we participate
Of all the like affections of the mind
We joy, we grieve, we fear, we love, we hate,

2617 I fear it may be observed of Sydanis, as it was of Clarissa, that 'there is always something she prefers to the truth' But these things will happen

Leoline and Sydanis

And many times forsaken our own kind,
We are in league with mortals so combin'd,
As that in dreams we lie with them by night,
Begetting children, which do Changelings hight.

CCCI XXVIII

To those we love, and in whom we take pleasure, 2640
From diamantine chests we use to bring
Gold, jewels, and whole heaps of fairy treasure,
Sums that may be the ransom of a king,
On those we hate, we many times do fling
Blindness, and lameness, that unhallow'd go
To crop of fairy branch, the mistletoe

CCCI XXIX

Amongst us is thy Sydanis, of whom
I am the Genius, for erst so it chanc't,
As flying from Carleon, she did come,
And too near our fairy rounds advanc't, 2650
Whereas at midnight we the Fairies danc't,
King Oberon straight seiz'd her as his prey,
As Pluto erst took Proserpine away

CCCLXXX

And carrying her down to Fairy land,
Hath on a downy couch laid her to sleep,
With orange blossoms strow'd, with a command,
Queen Mab, and all her Elves should safe her keep,
Till thou repassing o'er the briny deep,
Shalt to King Arvon thy old sire return,
Whom causeless thou so long hast made to mourn 2660

CCCLXXXI

Which if you do not instantly perform,
Black elves shall pinch thee, goblins shall affright
Thy restless soul, at sea an hideous storm,
With death's black darkness, shall thy days benight,
Having thus said, that borrow'd beam of light,
Which as you heard did from the stone arise,
Vanisht, and hid her from the Prince's eyes

CCCLXXXII

Who now believing he had seen an Elf,
A messenger by Oberon employ'd,
He forthwith rose, and eftsoons drest himself 2670
(The better all suspicion to avoid)
In a black habit of his Squire Floyd,
And ere the sun toucht the east horizon,
Putting to sea, he out of ken was gone

Explot pars quarta

2636 forsaken] 'forsaking'? an absolute with kind?

2643 ransom] Orig 'ranson,' which may be right, as, independently of the French,
'ranson' is Chaucerian

2666 But how did she get the ring back?

Sir Francis Kynaston

CCCLXXXIII

AND now old Saturn, whom clerks Chronos call,
Of nature cold and dry, of motion slow,
Author of all misfortunes that befall
To men and their affairs, malignant so,
Was shortly from his Apogee to go,
To his exile, and Jove was to ascend,
And so these lovers' troubles all should end

2680

CCCLXXXIV

Benign bright King of stars, who hast forsook
Juno, the stately consort of thy bed,
And down descending to the earth, hast took
Strange shapes, of mortals be'ng enamourèd,
Who were not only metamorphosèd
By thee, but taken up into the skies,
And shining, sit amongst the Deities,

CCCLXXXV

Hasten thy rising to thy glorious throne,
And sitting on thy sapphir'd arch in state,
Look on those princes that have undergone
The dire effects of thy stern father's hate,
Which, as thou art a King, commiserate,
And when that thou hast ended everything,
My Muse unto this story's period bring

2690

CCCLXXXVI

For yet the storm is not quite overpast,
Nor suddenly will all these troubles end
With Saturn's frowns the heaven is overcast
And clouds of sorrow, showers of tears portend
For while that Leoline his course doth bend,
And is arrived at Carnarvon's port,
The scene of woe lies in King Dermot's court

2700

CCCLXXXVII

For now no sooner did the 10sy morn
(Which summons drowsy mortals from their rest)
Her dewy locks in Ihetis' glass adorn,
And Phoebus' steeds in flaming trappings drest,
From the low North, ascended up the East,
But it through all the court was forthwith known,
How that Prince Leoline away was gone

CCCLXXXVIII

Of which a messenger did tidings bring
To Sydanis, and Princess Mellicant
Who forthwith did relate them to the King
Who of his goings cause being ignorant,
Affirm'd, that he civility did want,
Who did so many courtesies receive,
And went away without taking his leave

2710

Leoline and Sydanis

CCCLXXXIX

Wonder possest King Dermot's royal heart
With much regret, the Prince should leave him so
But Mellefant, she acts another part,
Of doubtful sorrow in this scene of woe,
For after him she was resolv'd to go
And under the black veil of the next night
She did determine for to take her flight

2720

CCCXC

The very same fair Sydanis intends,
Who in Fblana would no longer stay
Having on Leoline now had her ends,
Glad that her princely lord was gone away,
Too long and wearisome she thought the day
And blamed as slow the russins of the Sun,
That tow'rds the West they did no faster run

2730

CCCXCI

But at the last, Night with a sable robe,
Rising from Iænarus her dark abode,
O'erspread this half of th' universal globe,
Making the wolf, bat, scritch owl, and the toad,
(The haters of the light) to come abroad,
When, wearied with his work the day before,
The heavy ploughman doth at midnight snore

CCCXCII

Now Mellefant and Sydanis, who had
To fly away that night the same intent
That like a page, this like a ship boy clad,
The better all suspicion to prevent,
As they were wont unto their beds they went
Whenas a gentle sleep did soon surprise
Fair Sydanis, and closed her dove like eyes

2740

CCCXCIII

But Mellefant, whose eyes and heart receiv'd
No dull impressions of the night, nor rest,
To Sydanis bedside stole unperceiv'd,
And got away the page's suit, so drest,
Therein she fled away, for that she guest,
That for the Prince's page she should be taken,
That had of late King Dermot's court forsaken

2750

CCCXCIV

Passing the *corps de gard* the watch did keep,
And place where Master Constable still sate,
(For they were all most cordially asleep)
She forthwith came unto the city gate,
And by the porter was let out thereat,

2729 russins] Fr *roussin*, 'nags,' with a slight touch of contempt Does it occur elsewhere? One would rather have expected the Chaucerian 'rouncey'
2754 'Cordially asleep' is *very* good

Sir Francis Kynaston

Passing unquestion'd, for whenas she said
She was the Prince's page, she was not stayed.

CCCXCV

Come to the key, where ships at anchor ride,
An unexpected spectacle befalls, 2760
For on the shrouds of a tall ship she spied
Two lights, that seem'd like two round fiery balls,
Aereal twins, the which the seaman calls
Castor and Pollux, who being seen together,
Portend a happy voyage, and fair weather

CCCXCVI

But if that only one of them appears
Upon the hallyards of the ship, or masts,
It is an ominous osse the seaman fears,
If not of shipwreck, yet of gusts and blasts.
While she beheld, one of the balls down casts 2770
Itself from the mainyard upon the shore,
And as a walking fire went on before

CCCXCVII

This apparition somewhat terrified
The Princess, who had now no power to go
Elsewhere, but follow her fantastic guide,
And thus as they had wandered to and fro,
About the time that the first cock did crow,
They came unto a woody hill, so high,
The top did seem to gore the starry sky

CCCXCVIII

For like Olympus he did lift his head 2780
Above the middle region of the air,
Where thunders, hail, and meteors are bred
For there the weather evermore was fair
Unto the top hereof this wand'ring pair
Being arriv'd, by many a passage steep,
The wearied Princess was cast in a sleep

CCCXCIX

On stowings laid, of never fading flowers,
Which on this hill's serenest top had grown,
She in sweet dreams did pass the silent hours,
Upon her a light coverlet was thrown, 2790
Made of the peach's soft and gentle down
Whom there I leave in no less great a bliss
Than was the sorrow of fair Sydanis

2759 key] of course = 'quay'

2768 osse] an omen or portent Nares gives three examples from Holland
I suppose it is connected with the dialectic *v* 'oss'—to 'begin,' 'promise,' 'incline
to' See *Dialect Dictionary*

2791 Is this elegant substitution of peach-down for thistle down K's own?

Leoline and Sydanis

CD

Who having overslept herself, did wake
But half an hour before the break of day,
To dress herself she all the speed did make,
Herself in skipper's habit to array,
And tow'rds the port she forthwith takes her way
But night and darkness her no longer hide,
For ere she got aboard she was descried

2800

CDI

Night's cloud upon the eastern horoscope,
Which like a sleeping eyelid hid the sky,
Uplifted seem'd to wake, and set wide ope,
Disclos'd unto the world Heaven's glorious eye
The watch her apprehends immediately,
Conceiving her no skipper's boy to be,
Whose face and habit did so disagree

CDII

Whether it were the then near dawning day,
Or else a native lustre of her own,
Which through her clothes her beauty did bewray,
Which like a carbuncle in darkness shone,
It is uncertain, but she yet unknown,
About the hour King Dermot us'd to rise,
Was brought unto the court in this disguise

2810

CDIII

O envious Light, betrayer of each plot,
I overs in darkness silently contrive!
Disturb not their affairs, they need thee not,
Nor do not them of wish'd joys deprive,
Who to avoid thy piercing eye do strive
Converse with graves, who cut scars in bone,
Or threescore faces on a cherry-stone

2820

CDIV

What hath this innocent beauty done to thee,
That thou her life to danger should'st expose?
But Light, we know it is thy property
To conceal nothing, but all things disclose
For now about the time King Dermot rose,
First a suspicion, after, a report
Was spread, that Mellefant was fled from court

CDV

What miseries can Fate together twist,
When she to ruin mortals doth intend!
For now no sooner Mellefant was mist,
Whose loss King Dermot highly did offend,
Who messengers to seek her straight doth send,

2830

2801 'Horoscope' seems used rather loosely. The next line is pretty and reminds one of Chamberlayne's atmosphere. K seems to have been inspired in his task by the 'sight of land'

Sir Francis Kynaston

And while that they for the fair Princess sought,
Poor Sydanis is to King Dermot brought

CDVI

Who seeing her in ship boy's clothes disguis'd,
Was more enragèd than he was before
For now King Dermot instantly surmis'd,
By that concealing habit which she wore,
She was confederate, and therefore swore,
Unless she told where Mellefant was fled,
Upon a scaffold she should lose her head

2540

CDVII

After dire threats, and strict examination,
Sweet Sydanis (as was the truth) denying,
She neither knew the time, nor the occasion,
Nor manner of Princess Mellefant her flying,
Grown desperate, she cares not now for dying,
Nor any other kind of torment, since
She may not go to her belovèd Prince

CDVIII

For Sydanis is into prison thrown,
In durance, and in fetters to remain,
Iill where the Princess were it should be known,
Or that she to the court should come again
Her keeper doth her kindly entertain
In his best lodgings, whereas her restraint
Gave birth and vent to many a thousand plaint

2550

CDIX

Which here should be related, but you may
Conjecture what a wight in such a case,
Hopeless of comfort and relief, would say,
Confin'd unto a solitary place,
In her life's danger and the King's disgrace
Unless through grief she speechless were become
Small sorrows speak, the greatest still are dumb

2560

CDX

But as a woodman shooting with his bow,
And afterwards pursuing with his hound
An innocent and silly harmless doe,
Doth kill her not so soon, as if astound
He suffer her to grieve upon her wound,
And tapisht in a brake, to see the flood,
And scent the crimson torrent of her blood

2570

2867 Spenser has 'astound' for 'astounded' (but in pret not part), *F Q* iv viii 19, 9 Scott in *L of the L*, ii 31, has the part itself—another coincidence with K It is of course nothing more, for anybody might make the contraction yet our poem is exactly what Scott would have read if he came across it
2869 tapisht] 'Tapish' (*Fr tapir*), to 'hide oneself,' 'lurk,' is a technical hunting term, also found in Fairfax, Chapman, &c

Leoline and Sydanis

CDXI

So Sydanis, sad and disconsolate,
Hath now an opportunity to grieve
The dire affects of her malignant fate,
Which nought but death could possibly relieve
Time only seems to her a sad reprieve
'To speak of her we for a while shall cease,
Till some good hap procure her glad release

CDXII

For now from women's passions and slight woe,
After the drums' and clarions' haughty sound,
To speak the rage of Kings marching we go, 2880
Who roaring like to lions being bound
With horrid grumbings do our ears confound
Blue-eyed Bellona, thou who plumèd art,
The soldiers' warlike mistress, act this part

CDXIII

And thou, stern Mars, whose hands wet and imbrued
With raw fresh bleeding slaughters thou hast made
Of foes, whom thou victorious hast subdu'd,
Whirling about thy casque thy conquering blade,
Help me out of this lake of blood to wade,
And smooth the furrows of thy frowning brow, 2890
As when thou erst didst lovely Venus woo

CDXIV

King Dermot, highly enraged for the loss
Of Princess Mellefant, his kingdom's heir,
Resolv'd, that with an army he would cross
The British seas, and straight his course would steer
Unto besieg'd Carleon city, where
He would assist the Duke against his foe,
King Arvon, and his son that wrong'd him so

CDXV

For now he thought he might be well assur'd,
His daughter with Prince Leoline combin'd, 2900
Since his consent no ways could be procur'd
For marrying her, he did a season find
'To steal away, and with a favouring wind,
He to his royal sire's, King Arvon's court,
His prize like beauteous Helen would transport

CDXVI

'Therefore to be reveng'd was all his care,
And for that purpose he a fleet would man,
Greater then Menelaus did prepare,

2881 Who] Orig 'whom'

2888 casque] Orig 'caske'

2891 woo] Orig 'woe'

2899 There is again a certain ingenuity (call it idle or perverse if you like) in the way in which the triple imbroglio of the conclusion (Leoline—Mellefant—Sydanis) is set against the triple imbroglio of the overture (Leoline—Sydanis—Nurse)

Sir Francis Kynaston

When he the bloody Trojan war began,
And after ten years' siege the city wan,
Putting to sea from Aulis' port in Greece,
Or Jason's fleet that fetcht the golden fleece

2910

CDXVII

Upon the beating of King Dermot's drum,
From Ulster's shrubby hills and quagmires foul,
Of slight-arm'd kerne forthwith a troop doth come,
Who in the furthest North do hear the owl
And wolves about their cabins nightly howl,
Which to all hardness have inured bin,
Eating raw beef, half boil'd in the cow's skin

CDXVIII

Ere these were civiliz'd, they had no corn,
Nor us'd no tillage that might get them food,
But to their children's mouths were newly born,
They put upon a spear's point dipt in blood
Raw flesh, that so it might be understood,
That children grown-up men should never feed,
But when that they had done some bloody deed

2920

CDXIX

These savages whilst they did erst possess
Like Tartars, or the roving Scythian nation,
Coleraine's, or Monaghan's wide wilderness,
Having no towns or any habitation,
They and their cattle still took up their station
In grassy plains, and there a while abide,
Where the deep Eagh and fishfull Dergh do slide

2930

CDXX

More forces from the borders of Lough Erne
Do come, which in small islands doth abound,
In whose clear bottom men may yet discern
Houses and towers under the water drown'd,
Which divine justice sunk into the ground,
For sodomy, and such abomination,
Men using beasts in carnal copulation

2940

CDXXI

From Conagh's pleasant and more civil parts,
Where arbut trees do grow upon the coast,
Horsemen well arm'd with glaves and with their darts,
Unto the army of King Dermot post,
Making complete the number of his host
Who like old Romans on their pads do ride,
And hobbies without stirrups do bestride

2912 The President forgets that Argo was not exactly a *fleet*

2915 kerne] used as pl by Spenser in the *State of Ireland* (though he has 'kerns elsewhere, as Shakespeare always) and by others

2936 This legend, common to other Celtic countries, is more usually told of Lough Neagh than of Lough Erne, I think

2941 Conagh] The uncomplimentary proverb joking Connaught with another place had evidently not arisen.

Leoline and Sydanis

CDXXII

What counties, or what towns Munster contains,
Through whose fair champian the smooth Boyne doth pass,
Send forces from their well-manurèd plains, 2950
Arm'd with the halbert, and the gally glass
The county that great Desmond's country was,
With that of the most ancient peer Kildare,
Join'd with MacArte, for this war prepare

CDXXIII

To them the province Leinster doth unite
Her trainèd bands and warlike regiment,
Who use the pike and partisan in fight,
And who are from those towns and counties sent,
Whose fields the Barrow, Nore, and Shore indent
Three sister rivers, whose clear source begins 2960
In the high woody mountains of the Glins

CDXXIV

Unto these forces rais'd in Erinland,
Are join'd the Highland redshank and fierce Scot,
Of whom there comes a stout and numerous band,
Which up steep hills, as on plain ground do trot,
As for steel armour they regard it not,
Their barb'd arrows clos'd in a calf's skin,
To their yew bows the quivers still have bin

CDXXV

The army being shipt, the winds that blow
Over the vast Atlantic Ocean, 2970
Bred in high hills westward of Mexico,
Who with their waving wings do cool and fan
The sunburnt Moor and naked Floridan,
Sending forth constantly their favouring gales,
Waft Dermot's ships unto the coast of Wales

CDXXVI

For now Mars occidental in the West,
Meridional descending from the I line,
Of the Moon's mansion Cancer was possest,
And sliding down into an airy sign,
Rais'd winds, that furrow'd up the western brine 2980
Corus and Thracius blowing still abaft,
King Dermot's ships do to Carleon waft

CDXXVII

But yet those blasts that were so prosperous,
And Dermot in Carleon's harbour set,
Contrary were to Prince Androgios,

2951 gally glass] The form is common, but the use is odd Holinshed indeed does define the gallow-glass as armed with a particular kind of poleaxe but this hardly justifies the substitution of soldier for weapon in this phrase

2959 Shore] = Suir

2967 calf's] Orig 'calves,' and in next line 'yew' is 'eugh,' as so often

Sir Francis Kynaston

And did his much desired voyage let
His ships out of the harbour could not get,
But in it for full six weeks' space they stay'd,
Waiting a wind, and never anchor weigh'd

CDXXVIII

To pass for Erinland was his intent, 2990
With all the gallantry coin could provide,
And there to consummate his high content,
In making beauteous Mellefant his bride
But Aeolus his passage hath deny'd,
And unexpected, with succours unsought,
King Dermot to Carleon's walls hath brought

CDXXIX

Whose coming was no sooner told the Duke
And Prince Androgios, but both went to meet
King Dermot at the port, whereas they took 3000
In arms each other, and do kindly greet
Then through a long and well built spacious street,
They to a stately castle do ascend,
Where for that night their compliments they end

CDXXX

Next morrow from the castle's lofty towers,
Whose mighty ruins are remaining yet,
The Princes did behold King Arvon's powers,
Which had Carleon city round beset
To whom Duke Leon, full of just regret,
And sorrow for his daughter, doth relate
His wrongs and cause of his distressed state 3010

CDXXXI

King Dermot, swol'n with ire and indignation,
And being no less sensible of grief,
Of his unheard of injuries makes relation,
Telling that he was come to the relief
Of Leon, to be wreckèd on a thief,
Who albeit that he were a King's son,
A base and injurious fact had done

CDXXXII

The noble Prince Androgios now resenting
His sufferings in the loss of Mellefant,
Whose marriage (as he thought) was past preventing, 3020
With high-born courage which no fear could daunt,
Besought the King and Duke, that they would grant

2995 Note accent of 'succours,' orig 'succors' 2999 whereas]= 'where'
3001 spacious] So in orig, though these adj usually have the *t* Which is to the
point on the question of spelling
3015 wrecked]= 'wreaked,' 'revenged'
3017 injurious] K would hardly have accented the *i*, and probably wrote or
meant to write 'most injurious' or something of that sort

Leoline and Sydanis

To him a boon, which was this, That he might
Challenge Prince Leoline to single fight

CDXXXIII

For by this time fame all abroad had spread,
Prince Leoline was back return'd again,
Whom erst King Arvon did believe was dead,
And in Carnarvon Castle did remain,
So now there nothing was that did restrain
The noble Prince Androgios, to demand
A single combat with him hand to hand

3030

CDXXXIV

And to that end an Herald straight was sent
To Leoline, who in his right hand wore
A blood-red banner, as the argument
Of the defiance message that he bore,
Behind upon his taberd, and before,
A lion rampant, and a dragon red,
On crimson velvet were embroidered

CDXXXV

The Herald, whose approach none might debar,
Doth with a trumpet through the army ride,
Who bravely sounded all the points of war,
Until he came to the pavilion side,
Whereas Prince Leoline did then abide,
And then the trumpeter eftsoons doth fall
In lower warlike notes to sound a call

3040

CDXXXVI

The which no sooner Leoline had heard,
But bravely mounted on a barbèd steed,
He like a princely gallant straight appear'd,
To whom the Herald doth the challenge read
Which having done, he afterward with speed,
(As is the form when challenges are past)
Androgios' gauntlet on the ground he cast

3050

CDXXXVII

Prince Leoline commanding of his page
To take the gauntlet up, briefly replied,
'Herald' I do accept Androgios' gage
Tell him the sword the quarrel shall decide,
Of him, whom he unjustly hath defied
For three days hence in both our armies' sight,
We will a noble single combat fight'

3024 Again one must suspect some mock-heroic purpose in this turning of the tables on Leoline's elaborate resolution *not* to fight

3033 wore] A scholastic in the use of words might be troubled to draw an exact line between 'wear' and 'bear' Here K probably used 'wore' for no reason except that he wanted 'bore' below A 'red' banner in opposition to the usual white flag But red upon crimson in the taberd—is this justifiable?

3058 Leoline, it will be observed, is in no great hurry even now

Sir Francis Kynaston

CDXXXVIII

The Herald back return'd unto the King, 3060
Related how his message he had done,
And to Androgios doth the answer bring
Of Leoline King Albion's princely son
Hath for his forward valour honour won
Of whose resolves, and warlike preparation,
Till the third day I respite the relation

CDXXXIX

Meantime the Druid Morrogh, who hath bin
Thus long unmentioned, now chief actor was ,
Who though that he were absent, yet had seen
All that in Erinland had come to pass, 3070
By means of a most wond'rous magic glass,
Which to his eye would represent and show
All that the wizard did desire to know

CDXL

Which glass was made according to the opinion
Of chymists, of seven metals purified,
Together melted under the dominion
Of those seven planets do their natures guide
Then if it polisht be on either side,
And made in form of circle, one shall see
Things that are past as well as those that be 3080

CDXLI

In this said glass he saw the sad estate
Of Sydanis, who was in prison kept,
Who weeping in her silent chamber sate,
And Mellefant, who on the mountain slept,
Whose pass the wand'ring fire did intercept
And now this story must not end, before
The Druid both these ladies do restore

CDXLII

For they be those must put a happy end
To discords, and bring all to a conclusion,
And all that is amiss they must amend, 3090
And put in order things are in confusion
They of much blood must hinder the effusion
Such virtues ladies have, who are the bliss,
Which here in this world among mortals is

CDXIII

Thrice ten degrees of the Ecliptic line,
Phoebus ascending up had overpast,
And now had ent'red in another sign,
From Gemini, whereas he harbour'd last,
Since Mellefant into a trance was cast,

3067 The perseverance of 'bin' even in rhyming to 'seen' may be noted

3085 'Pass' for 'passage' is not I think common, though the ordinary senses of the two words are of course very close

Leoline and Sydanis

And thirty journeys through night's silent shade 3100
O'er her nocturnal arch the Moon had made

CDXLIV

Who nightly riding o'er the mountain's top,
Where Mellefant the sleeping Princess lay,
Her silver chariot there she still did stop,
And by the sleeping body us'd to stay,
Kissing, caressing, till near break of day,
Of her rare beauties now enamour'd more
Than of her lov'd Endymion heretofore

CDXLV

No longer could the Queen of Night refrain 3110
From kissing of her sweet and ruby lips
Her kisses ended, she begins again,
With gentle arms her ivory neck she clips
Her hands sometimes tow'rd's parts more private slips,
Curious-inquisitive for to know the truth,
If one so rarely fair could be a youth

CDXLVI

But as a thief, that doth assurance lack
At his first pilfering from a heap of gold,
Doth oft put forth his hand, oft pulls it back,
Then puts it forth again, then doth withhold , 3120
So at the first Cynthia was not so bold
To let her hand assure her by a touch,
Of that which she to know desir'd so much

CDXLVII

Yet at the last fortune did things disclose,
And gave contentment to her longing mind,
For in the pocket of the page's hose
Putting her hand, she did a letter find,
Which all the clue of error did unwind,
Written by Mellefant to Leoline,
In case that she should fail of her design

CDXLVIII

The letter specified her sex and name, 3130
And whole scope of her amorous intent,
Laying on Leoline a gentle blame,
That he unkindly from Eblana went
It specified to follow him she meant,
And to Carnarvon castle she would go,
To meet with Leoline, her dear-lov'd foe

CDXLIX

The Empress of the wat'ry wilderness
Reading the lines, was straight with pity mov'd,
Compassionating Mellefant's distress,

3109 Whether the indelicate beginning of a situation quite delicately ended, or the ultra human limitation of Cynthia's divine intelligence, be the odder here, may be left to the reader to decide

Sir Francis Kynaston

The rather for that she herself had lov'd 3140
Now the third day since Mellefant behov'd
To be in Britain, a way was prepar'd
For her transport, which then shall be declar'd

CDL

For we must speak of Sydanis her wrongs,
Of her sad prison, and her glad release,
Which to the Druid Morrogh's part belongs,
Who to attend her fortunes ne'er did cease,
But after troubles would procure her ease,
Of which the manner briefly to relate,
Much wonder in the hearers will create 3150

CDLI

There's nothing truer than that sapience
Of wise and knowing men prevails o'er fate,
Ruling the stars, and each intelligence,
O'er which their wisdom do predominate,
They can advance good fortune, ill abate
And if that in the heavens they can do so,
They can do much more here on earth below

CDLII

As soon as Phoebus had behind him shut
The ruby leaves of Heaven's great western gate,
And to that day an evening period put, 3160
And now began it to be dark and late,
As Morrogh in his lonely cabin sate,
He put in act a course, that should be sure
Fair Sydanis enlargement to procure

CDLIII

For by his learning understanding all
The languages that fowls and ravens speak,
He to him did an ancient raven call,
Commanding her, that she her flight should take,
And to Carleon's walls all speed should make,
Unto the limbs of one late quarterèd, 3170
On which the day before the bird had fed

CDLIV

Adding withal this strict injunction,
That instantly, ere any man it wist,
She should bring back to him a dead man's bone,
The which that she should pick out of his wrist
The raven of her message nothing mist,
But suddenly she fled, and unsuspected,
The great magician's will she straight effected

CDLV

Thieves say, that he that shall about him bear
This bone, and means by night men's goods to take, 3180

3179 This limitation of the powers of the 'Hand of Glory' to a single bone must be very convenient for burglars

Leoline and Sydanis

All that are sleeping (the while he is there
Stealing and breaking the house) shall not wake,
For any noise that ever he shall make
But shall so soundly sleep, as that he may
Securely rob, and unknown pass away

CDLVI

Unto this bone the Druid he did add
A shining grass, that grows among the rocks,
Which a strange kind of secret virtue had,
For it would straight undo all bolts and locks
The blacksmith's skill in shoeing it so mocks, 3190
That if a horse but touch it with his shoes,
Though ne'er so well set on, he doth them loose

CDLVII

Strange tales there are which history affords,
Of bones, and stones, of herbs, and minerals,
The knowledge of whom hath bin found by birds,
Beasts, insects, and by other animals
Witness the stone Albertus Magnus calls
Aldorius, the virtues of which stone,
But for the eggs of crows had not been known

CDLVIII

For if one take crows' eggs out of the nest, 3200
And boil them in hot water till they be
Stone hard, the old crow never will take rest,
Until the stone Aldorius she see,
Which she brings back with her unto the tree
Where her nest was, which a while having lain
Upon the eggs, it turns them reare again

CDLIX

Rare secrets are in nature, which we'll pass,
As to this matter little pertinent
The dead man's wrist-bone, and the shining grass,
From Morrogh to fair Sydanis were sent, 3210
And of their natures an advertisement,
Which on a beech's rind, as on a note,
With a sharp-pointed steel the Druid wrote ,

CDLX

Advising her, that she without delay,
Through the dark shade of that approaching night,
From her confinement straight would hie away,
And come to him before the morrow's light,
And that she should not fear for any sight

3206 'reare' must be 'rare,' in the sense of 'raw,' 'uncooked' The spelling has
A S , M E , and plentiful dialectic justification , but the close presence of 'rare' in the
other sense is noteworthy

Sir Francis Kynaston

She should behold, nor should not be dismay'd,
For she to him should safely be convey'd 3220

CDLXI

Having enclos'd within the beech's bark
The bone, and grass, he in the raven's ear
Whisper'd some words, who flying through the dark,
With wings that blacker than night's darkness were,
Ere threescore minutes past she was come there,
Where Sydanis (though it were very late)
Lamenting, in her chamber window sate

CDLXII

Where suddenly the window being ope,
The raven ent'red in without control,
And into Sydanis her lap did drop 3230
The things enclos'd within the beechen scroll
Thus she, who still was held an ominous fowl,
And fatal her presage in everything,
Yet news of joy to Sydanis doth bring

CDLXIII

Who having read the writing, out she goes,
Intending to take shipping at the key
But fate of her did otherwise dispose,
For she must be convey'd another way
For at the gate Night's sable coach did stay,
Which by the Druid had directed bin, 3240
As she came out of doors to take her in

CDLXIV

This chariot by four black steeds was drawn,
First Nictus burn'd with Pluto's pitchy mark,
Then black Alastor with his snaky mane,
With Metheos, Phobos, who do love the dark
Which four at singing of the early lark,
Vanish away, and underground are gone,
Drenching their sooty heads in Acheron

CDLXV

Thus Sydanis in Night's black coach being set,
Before Fortuna Major did arise, 3250
Show'd like Love's Queen upon a throne of jet,
Who suddenly was hurried through the skies,
And all the residue of that night lies
In Morrogh's cave, until the dawning East
Disclosed fair Aurora's rosy breast

3236 Note here 'key,' not 'key'

3242 I have not examined the *Scriptores Mythologici* elaborately enough to be certain whether K invented some or borrowed all of his Horses of the Night Alastor and Nictus figure among the horses of Pluto himself in Claudian, *De Raptu Proserpinae*, I *sub fin* Phobos requires no explanation Is Metheos from μέθυ or from μεθιγμι? Fither might suggest it to a loose scholar, and either supplies a good name for a 'nightmare'

Leoline and Sydanis

CDLXVI

Who risen from her saffron-colour'd bed,
Perfum'd with Indian spices where she lay,
And Phoebus lifting up his golden head,
Light's universal banner did display ,
In glorious robes himself he doth array, 3260
And every cloud he far away doth chase
From the bright front of heaven's clear shining face

CDLXVII

For now as he the mountain tops did gild
With burnisht ore of heaven's celestial mine,
The Kings' two armies came into the field,
Led by Androgios and by Leoline ,
Who like the star of Gemini did shine
Brave twins of Honour, for who them beheld,
Could not affirm which of the two excell'd

CDLXVIII

In midst of their main battles the two Kings, 3270
As in their safest fortresses, were plac't
Great Dukes and Colonels did lead the wings,
Who with their several commands were grac't
Now as the Princes did to combat haste,
A wondrous thing appear'd to all the host,
Which all their warlike resolution crost ,

CDLXIX

For high in skies there instantly appears
A chariot, which eight white swans as they flew,
Yokèd in golden chains and silken gears,
Soaring an easy pace after them drew 3280
But who was in the chariot no man knew,
For that an airy and bright shining cloud
The party carried, from their sight did shroud

CDLXX

By flow'ry colours which the swans did bear
About their necks, where emomes were blendèd
With myrtles, and with pinks entwined were
Some thought that Venus was again descended,
As when her son Aeneas she defended
From furious Turnus, and as then she did,
Androgios in a cloud should so be hid 3290

CDLXXI

But it was otherwise, this clouded coach
Was sent by the fair Princess of the Night,
With a command, that when it did approach
The place where the two Princes were to fight
The swans upon the ground should down alight
The wingèd team accordingly did do't,
And set the coach at Prince Androgios' foot

3285 emomes] Probably = 'anemones,' but perhaps 'haemonies

Sir Francis Kynaston

CDLXXII

The cloud then vanishing away that kept
The fair and long'd for object from the eye,
Bright Mellefant appear'd, who long had slept, 3300
As in a trance now wak't immediately,
Whose beauty when Androgios did descry,
He gave command, that till that he had fought,
She unto royal Dermot should be brought

CDLXXIII

All this did brave Prince Leoline behold,
And all the army (it was done so nigh)
Who eftsoons to his sire King Arvon told,
That there was come an enchantress from the sky
But all enchantments he did then defy,
As things ridiculous, which he did not fear, 3310
And forthwith he prepar'd to couch his spear

CDLXXIV

Now as these valiant Princes had begun
To couch their lances, and put them in rest,
And each at other fiercely for to run,
Aiming the points at one another's breast,
Prince Leoline's courageous noble beast
Began to tremble, and to snort, and prance,
But one foot forward he would not advance

CDLXXV

The Prince enrag'd with anger and disdain,
Did strike into his sides his spur of steel, 3320
And still he urg'd him on, but all in vain,
For that for all the strokes that he did feel
From the brave noble Prince's sprightly heel,
He went not on, but rather backward made,
As if that he had bin a restive jade

CDLXXVI

Which now did make Prince Leoline conceive,
He had indeed with some enchantment met
Morrogh the Druid he did not perceive,
Nor Sydanis, who both their hands had set
Upon the bridle, and the horse did let, 3330
For fern seed got upon St John his night,
Made them invisible to all men's sight

CDLXXVII

But when the fern-seed they had cast away,
And Leoline his Sydanis did see,
He from his steed alights without delay,
And with such joy as may not utter'd be,
Embracing, kisses her soft lips, and she
That had no other magic, but love's charms,
Circled his neck with her soft ivory arms

3318 Leoline is certainly, like Lord Glenvarloch, 'the most unlucky youth'—especially in regard to fighting

Leoline and Sydanis

CDLXXVIII

With Leoline she to King Arvon goes, 3340
Whose almost infinite astonishment
May not be told, now Sydanis he knows,
Far greater is his joy, and his content
The Druid is recall'd from banishment,
That he unto the King and Prince might tell
The history of all things that befell

CDLXXIX

It being known how all things came about,
And how that both the Princesses were found,
Both armies rais'd a universal shout
The trumpets, clarions flourishes do sound, 3350
All hearts are now with high contentment crown'd,
The heralds with white flags of peace are seen,
And civic garlands of oak's leafy green

CDLXXX

For by this time the brave Androgios knew
His princely mistress Mellefant the fair,
For joy whereof his arms away he threw,
And with deportement most debonair
Saluteth old King Dermot's beauteous heir
Intending at Carleol with all state,
His hymeneal rites to celebrate 3360

CDLXXXI

Whereas two Kings, two Princes, and their Brides,
And old Duke Leon, had an interview
There now was full contentment on all sides,
Which fortune seem'd daily to renew,
And by the Druid's telling greater grew
Of all the great adventures that had past,
And Merioneth in the dungeon cast

CDLXXXII

Who albeit that she long dead was thought,
And in the dungeon starv'd for want of food,
Yet to Duke Leon she again was brought, 3370
From whom he divers stories understood,
And now in fine all sorted unto good
Whose wonderful relations serve in Wales
To pass away long nights in winter's tales

CDLXXXIII

And lastly for to consummate all joy,
Ere Phoebe nine times had renew'd her light,
Fair Sydanis brought forth a Prince, a boy,
Heaven's choicest darling, and mankind's delight
Of whose exploits some happier pen may write,
And may relate strange things to be admir'd 3380
For here my fainting pen is well near tir'd

3367 The nurse—not at all a Wicked Nurse—may seem rather hardly treated
3372 sorted] In the sense of 'harmonized,' 'got into shape'

CYNTHIADES

or, Amorous Son[n]ets

Addressed to the honour of his Mistress, under the name of
CYNTHIA

*On her fair Eyes*¹

Look not upon me with those lovely Eyes,
 From whom there flies
 So many a dart
 To wound a heart,
That still in vain to thee for mercy cries,
Yet dies, whether thou grantest, or denies
Of thy coy looks, know, I do not complain,
 Nor of disdain
 Those, sudden, like
 The lightning strike, 10
And kill me without any ling'ring pain,
And slain so once, I cannot die again
But O, thy sweet looks from my eyes conceal,
 Which so oft steal
 My soul from me,
 And bring to thee
A wounded heart, which though it do reveal
The hurts thou giv'st it, yet thou canst not heal
Upon those sweets I surfeit still, yet I,
 Wretch¹ cannot die 20
 But am reviv'd,
 And made long liv'd
By often dying, since thy gracious eye,
Like heaven, makes not a death, but ecstasy
Then in the heaven of that beauteous face,
 Since thou dost place
 A martyr'd heart,
 Whose bliss thou art,
Since thou hast ta'en the soul, this favour do,
Into thy bosom take the body too 30

¹ I do know how it seems to others, but to me there is something magical about the way in which, at the touch of the lyre, these Carolines become quite different poetic persons. Here is Kynaston, who in heroic poetry can be sometimes almost below prose, 'far above singing' in the mere verbal and rhythmical cadence of his very first lyric

Cynthiaades

To Cynthia

On a Mistress for his Rivals¹

CAN I not have a mistress of my own,
But that as soon as ever it is known
That she is mine, both he, and he, and he
Will court my Cynthia, and my rivals be?
The cause of this is easily understood,
It is because (my Cynthia) thou art good
And they desire, 'cause thou art good, and woman,
To make thee better, by making thee common
Well, I do thank them but since thou canst be
No subject fit for this their charity, 10
As being too narrow and too small a bit
To feed so many mouths, know I will fit
Their palate, with a mistress, which I'll get,
The like whereof was never seen as yet
For I for their sakes will a mistress choose,
As never had a maidenhead to lose,
Or if she had, it was so timely gone,
She never could remember she had one
She by antiquity, and her vile face,
Of all whores else and bawds shall have the place, 20
One whose all parts, her nose, eyes, foot, and hand,
Shall so far out of all proportion stand,
As it by symmetry shall not be guest,
By any one, the feature of the rest
She shall have such a face, I do intend,
As painting, nor yet carving, shall not mend
A bare anatomiz'd unburied corse
Shall not more ghastly look, nor yet stink worse
For at the general resurrection
She shall lay claim to hell as to her own 30
Inheritance and fee, for it is meant,
She comes not there by purchase, but descent
One whose sins were they to be reckon'd
By number of the hairs upon her head,
There were but two to answer for at most,
One being the sin against the Holy Ghost
And if a physiognomer should eye,
And judge by rules of metoposcopy,
Of vices and conditions of her mind,
He, as a face hid with the small pox should find 40

¹ And as far below it again¹

²⁷ anatomiz'd—corse] Orig 'anatomiz'd' and 'coarse,' which latter word is indeed hardly out of place

³⁸ metoposcopy] Orig 'Metaposcopy,' for which, as it is a possible though non-existent word, one struggles to find a meaning, in spite of the obvious emendation This (inspection of the forehead) is a recognized term

Sir Francis Kynaston

As there one ulcer, so, but one vice there,
Spreading the whole, and that is everywhere
Yet shall she have so many vices sow'd
In every limb, as pain shall be bestow'd,
By scholars and logicians, to invent
A larger, and a wider predicament,
To comprehend her cardinal vices all,
Which under no one notion can fall
Her shape shall be like th'earth, so round and rude,
As the beginning of her longitude 50
To find, and to set down, men shall be fain
T'importune the Pope's judgement once again
Her cheeks and buttocks shall so near agree
In shape and semblance, they shall seem to be
Twins by their likeness, nor shall it be eath
To know, which is which by their fulsome breath
When palmisters or gypsies shall but look
Upon her palm, they'll think they have mistook,
And say they see some cripple's wither'd hand,
Or mummy, stol'n from Egypt's parchèd sand 60
And lastly, when she dies, if some device
Make her not dirt, but dust being turn'd to lice,
Shall make graves lousy, and dead bodies, which
Lie near her, to be troubled with the itch,
Which shall exceed the lice in Egypt bred,
Which only plagu'd the living, these the dead
She shall be rottener than last autumn's pears,
And more contagious than two plaguy years
The College of Physicians shall not
'Gainst her infection make an antidote 70
This mistress will I have, rather than one
Whom I may not enjoy myself alone
And such a one I'll hate as faithfully,
As (dearest Cynthia, I have lovèd thee

To Cynthia

On her being an Incendiary

SAY (sweetest) whether thou didst use me well,
If when in my heart's house I let thee dwell
A welcome inmate, and did not require
More than a kiss a day, for rent or hiré
Thou wert not only pleas'd to stop the rent,
But most ungrateful, burnt the tenement,
Henceforth it will ensue, that thou didst carry
The branded name of an incendiary

52 It is noteworthy to find K, who can write smoothly enough as a rule, following his satiric patterns by rough insertion of syllables

55 eath] 'easy'

Cynthiades

No heart will harbour thee, and thou, like poor
 As I, may'st lodging beg from door to door 10
 If it be so, my ready course will be
 To get a licence, and re-edify
 My wasted heart If Cupid shall inquire,
 By what mishap my heart was set on fire,
 I'll say, my happy fortune was to get
 Thy beauty's crop, which being green and wet
 With show'rs of tears, I did too hasty in,
 Before that thoroughly withered it had bin
 So heating in the mow it soon became
 At first a smoke, and afterwards a flame 20
 At this Love's little King will much admire,
 How cold and wet conjoin'd can cause a fire
 Having no heat themselves, but I do know
 What he will say, for he will bid me go,
 And build my heart of stone so shall I be
 Safe from the lightning of thine eyes, and thee,
 The cold, and hardness of stone hearts, best serving
 For coy green beauties, and them best preserving
 Yet here is danger, for if thou be in't
 My heart to stone, and thine harder than flint, 30
 Knocking together may strike fire, and set
 Much more on fire, than hath bin burned yet
 If so it hap, then let those flames calcine
 My heart to cinders, so it soften thine
 A heart, which until then doth serve the turn
 To enflame others, but itself not burn

To Cynthia

On Concealment of her Beauty

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes, The star-light of serenest skies, Lest wanting of their heavenly light, They turn to Chaos' endless night Do not conceal those tresses fair, The silken snares of thy curl'd hair, Lest finding neither gold, nor ore, The curious silkworm work no more	Do not conceal those breasts of thine, More snow white, than the Apennine, 10 Lest if there be like cold or frost, The lily be for ever lost Do not conceal that fragrant scent Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent Perfumes, lest it being supprest, No spices grow in all the East
--	---

17 show'rs] Orig 'shores'

22 conjoin'd] Orig 'cojoyned'

36 Very agreeably metaphysical, with that half-intentional grotesque in it which is characteristic of Kynaston But note the difference which the *form* gives to the next poem'

15 Perfumes] An eighteenth century editor would have confidently read 'its perfume,' or something of that kind But besides the general objection to promiscuous 'mending,

Sir Francis Kynaston

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
Which makes the hearts of gods
 rejoice,
Lest Music hearing no such thing,
The Nightingale forget to sing 20

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips,

Lest that the seas cease to bring
 forth
Gems, which from thee have all
 their worth

Do not conceal no beauty-grace,
That's either in thy mind or face,
Lest virtue overcome by vice,
Make men believe no Paradise

To Cynthia

On her Embraces

If thou a reason dost desire to know,
My dearest Cynthia, why I love thee
 so,
As when I do enjoy all thy love's
 store,
I am not yet content, but seek for
 more,
When we do kiss so often as the
 tale
Of kisses doth outvie the winter's
 hail
When I do print them on more
 close and sweet
Than shells of scallops, cockles
 when they meet,
Yet am not satisfied when I do
 close
Thee nearer to me than the ivy
 grows 10
Unto the oak when those white
 arms of thine
Clip me more close than doth the
 elm the vine
When naked both, thou seemest not
 to be
Contiguous, but continuous parts of
 me
And we in bodies are together
 brought

So near, our souls may know each
 other's thought
Without a whisper yet I do aspire
To come more close to thee, and
 to be nigher
Know, 'twas well said, that spirits
 are too high
For bodies, when they meet to
 satisfy, 20
Our souls having like forms of
 light and sense,
Proceeding from the same intelli-
 gence,
Desire to mix like to two water
 drops,
Whose union some little hindrance
 stops,
Which meeting both together would
 be one
For in the steel, and in the adamant
 stone,
One and the same magnetic soul is
 cause,
That with such unseen chains each
 other draws
So our souls now divided, brook't
 not well,
That being one, they should asunder
 dwell 30

the term commonly accents 'perfume' One may just note the fact that the *Spanish* form *perfume* is identical with the English in spelling, but trisyllabic and amphibrachic, while all these poets affect foreign locutions

25 The double negative needs no explanation, but may find a special one in the parallelism with 'no Paradise' There is no printed hyphen in orig between 'beauty' and 'grace,' and they may be in apposition, but I think the double word is better and more of the time

On her Embraces 26 For] Orig 'fro'

Cynthiades

I hen let me die, that so my soul being free, May join with that her other half in thee, For when in thy pure self it shall abide,	It shall assume a body glorified, Being in that high bliss, nor shall we twain Or wish to meet, or fear to part again
--	---

To Cynthia

On a Kiss

BEING thy servant, Cynthia, 'tis my duty
 To make thy name as glorious as thy beauty
 Of which things may be writ far more and high,
 Than are of stars in all astronomy,
 Nay, natural philosophy, that contains
 Each thing that in the Universe remains,
 Nor more, nor such materials affords,
 Could we for the expression find but words
 But surely of thy kindness I'm afraid,
 Or bounty, very little can be said 10
 A page in decimo sexto will suffice
 For them, which if one should epitomise
 Like an arithmetician, that hath wrought,
 And hath a unit to a cipher brought,
 He certainly no other thing should do
 Than cleave a geometrical point in two
 Thy bounty on a half penny may be set,
 And they that serve thee, sure do nothing get
 For when thy faithful servant's wages is
 No more from thee than quarterly a kiss, 20
 Penurious thou unjustly dost detain
 His salary so long, that he is fain,
 (Because thou dost thy lips so strictly keep)
 To take it from thee when thou art asleep
 And if that thou art waking, by some slight
 Or stratagem he must come by his right
 There is no justice, where there's no way left
 To get our own, but violence, or theft
 And therefore, Cynthia, as a turquois^[e] bought,
 Or stol'n, or found, is virtueless, and nought, 30
 It must be freely given by a friend,
 Whose love and bounty doth such virtue lend,
 As makes it to compassionate, and tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is not well

17 penny] Orig has the well-known spelling 'peny,' which I have half a mind to keep The lines following are delightful

34 Compare Benlowes (1 374), whose

No sympathizing turkise there, to tell

By paleness th' owner is not well,

is almost too close in phrase not to be borrowed, though the *matenes* is *publicissima*

Sir Francis Kynaston

So one kiss given shall content me more,
Than if that I had taken half a score
Thy ruby lips, like turquoises, ne'er shall
By giving kisses wax, or dry, or pale

To Cynthia

On Seeing and Touching

WERT thou as kind as thou art fair, All men might have a part, And breathe thee freely as the air For, Cynthia, thou art In the superlative degree, More beauteous than the light, And as the Sun art made to be An object for the sight	But since thou hast some sweets unknown, Ordained for the touch, 10 Particular for me alone, Then favour me thus much, When to my touch thou dost allow Thy cheeks, thy lips, thy breast, Thy noblest parts then do not thou Exclude me from the rest
--	---

To Cynthia

On her Looking-glass

GIVE me leave, fairest Cynthia, to envy
Thy looking glass far happier than I,
To which thy naked beauties every morn
Thou showest so freely, while thou dost adorn
Thy richer hair with gems, and neatly deck
With oriental pearls thy whiter neck,
Which take the species of thy naked breast—
So white, I doubt if it can be exprest
By the reflection of the purest glass,
Which swans, snows, ceruses doth so surpass, 10
As in comparison of it, these may
Rather than white, be termed hoar or gray
Besides, all whites but thine may take a spot,
Thine, the first matter of all whites, cannot
Maybe thou trusts thy glass's secrecy
With dainties, yet unseen by any eye
All these thy favours I will well allow
Unto my rival glass, but so, that thou

4 Cynthia] It may be just worth while to note, for those not familiar with books of the period, that the name of the person addressed is here (as often, though by no means always) enclosed not by commas but by brackets

7 take] i.e. 'pearl' as plural

10 ceruses] Orig. 'Cerusces' The word is here quite correctly used for a *white* cosmetic some later English writers seem to have mistaken it for 'rouge'

18 so] Unluckily misprinted 'to' in orig

Cynthiades

Wilt not permit it justly to reflect
Thy eye upon itself I shall suspect, 20
And jealous grow, that such reflex may move
Thee (fair Narcissus like) to fall in love
With thine own beauty's shadow Love's sharp dart
Shot 'gainst a stone may bound, and wound thy heart
Which if it should, alas! how sure were I
To be past hope, and then past remedy
This to prevent, may'st thou when thou dost rise,
Vouchsafe to dress thy beauties in my eyes
If these shall be too small, may, for thy sake,
Hypochondriac melancholy make 30
My body all of glass, all which shall be
So made, and so constellated by thee,
That as in crystal mirrors many a spot
Is by infection of a look begot,
This glass of thine if thou but frown, shall fly
In thousand shivers broken by thine eye
Since then it hath this sympathy with thee,
Let me not languish in a jealousy,
To think this wonder may be brought to pass,
Thy fair looks may inanimate thy glass, 40
And make it my competitor 'tis all one
To give life to a glass, as make me stone

To Cynthia

On Expressions of Love

MUST I believe, sweet Cynthia, that the flame
Hath light and heat, had I ne'er felt the same?
Must I believe the cold and hardest flint
(Had I ne'er known 't) had fiery sparkles in't?
Must I believe the load-stone e'er did draw
The steel, when such a thing I never saw?
Must I turn Papist by implicit faith,
To believe that, which thou, or woman saith?
Thou sayest thou lov'st me, but thou dost not show
Any the smallest sign that it is so 10
All emanations of thy soul thou keep'st
Retir'd within thy breast, as when thou sleep'st
True love is not a mere intelligence
That's metaphysical, for every sense
Must see and judge of it, I must avow,
That senseless things are kinder far than thou

Sir Francis Kynaston

Thou neither wilt embrace, nor kiss, thy hand
(Unless I kiss it) doth each touch withstand
Learn therefore of the flame not to profess
Thou lov'st, unless thou love in act express
Learn of the flint which being once calcin'd,
Becomes a white soft cement, that will bind
Learn of the load stone, let it teach thy heart
Not only to draw lovers, but impart
Thy favours to them, let thy servants feel
Thy love, who are more sensible then steel

20

To Cynthia

WHEN I behold the heaven of thy face,
And see how every beauty, every grace
Move, and are there
As in their sphere,

What need have I, my Cynthia, to confer
With any Chaldee or Astrologer
Since in the scheme of thy fair face I see
All the aspects of my nativity

For if at any time thou should'st cast down
From thy serenest brow an angry frown,
Or should't reflect
That dire aspect

19

Of opposition, or of enmity,
That look would sure be fatal unto me,
Unless fair Venus' kind succeeding ray,
Did much of the malignity allay

Or if I should be so unfortunate
To see a look though of imperfect hate,
I am most sure
That quadrature

20

Would cast me in a quaint love-sick fever,
Of which I should recover late, if ever,
Or into a consumption, so should I
Perish at last, although not suddenly

But when I see those starry Twins of thine,
Behold me with a scuttle, or a trine,
And that they move
In perfect love

17 An interesting time mark, hand kissing being regarded as more a matter of course than hand-shaking or holding. If Mr. Browning had written 200 years earlier we should have had

I will *kiss* your hand but as long as all may,
Or so very little longer!

mutatis et aliter mutandis

6 Chaldee] Orig 'Chalde'

Cynthiades

With amorous beams, they plainly do discover,
My horoscope markt me to be a lover
And that I only should not have the honour
To be borne under Venus, but upon her

3c

To Cynthia

An Apology

EXPECT not, lovely Cynthia, yet from me
Lines like thy fairest self, so clear, so free
From any blemish, for what now I write,
Is like a picture done in a dim light,
A night piece, for my soul is overcast,
As is a mirror with a humid blast,
Or breathing on it and a misty cloud,
Thy beauties, brightness in a veil doth shroud
These lines of mine are only to be read
To make thee drowsy when thou go'st to bed,
For the long gloomy dark, and clouded sky,
That the Sun's brightness to us doth deny,
Darkens all souls, and damps all human sense,
That to his light hath any reference,
And quenches so those hot and amorous flames,
That would have made the water of the Thames
Burn like canary sack, more dull, and cold,
Than wine at Court, which is both small and old
Give me a little respite then to end
That romance, which to thy name I intend,
Till Hampton Court, or Greenwich purer air,
Produce lines like thyself, serene and fair
Meantime imagine that Newcastle coals,
Which as (Sir Inigo saith) have perisht Paul's,
And by the skill of Marquis would be Jones,
'Tis found the smoke's salt did corrupt the stones
Think thou I am in London where I have
No intermission, but to be a slave
To other men's affairs more than my own,
And have no leisure for to be alone

10

2c

30

32 It is necessary here to keep 'borne,' though modern practice has rather arbitrarily and unnecessarily discriminated the spelling of the participle in the two senses. I suppose this final *gaillardise* frightened Ellis and Brydges from giving this poem one of Kynaston's prettiest and most characteristic. The sudden 'tower' of the last stanza

But when I see those starry Twins of thine,

is a joy for ever 'Only should not' of course = 'should not only'

13 Darkens] Orig by a clear misprint 'Darknesse'

20 romance] As before

24 Inigo] Orig 'Inego' Had Kynaston taken up Ben Jonson's quarrel¹ or had he, as President of the Museum, an opposition-theory of stone corruption? There is clearly some animus

Sir Francis Kynaston

Yet, dearest Cynthia, think thus much of me,
By night I do both think, and dream of thee,
And that which I shall write in thy high praise,
Shall be the work of fair and sunshine days
Nor to describe thee will I take the pains,
But in the hour when Jove, or Venus reigns

To Cynthia

LIARN'D lapidaries say the diamond
Bred in the mines and mountains of the East,
Mixt with heaps of gold ore is often found,
In the half bird's half-beast's, the Griphon's, nest,
Is first pure water easy to be prest,
Then ice, then crystal, which great length of time
Doth to the hardest of all stones sublime

I think they say the truth, for it may be,
And what they of the diamond have said,
My brightest Cynthia, may be prov'd by thee, 10
Who having liv'd so long, so chaste a maid,
Thy heart with any diamond being weigh'd,
Is harder found, and colder than that stone,
Thy first year's virgin softness being gone

For now it is become impenetrable,
And he that will, or form, or cut it, must
(If he to purchase such a gem be able)
Use a proportion of thy precious dust,
Although the valuation be unjust
That pains which men to pierce it must bestow, 20
Will equal dear in price unto it grow

But thou, it may be, wilt make this profession,
That diamonds are soft'ned with goats' blood,
And mollified by it will take impression
This of slain lovers must be understood
But trust me, dearest Cynthia, 'tis not good,
Thy beauties so should lovers' minds perplex,
As make them think thee Angel without sex

To Cynthia

On his being one with her

WHEN pure refin'd gold is made in coin
And silver is put to't as the allay,
Unless they both do melt, they will not join,
There being to mix them both no other way

28 This conclusion is rather lame

Cynthiades

So bars of iron in like kind will not
Be piec'd together, nor be made in one,
Unless they both be made alike red-hot
Then join they as they had together grown
By this I find, there is no hope for me,
Ever to be united as a part 10
Of thy sweet self, or to be mixt with thee
Breast join'd to breast, and heart commix'd with heart,
For that thy hard congeal'd and snow-white breast,
Cold as the North, that sends forth frosty weather,
And mine with flames of love warm as the West,
Will ne'er admit that we should lie together
Unless my tears like showers of April rain,
Do thaw thy ice to water back again
Or else unless my naked breasts being laid
On thine, and alike cold, it may be said, 20
Of both our bosoms being join'd so,
That alabaster frozen was in snow,
That so what heat together could not hold,
Should be combin'd, and made one, by the cold

To Cynthia

On Sugar and her Sweetness

THOSE, Cynthia, that do taste the honey dew
Of thy moist rosy lips (who are but few),
Or sucketh vapour of thy breath more sweet
Than honeysuckle's juice, they all agree 't
To be Madeira's sugar's quintessence,
Or some diviner syrup brought from thence
And for the operation, they believe,
It hath a quality provocative
For Venus in the sugar's propagation
Is said to have a sovereign domination 10
But I must not think so, for I have read
Of an extracted sugar out of lead,
Of which I once did taste, which chemists call
Sugar of Saturn, for they therewithal
Cure all venereal heats, for it doth hold
A winter in it like that Planet's cold,
And though 't be strangely sweet, yet doth it quench
All courage towards a mistress or a wench
Such must I think thy sweetness for to be,
By that experience that is found in me 20

12 'Brest' and 'breast' occur indifferently in this poem

2 A most unlucky parenthesis!

5 Madeira's] Orig. 'Mederaes' The 'Madeira' cane is a known variety It must be remembered that sugar was still something of a rarity

Sir Francis Kynaston

For he that shall those sweets of thine but taste,
Shall like thyself become, as cold, as chaste
For like the mildew new fallen from the sky,
Though dropt from Heaven, yet doth it mortify

To Cynthia

On her Coyness

WHAT sweetness is in fruits, in nectarine,
Peach, cherry, apricock, those lips of thine,
Cynthia, express what colours grace the rose,
The jessamine, the lily, pink, all those,
Whether it be in colours, or in smells,
Are emblems of thy body, which excels
All flowers in purity, but can we find
A flower, or herb, an emblem of thy mind?
Yes, the coy shame-fac'd plant Pudesetan,
Which is endu'd with sense, for if a man
Come near the female, and his finger put
Upon her leaf, she instantly will shut
Close all her branches, as she did disdain
The handling of a man, and spread again
Her leaves abroad, whenas a man is gone,
And she is in her earthy bed alone
This Indian plant a man may well suppose,
Within the garden of thy bosom grows,
Which though it be invisible hath such
A property, to make thee fly my touch
And sure the plant hath such a sympathy,
As that it will not close her leaves to thee,
And if thou com'st, herself she will not hide,
But will (more nice than she) thy touch abide

10

20

To Cynthia

On a Short Visit

GIVING thee once a visit of respect,
Because I some affairs could not neglect,
Which much concern'd me, brooking no delay,
I only kist thine hand and went away
How aptly, Cynthia, didst thou then inquire,
Whether I came to thee but to fetch fire

1 nectarine] Orig 'Nectorine

9 Orig looks like 'Pudefetan' and I consulted the highest authorities at Kew to know whether the name was known. The answer was in the negative and I then conjectured 'Pudesetan' (with the long s) the two last syllables (the two first being clear enough) standing for *seta*, the minute leaflets of the mimosa. This the same authorities, though still not recognizing the form, were pleased not to disapprove

Cynthiades

It was too true, for yet I never came
To visit thee, but I did fetch a flame,
Religious fire, which kindled by thine eyes,
Still made my heart thy beauty's sacrifice , 10
But though I, like Prometheus, never stole
Celestial fire to give a living soul
To any earthen statue, stone, yet he
More mercy finds from Jove, than I from thee ,
Though he to Caucasus be bound for ever,
A ravenous vulture tiring on his liver,
His pain is not augmented, but the same
But mine, like Vesta's never-dying flame,
Although to burn my heart it never cease,
Like oil of gold yet it doth still increase, 20
An everlasting lamp, for fires that come
From heaven still do burn, but not consume

To Cynthia

On Verses on her

THERE IS no sense that I should write a line
On such a beauty, Cynthia, as thine ,
I am no poet, and it is in vain;
Since thou exceed'st all worth, to strive to feign
On my poor lines the Thespian well ne'er dropt,
From me the fount of Helicon is stopt
I ne'er was so ill bred as to invoke
Apollo, and to sacrifice with smoke
Of coals, or billets, nor yet am I able,
In the west-end of Cardinal Wolsey's stable, 10
To keep a Pegasus, a horse that might
Advance my muse by his swift nimble flight
Yet like a man opprest with grief and cares,
I aw suits, and troubles, so with me it fares
If he but take a lusty jovial drink,
Forgets all sorrows, so if I but think
On thee, or thy chaste beauty, then my cheer
Is chang'd, no clouds do in my soul appear ,
Thy rare divinest beauty so expels
With joys the horror of ten thousand hells 20

16 tiring] Orig 'tyring' It is a technical word for the *tyrning* of a bird of prey, and occurs both in Shakespeare and in Benlowes

1 sense] So often 'sence,' is here spelt in the modern way

10 west end, &c] It has been suggested to me that this means the unfinished part of St Frideswide's at Christ Church, Oxford

Sir Francis Kynaston

To Cynthia

On a parting kiss

So would a soul, if that it did but know
(Being form'd in Heaven) how that it was to go
To a dark womb on earth from heavenly bliss,
Regret, as I do at our parting kiss ,
For when I part from thee, though the delight
Of the kiss is a sunbeam before night,
Yet I much better should endure the pain,
Were I but sure that we should kiss again
But being uncertain, like a soul in fear,
Whether it shall return to the same sphere, 10
Or star, or house celestial, whence it came
My Cynthia, Beauty's queen, thou canst not blame
My fear, nor my credulity in this,
If I considering of our parting kiss,
Shall straight affirm that on thy lip doth dwell
At once a heavenly pleasure, and a hell ,
For in our kiss is bliss without dimension,
And in our parting grief, beyond extension
O do me then the favour done to those 20
Die on the block, to whom the headsman shows
Nor sword, nor axe, nor doth the traitor know
When he will strike, until he feel the blow
Use me then so, let's kiss so oft, so fast,
I may not know, which kiss shall be my last

To Cynthia

On his absence from her

THU now I doubted whether love, or sight
Of thy dear beauties, Cynthia, did invite
My hand to write, or did beget a line,
That did express my heart was wholly thine
But now I am resolv'd, 'twas not thy face,
Thy lovely shape, or any outward grace
Mov'd me to write, for if that those had been
The cause, they must have oftentimes been seen ,
Else my long absence, like a sponge, would blot
Those beauties, which not seen, would be forgot 10
But thy rare parts of mind, which I adore,
Once seen, that's understood, they need no more ,
Or new, or frequent visits to repair
My memory, or make thee a fresh fair

4 Regret] Orig 'regreet,' which one is half inclined to keep, for etymological and historical reasons

Cynthiades

No absence from thee shall have the effect,
As make me not to love, or not respect
Visits are needless, since they only be
Subjects of fool's discourse, or jealousy
Then think me like to those are us'd to talk
When they are fast asleep, who rise and walk
As well as if they wak'd, do all things right
As if they us'd their eyes, or had a light
Even so will I turn dreamer, and desire
Nor sight, nor light, but Love's internal fire,
So thou (although no object of my sense)
Shalt be the subject of Love's innocence

20

To Cynthia

On his Love after Death

Let lovers that like honey-flies
After balm dropping showers
Swarming in sunshine of thine eyes,
Kissing thy beauty's flowers—

Believe that they do live, while
they do taste

Of all those dainty sweetnesses
thou hast

I let them believe while they do sip,
Or while that they have suckt,

The rosy nectar of thy lip,
Or from the rose unpluckt

Of thy fair cheek, or of thy fragrant
breasts,

The aromatic odours of the
East

I let them believe, that they do live,
So long as they are fed

Upon the honey thou dost give,
Which wanting, they are dead

For if thou that ambrosial food
deny,

Their loves, like souls of beasts,
do with them die

But, Cynthia, that ne'er ending love
Wherewith I honour thee,

To be immortal, thus I prove,

For though that absence be

A truer portraiture of death than
sleep,

Nay, a true death, for absent
lovers weep

Yet like a long departed soul

That hath a body lost,

Hath yet a being to condole,

So my love like a ghost,

Remaining follows thee, whose
Heaven thou art,

Lives, though not in thine eyes,
yet in my heart

30

To Cynthia

On her Changing

DEAR Cynthia, though thou bear'st
the name

Of the pale Queen of Night,
Who changing yet is still the same,
Renewing still her light

Who monthly doth herself con-
ceal,

And her bright face doth hide,
That she may to Endymion steal,
And kiss him unespied

Sir Francis Kynaston

Do not thou so, not being sure,
When this thy beauty's gone, 10
Thou such another canst procure,
And wear it as thine own,
For the by-sliding silent hours,
Conspirators with grief,
May crop thy beauty's lovely flowers,
Time being a sly thief

Which with his wings will fly away,
And will return no more,
As having got so rich a prey,
Nature cannot restore 20

Reserve thou then, and do not waste
That beauty which is thine,
Cherish those glories which thou hast,
Let not grief make thee pine

Think that the lily we behold,
Or July flower may
Flourish, although the mother mould,
That bred them be away
There is no cause, nor yet no sense,
That dainty fruits should not 30
Though the tree die, and wither,
whence
The apricots were got

To Cynthia

On her Resemblance

FORGIVE me Cynthia, if (as Poets use,
When they some divine Beauty would express)
I roses, pinks, or July flowers do choose
It is a kind of weakness I confess,
To praise the great'st perfection by a less
And is the same, as if one strove to paint
The holiness or virtues of a Saint

Yet there is a necessity impos'd,
For those bright Angels, which we virtues call
Had not been known, had they not been inclos'd 10
In precious stones, or things diaphanal
The essences and forms celestial
Had been conceal'd, had not the heavenly powers
Been stamp'd, and printed on stones, trees, and flowers

So thy divine pure soul, and every grace,
And heavenly beauty it doth comprehend,
Had not been seen, but for thy lovely face,
Which with angel-like features may contend,
Which into flesh and blood did down descend,
That she her purest essence might disclose 20
In it, as thy fair cheeks do in the Rose

26 They say 'gilly flower' is not 'July flower' Let them say

32 Observe 'apricots' here, 'apricock' before

18 It is odd that 'angelic' will give the proper quantification, while 'angel-like' does not

Cynthiades

To Cynthia

On her Mother's Decease

APRIL is past, then do not shed,
Nor do not waste in vain,
Upon thy mother's earthy bed,
Thy tears of silver rain

Thou canst not hope that her cold
earth,
By wat'ring will bring forth
A flower like thee, or will give birth
To one of the like worth

'Tis true the rain fall'n from the sky,
Or from the clouded air, ¹⁰
Doth make the earth to fructify,
And makes the heaven more fair

With thy dear face it is not so,
Which if once overcast,
If thou rain down thy showers of
woe,
They, like the Sirens', blast

Therefore when sorrow shall becloud
Thy fair serenest day,
Weep not, my sighs shall be allow'd
To chase the storm away ²⁰

Consider that the teeming vine,
If cut by chance do weep,
Doth bear no grapes to make the
wine,
But feels eternal sleep

To Cynthia

WONDER not, Cynthia, thou who art
Thyself a wonder, whose each part
Kindles so many amorous flames,
That Love wants numbers, Beauty
names,
If I that with so much respect,
Honour, admire, love, and affect
Thy graces, as no soul can more,
Yet willing starve in midst of store,
When as by tying Hymen's knot,
All thy perfections may be got ¹⁰
And I to those high pleasures rais'd,
As to enjoy all I have prais'd

Know, Cynthia, that Love's purest
fire,
My love unsatisfied is pure
Thou' dost not know, if I enjoy'd
Thy beauties, if I might be cloy'd,
More, all the while I nought enjoy,
I do not care if thou be coy
Nor, if that lying by my side,
Thy virgin cestus be untied ²⁰
For, Cynthia, thou it true shalt
prove,
Hymen not makes, but seals our
love

¹⁶ Why 'sirens'?

²² 'it weep' for 'do weep' is almost irresistible to remove the only 'naeve' in this charming piece

²⁰ cestus] Orig 'Cystern' One of the oddest slips of the pen for 'cestus' or else one of the oddest confusions of metaphor. Somebody has naturally enough written 'cestus' in the copy here reproduced

P O E M S
By
J O H N H A L L.

NAZIANZ

Παῖζ' ὃ μέτρον τῆς ἀνίας φάρμακον,
Παιδῶμα κ' γλύκισμα τοῖς νόοις---



C A M B R I D G E,

Printed by *Roger Daniel* Printer to the
University, 1646.

For J Rothwell at the Sun in Pauls Church-yard.

INTRODUCTION TO JOHN HALL

IN reading the extravagant encomia prefixed to Hall's *Poems*¹, one feels as if it would argue an absence of humour not to suspect the presence of it in them. But that presence is not so certain. Similar extravaganzas appear before the author's still earlier prose *Horae Vacuae* or *Essays*², they seem to have expressed the general opinion about this boy of nineteen or twenty and that opinion seems further to have been shared by Hobbes, than whom at the time there was hardly a more competent³ and certainly not a more formidable judge, and who was not biassed by any connexions, local or academic, with Hall himself. It is, however, still not quite clear whether we are or are not to add Hall to the list of mere precocities. It is true that, though he died young⁴, he lived ten years after 1646 without doing any work that almost any one might not have done—writing *Paradoxes*, executing translations (including one of Longinus), and above all pamphleteering in the Cromwellian interest. It is true, also, that the merit which undoubtedly exists in the following *Poems* is rather of that delusive kind, which as practised reviewers know to their cost, is at certain times not uncommon in *first* books of poetry, and has a most lamentable habit of not being found in second or succeeding ones. When poetry is 'in the air' a certain class of ingenuous minds 'take' it, like the measles and the chickenpox, and become thereby, unluckily or luckily, immune from it afterwards.

Even allowing, however, for this melancholy fact—and for the other fact that at no other time in English literary history, not even fifty or sixty years

¹ Cambridge, 1646-7

² London, 1646

³ Not perhaps of poetical, but of intellectual, merit

⁴ He was born at Durham in 1627, was educated at the Grammar School of that city, and entered St John's, Cambridge, in February, 1645. 6 The *Horae Vacuae* came out four months later, and the *Poems*, Profane and Divine, by the next spring. He died less than ten years later, in August, 1656, having become a strong partisan, and it is said a pensioner, of Cromwell. Of the later works referred to above, his translation of I onginus is about the most interesting, and Hall's version of the title of the treatise—*The Height of Eloquence*—is not the worst that has been attempted. He is said (indeed it was enough to turn a young brain) to have fully shared the good opinion of Henry More and the rest about himself, and to have thought that the authorities denied him honours which were due to his 'excess of merit' while neglect of exercise and loose living appear to have hastened his end. Whether the Reverend Mr Pawson (*v inf*) felt any compunction is not recorded but it is fair to say that College tutors are not often responsible, in this way, for spoiling their pupils. It should perhaps be added here that Hall sent his *Essays* to Howell, and that they form the subject of one of the ever-delightful *Letters*

John Hall

earlier, or a hundred and fifty and two hundred years later, was this epidemic of poetry so remarkable as about the middle of the seventeenth century—there is something in Hall that is not merely epidemic, though he has the poetic measles itself as clearly as ever man had. He shows—and almost certainly must have meant to show—the two varieties of it, fantastic-grotesque and fantastic-passionate, in the closest contrast indeed it sometimes looks as if he deliberately and ostentatiously put his examples of the two in pairs. The grotesques in which even Milton failed are seldom successes with Hall. The ‘Satire’ with which he begins looks like a deliberate following of his greater and elder namesake Joseph, and has nothing to redeem the strained falsetto of stock indignation which spoils Elizabethan satire generally. The subsequent conceits on little learned men, gigantic Court officials, eunuchs, deformed persons, great eaters, and so forth are very tedious things though after a fashion they make one more thankful to Butler in that he came at last, did this thing once for all, and ‘did for’ it in doing it.

But the serious things interposed among these laboured trifles are very different. I suppose a certain amount of training is required to judge them. Even among persons of culture the spirit of the Princess (herself a person of culture surely) when she said

A mere love-poem !

is apt to be rife. However, the mere love-poems have supplied a rather remarkably large proportion of the best poetry in the world and Hall, minor poet though he be, takes the benefit of this quite irrefragable proposition. The very first of them, ‘The Call’ to Romira, has that *arresting* quality which belongs only to poetry that is poetry. It begins in no very out of the way fashion, though even in the beginning there is the wonderful Caroline ‘grip’ of rhythm and metre, but it tightens this grip as it goes on

See ! see ! the sun
Does slowly to his azure lodging run
Come sit out here,
And presently he'll quit our hemisphere
So still among
Lovers, time is too short or else too long
Here will we spin
Legends for them that have Love's martyrs been
Here on this plain
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again

In some French book or other the host produces cigars which he begs his friends to smoke *avec recueillement*. I should like to invite reading of these lines under the same condition.

After it the reader may come with fit preparation to ‘The Lure,’ which is a

Introduction

distinct advance I have ventured in a note to suggest comparison with what is perhaps Browning's masterpiece as an anticipation For a recollection there is of course, from a slightly different side, Catullus But if a minor poet like Hall can stand (and I think he can) these looks before and after, is it not something in his favour? I shall not go through the rest here, my self-denying ordinance prevents that But I can trust the effect of going through for himself on any fit reader, and the others may stand down Let me only draw attention to the 'Ode to Pawson'—not 'a mere love poem' at all, and certainly not a common kind of Ode from an undergraduate to his tutor

The Divine Poems give a new test, and admittedly a severe one Though the difficulty of sacred poetry may have been exaggerated, it exists and it can never be more threatening than when an inevitable comparison occurs, not merely with mainly or wholly 'divine' contemporaries like Crashaw and Herbert and Vaughan, but with such things as Herrick's 'Litany' and 'White Island' Yet Hall does not come so ill out of the peril The Latin pieces are very interesting here I like the Boethian

Ut se perpetuo rotat

best myself, but preference is free They are, however, not so much to our purpose as the English In these, if he never climbs to the sublimest heights, he seems to me to avoid the disastrous stumbles and descents of most 'divine' poets very satisfactorily Almost at once, though there is some titular extravagance in 'The Dithyramb,' he strikes into the mystical melancholy music, fully religious in tone, of which his period had the secret and kept it, till Miss Christina Rossetti found the key once more And he never loses it till the final ode, and the last line of this

A minor poet? Undoubtedly but a poet Gold *dust* only, in small handfuls, or even pinches? Perhaps, but *gold* dust¹

¹ Sir Igeron Brydges published in 1816 a reprint, in small numbers, of Hall's *Poems* which has been utilized here It has, however, though generally accurate, a certain number of slight but not unimportant mistakes I have corrected these carefully, both before and after printing, from my own copy of the original—a copy which was once Southey's For the relation between these poems and the medley ascribed later to Cleveland, we may wait till we come to Cleveland himself

John Hall

To his truly noble, and worthily honoured
friend, Thomas Stanley, Esq.

MY DEAREST FRIEND

Since it is the hard fortune of these glow-worms to see day, I wish they might have passed your examination, for I know you to be a severe critic in poetry, as well as in philology, and the sciences but since others' importunities, and mine own pressing occasions have denied it, I must present them loaden with their own blemishes, that being fitter objects of pardon, they may draw in pardoning, more demonstrations of your candour, and add to my engagements, could they receive augmentation I will not commit a rape upon your modesty by any praises, though Truth herself might be your panegyrist, and yet continue naked, give me only leave to tell you from mine own experience, that love is more than a mere sympathy for admiration did first attract my thoughts to you, and after fix them, though it were only

your innate sweetness that received them with an undeserved entertainment Sir, what I was first indebted to you at Durham, I endeavour to acquit in part here at Cambridge, for the total, though it be rather above my ability, than desires, yet should I hate the thought of a general discharge Let me only beg of you that these cherry-stones may draw from you your own pearls, which cannot but break themselves a day through that darkness to which you now confine them¹ Let us once see Fancy triumph in the spoils of the richest learning, there will I my, no doubt, press to follow the chariot, yet shall none be more forward than,

Sir

Your most affectionately
devoted servant,
J HALL

*St John's,
Jan 6, 1646*

Preface

JUSTICE itself cannot deny me liberty of speech before sentence, if injustice have not past it already, whether by declining the doom from me as the mere vizard and hand of another, or censuring, more severely, all my life spent in these holidays, and my best flames on such wildfires

I could never screw my judgement up to that rigour, as suppose those too familiar with poetry, that only courted her by some chaste salutes, 'twere injurious to that Nymph, which will only be wooed by high spirits, and to high spirits in stooping to so inferior an object, thus much I have ever observed, that those that slighted other

matrons and made her their wife, had never the assistance of any portion, and she seldom proved fruitful without co-operation of good seed, and strong influences

For mine own part, since I am forced to shoot out these blooms, I might justly fear chill winds abroad, but that I hope they will hasten the destruction of such unripe fruit neither am I solicitous how they savour, for I intend no more, and these I give over as already distasted, let me only say thus much to direct your charity, that a mushroom, though but an excrescency, well dressed, is no poison, but a salad, and dancing, though censured as unbe-

¹ It was, as a matter of fact, not till the next year (1647) that Stanley published his poems, and not till five years later that he gave a definitive edition of them

Preface

coming, and perhaps unlawful, is no other but the most regular kind of walking, and that teaches the body a most decent carriage. But such sins as these are venial in youth, especially if expiated with timely abjurement, for follies continued till old age, do aggrandize and become horrid, where-

as a seasonable intermission puts them among those pitiable lapses that attend mortality

For the faults of the press, they may easily be passed over by your candour, some more notorious, which I casually observe in the perusal, be pleased to take notice of
J H

To the young Author upon his incomparable Vein in Satire and Love Sonnets

¹ YOUNG monster¹ born with teeth,
that thus canst bite
So deep, canst wound all sorts at ten
and eight
Fierce Scythian brat¹ young Tamer-
lane¹ the Gods'
Great scourge¹ that kick'st all men
like skulls and clods,
Rough creatur¹ born for terror,
whose stern look,
Few strings and muscles mov'd, is a
whole book
Of biting satires, who did thee
beget?
Or with what pictures was the curtains
set?
John of the Wilderness? the hairy
child?
The hispid Thisbite? or what Satyr
wild,
That thou thus satirise²? Storm of
wit,
That fall'st on all thou meetst, and all
dost meet¹
Singest like lightening the reverend
fur
Of ancient sages, mak'st a fearful stir
With my young master and his peda-
gogue,
And pullst by th' ears the lad's beloved
dog
Then hast thy finger in potato pies,
That make the dull grammarian to
rise,
Anon advancing thy satiric flail,
Sweepst down the wine-glasses and
cups of ale,
Nor yet art spent, thy manly rage
affords

New coil against young wenches and
old words,
'Gainst Jos and Tycho that slings
down the spheres,
Like Will with th' wisp sit'st on moist
asses' ears,
And now stept in, most quick and
dexterous,
Boldly by th' elbow jogg'st Mauro-
lycus,
Causing him in his curious numberings
lose
Himself, tak'st Galileo by the nose,
Another stroke makes the dry bones
(O Sin!)
Of lean Geometry rattle in her skin,
New rage transforms thee to a pig, that
roots
In Jury-land, or crumps Arabic roots,
Or else made corn-cutter, thou loutest
low,
And tak'st old Madam Eva by the
toe
Anon thy officious fancy, at random
sent,
Becomes a chamberlain, waits on
Wood of Kent,—
Sir, much good do't you,—then the
table throws
Into his mouth his stomach's mouth to
close,
Another while the well-drench'd smoky
Jew,
That stands in his own spaul² above
the shoe,
She twitcheth by the cloak, and thread-
bare plush,
Nor beats his moist black beard into a
blush¹

¹ The author of *Psychozoia* in a mood of 'metaphysical' *bravura* is certainly 'a most odd fellow,' as Southey said of him generally

² Saliva

John Hall

Mad soul ' tyrannic wit ' that thus
dost scourge
All mortals, and with their own follies
urge,
Thou'rt young , therefore, as infant,
innocent,
Without regret of conscience all are
rent
By the rough knotted whip , but if such
blows
Thy younger years can give , when age
bestows
Much firmer strength, sure thy satiric
rods
May awe the heavens, and discipline
the gods '
And now, I ween, we wisely well have
shown
What hatred, wrath, and indignation
Can do in thy great parts How
melting love,

That other youthful heat, thou dost
improve
With fancies quaint, and gay expres-
sions pat,
More florid than a Lanspresado's¹ hat,
That province to some fresher pens we
leave,
Dear lad ' and kindly now we take our
leave
Only one word Sith we so highly
raise
Thy watchful wit, take this com-
pendious praise —
Thy love and wrath seem equal good
to me,
For both thy wrath and love right
satires be
Thus may we twitch thee now, young
whelp ' but when
Thy paws be grown, who'll dare to
touch thee then ?

H MORE, *Fell of Chr Coll*

To his friend Mr. J. H. upon his Poems

MAY thine own verse, the envy and the
glory
Of gowned gentry, still enrich thy
story '
Flame out, bright spark ' and let them
clearly see
What's not impossible for them to
be ,
Go on, and make the bankrupt world
to know
How much to thy judicious pen they
owe ,

By whose gigantic parts is clearly
shown,
That Nature's womb is not yet feeble
grown
Thy lines pardon the press for all the
rhymes,
That have committed been in senseless
times,
When Pegasus, made hackney, found-
ered grows,
Wishing himself turn'd loose to graze
in prose

WILL DILLINGHAM, *Fell Lman*

A Genethliacon to the infant Muse of his dearest Friend

DAME NATURE, long projecting how
She might a new-year's gift bestow
Of greatest worth, at length did chuse
To give the world an early Muse ,
She felt perfection in her womb
Struggling to get a larger room,

And could not chuse but give it
breath,
Though by procuring her own death
She would not her full time out-tarry,
Lest bringing forth she might mis-
carry ,

¹ The correcter form of this variously spelt word (= lance corporal) appears to be *lanspresado*

Commendatory Poems

Therefore she rather rips her womb,
Thence gives this rich depositum
Nor need we this Abortive fold
In a lambskin, to keep 't from cold
We need not cry, as ' spare it yet,
'Tis an untimely tender wit

Let Envy spatter what it can,
This Embryon will prove a man
Thus thy luxuriant laurel-sprout,
As soon as 't hath its head put out,
O'ertops old standers ' Thus thy bays
Vie greenness with thy tender days

WILL HARINGTON, *Fell of G and C Coll*

To the honoured Author, Mr. Hall, on his Poems

DOST mean to spoil thyself? Do knotty
Arts,
And pale-fac'd Study, fit the silken
parts
Of gentlemen? Or canst thou stretch
thy ears
To hear the holy accents of the spheres
From their own volumes? Wilt thou
let thy hand
Fempt their strange measures in re-
ligious sand?
Summon thy lungs, and with an
angry breath
Ravel the curious dust, and throw 't
beneath
Thy braver feet, 'tis too, too low go
hence,
And see the spheres with blest intelli-
gence
Moving at tennis, go, and steep thy
brun
In fluent nectar, or go vie a strain
In go'rish courtship,—that, indeed,
were good,
Currently noble Nothing taints the
blood,
Like this base study hence ' ye Arts,
begone,

Ye brats, which serious Superstition
Brings to the threadbare parent '
But thou, brave youth, with prudent
skill hast taught
Thy purg'd ear to hear, yet not be
caught
With these fond Syrens Thy green
thoughts may vie
With hoary wisdom thy clear soul
can spy
The mines of knowledge, can as quickly
store
Itself, and dive to the retir'd ore '
Thou, like that eater, whom thy happy
song
Shall cause to eat up Time himself,
with strong
And sprightly heat, thou canst each art
digest
In the vast stomach of thy knowing
breast,
And when severer thoughts at length
shall please
T' unbend themselves, then with such
strains as these
Thou court'st each witty goddess, and
dost tie
Thy purer ease in their festivity

ἮΥΡΟΟΧΕΔΙΑΣΕ JA WINDET, *M A Reginal*¹

Vati fœlix auspiciū

SICUT multiplices varians Lusciniæ voces
Fit tandem mortis Præfica lata suæ,
Enthea sic tua sunt modulamina, Die Poeta,
At, quò funus avi flebile, vita tibi²

R MARSHALL, *S I C*

¹ Sir Egerton Brydges most unjustly represented Mr Windet of Queens' as extem-
porizing without the accent, which he did not do

² *Quo*, printed in original, with the accent, according to custom, becomes
unintelligibly *quo*' in the reprint

John Hall

To his honoured friend, Mr. J. H.

FRUITS that arise in haste, do soon,
Once nipp'd by piercing blasts, fall
down,
Thy youth such sudden blooms did
give,

As may even Scythian frosts survive,
And, maugre tempests, still be seen
Like youthful ivy clad in green

T SMITHSBY, *St. J C Gent*

To his admired friend, Mr. J. Hall

WELCOME, bright sun, into our hemi-
sphere
Now thou art risen, we all disappear
As smallest sparks Mount higher yet
and make

All arts, and sciences, thy Zodiac
I should desire to be thy Mercury,
Could I, though but unseen, keep pace
with thee

EDW HOLLAND, *St John's Coll Gent*

To the no less knowing than ingenious Mr. Hall, on his Ignorant Detractors

THOU need'st no noseless monuments
display,
Or ear-cropp'd images leave that by-
way
To those who are contented to be
known
By their forefathers' virtues, not their
own
Those who scarce other worth acknow-
ledge will,
Than what each tailor puts into his
bill,
Such plum'd Estrages¹, 'tis hard to say
Whether the feathers or the head out-
weigh
Thou scorn'st these cheats, thy works
purchase thee more,
Than they can swap their heritages
for
A name, I mean, 'mongst those who
do advance
Learning as much as they hug
Ignorance
Thou wast a Nestor in thine infancy,
Should they live Nestor's years they'd
infants die

Whene'er they learn, what thou canst
teach at ten,
The world in charity shall call them
men
Thy Dwarf and Giant may fit emblems
be,
Of what proportion I 'twixt them and
thee
Couldst thou bedwarf thy soul, thou
might'st descend,
Perhaps, to please these gallants, and
so blend
Words with them now and then, and
make a noise
'Bout some gay nothing, or themselves
such toys
Couldst thou like, they would thee, till
then expect
Poems from them as soon as not-
neglect
If they commend one verse which
thou hast writ,
That verse shall be 'mongst thy
erratas set
J PAWSON, *Fell of St John's Coll*

¹ Estrages] 'Estridge' is well known from Shakespeare Massinger has 'estrich'
I thought it well to keep this further aberration

POEMS

The First Book

A Satire

PRAY let m' alone, what, do you think can I
Be still, while pamphlets thus like hailstones fly
About mine ears? when every other day
Such huge gigantic volumes doth display,
As great Knockfergus' self could hardly bear,
Though he can on his knee th' ale standard rear,
To see such paper tyrants reign, who press
Whole harmless reams to death, which, ne'ertheless,
Are dogg'd by worser fates, tobacco can
Calcine them soon to dust, the dripping-pan 10
Pack them to th' dunghill, if they groc'ry meet,
They do the office of a winding sheet
How better were it for you to remain
(Poor quires ¹) in ancient rags, than thus sustain
Such antic forms of tortures, then to lie
In sweating tubs, and thus unpitied fry
Y' are common drudges of the world, if 't chance
A pedant mend his shoes, you must advance
To Frankfort mart, and there demurely stand
Cloth'd in old fustian rags, and shake the hand 20
With every greasy Dutchman, who, perhaps,
Puts ye 'ith' self same pocket with his scraps,
Or if you into some blind convent fly,
Y' are inquisition'd straight for heresy,
Unless your daring frontispiece can tell
News of a relic, or brave miracle,
Then are you entertain'd, and desk'd up by
Our Lady's psalter and the rosary,
There to remain, till that their wisdoms please
To let you loose among the novices 30
But if you light at court, unless you can
Audaciously claw some young nobleman,
Admire the choicest Beauties of the Court,
Abuse the country parson, and make sport,

5 Knockfergus] An 'Irish giant,' evidently

6 ale standard] I am not sure which of the various senses of 'standard' is meant here Probably the pole or signstaff in front of an alehouse

John Hall

Chalk out set forms of compliments, and tell
Which fashions on which bodies might do well,
No surer paints my lady, than you shall
Into disgrace irrevocably fall
But if you melt in oily lines, and swell
With amorous deep expressions, and can tell 40
Quaint tales of lust, and make Antiquity
A patron of black patches, and deny
That perukes are unlawful, and be-saint
Old Jezebel for showing how to paint,
Then th' art my Golden Book, then may'st thou lie
Adorn'd with plush or some embroidery
Upon her ladyship's own couch, where ne'er
A book that tastes religion dare appear
Thus must ye wretched shreds comply, and bend 50
To every humour, or your constant friend,
The stationer, will never give you room,
Y' are younger brothers, welcomest from home
Yet to speak truly, 'tis your just deserts
To run such various hazards and such thwarts
Suppose ye that the world is peopled now
With cockneys or old women, that allow
Canon to every fable, that can soon
Persuade themselves the ass drunk up the moon,
That fairies pinch the peccant maids, that pies 60
Do ever love to pick at witches' eyes,
That Monsieur Com Thumb on a pin's point lie,
That Pictrees feed the devil nine times a day?
Yet such authentic stories do appear
In no worse garb than folio, and still bear
No meaner badge than Aristotle's name,
Or else descent from reverend Pliny claim
One in a humour gives great Homer th' lie,
And pleases to annihilate poor I roy,
Another scourges Virgil, 'cause 'tis said
His fiction is not in due order laid 70
This will create a monster, this will raise
A ne'er found mountain, this will pour out seas,
This great Camillus to a reckoning calls
For giving so much money to the Gauls,
This counts how much the state of Egypt made
Of frogs that in the slimes of Nilus laid
We'll not digest these gudgeons, th' world is now
At age, if't do not towards dotage grow

35 Chalk out set forms] Most readers will think of Wordsworth's 'forms with chalk'
And a real connexion is not impossible, for both poets were of the same college, and
Wordsworth may have seen that copy of Southey's which is now before me The
reasoning is better than Fluellen's

62 Pictrees] An unusual form of an unusual word 'pickatree,' woodpecker, which
appears (but not in this form) in *Dial Dict*

73-4 A good couplet

A Satire

That starch'd-out beard that sits in th' Porph'ry chair,
 And but for 's crown's light-headed, cannot err, 80
 Barthius has read all books, Jos Scaliger
 Proportion'd lately the diameter
 Unto the circle Galileo's found,
 I though not drunk, thinking that the earth ran round,
 Tycho has tumbled down the orbs, and now
 Fine tenuous air doth in their places grow,
 Maurolycus at length has cast it even,
 How many pulses' journey 'tis to heaven
 A world of such knacks know we, think ye, then,
 Sooner to peep out than be kick'd from men, 90
 Whether ye gallop in light rhymes, or chose
 Gently to amble in a Yorkshire prose,
 Whether ye bring some indigested news
 From Spanish surgeons, or Italian stews,
 Whether ye fiercely raise some false alarm,
 And in a rage the Janizaries arm,
 Whether ye reinforce old times, and con
 What kind of stuff Adam's first suit was on,
 Whether Eves toes had corns, or whether he
 Did cut his beard spadewise or like a T 100
 Such brokage as is this will never do t,
 We must have matter and good words to boot,
 And yet how seldom meet they? most our rhymes
 Rally in tunes, but speak no sense like chimes
 Grave deep discourses full as ragged be
 As are their author's doublets, you'll not see
 A word creep in, that cannot quickly show
 A genealogy to th' ark of Noah,
 Or at the least pleads not prescription
 From that great cradle of confusion 110
 What pamphlet is there, where some Arabic
 Scours not the coast? from whence you may not pick
 Some Chinese character or mystic spell,
 Whereon the critics for an age may dwell,
 Where there's some sentence to be understood,
 As hard to find as where old Athens stood
 Why do we live, why do our pulses beat,
 To spend our bravest flames, our noblest heat,
 On such poor trifles? to enlarge the day
 By gloomy lamps, yet for no other prey 120
 Than a moth-eaten radix, or to know
 The fashion of Deucalion's mother's shoe

87 Who was Maurolycus? Franciscus, M of Messina (1494-1576), says a friend
 107-8 Surely Hall must have written

show a

Genealogy [un?]to the ark of Noah,

in the spirit of another Cambridge man in dealing with Mile End the year before
 (187)

John Hall

It will not quit the cost, that men should spend
Themselves, time, money, to no other end,
That people should with such a deal of pains
Buy knowing nothing, and wise men's disdains
But to prevent this, the more politic sort
Of parents will to handicrafts resort
If they observe their children do produce
Some flashings of a mounting genius, 130
Then must they with all diligence invade
Some rising calling, or some gainful trade,
But if it chance they have one leaden soul
Born for to number eggs, he must to school,
Especially if some patron will engage
Th' advowson of a neighbouring vicarage
Strange hedly medly¹ who would make his swine
Turn greyhounds, or hunt foxes with his kine?
Who would employ his saddle-nag to come, 140
And hold a trencher in the dining room?
Who would engage Sir James, that knows not what
His cassock's made of, in affairs of state?
Or pluck a Richelieu from the helm to try
Conclusions to still children when they cry?
Who would employ a country schoolmaster
To construe to his boys some new found star?
Poor leaden creatures yet shap'd up to rule,
Perpetual dictators in a school,
Nor do you want your rods, though only fed
With scraps of Tully and coarse barley bread, 150
Great threadbare princes, which like chess-king² brave,
No longer than your masters give you leave,
Whose large dominions in some brew-house lies,
Asses commands o'er you, you over boys,
Who still possess the lodgings next the leads,
And cheat your ladies of their waiting maids,
Who, if some lowly carriage do befriend,
May grace the table at the lower end,
Upon condition that ye fairly rise 160
At the first entrance of th' potato pies,
And while his lordship for discourse doth call
You do not let one dram of Latin fall,
But tell how bravely your young master swears,
Which dogs best like his fancy, and what ears,
How much he undervalues learning, and
Takes pleasure in a sparrow-hawk well mann'd
How oft he beats his foot-boy, and will dare
To gallop when no serving man is near,
How he blackberries from the bushes caught,
When antidoted with a morning's draught, 170

¹⁴¹ Sir] For 'sir-priest,' generally, of course

A Satire

How rather than he'll construe Greek, he'll choose
 To English Ovid's *Arte* into prose
 Such talk is for his lordship's palate, he
 Takes much delight in such like trumpery,
 But still remember ye forbear to press
 Unseasonably some moral sentences,
 Take heed, by all means, how rough Seneca
 Sally into your talk, that man, they say,
 Rails against drinking healths, and merits hate,
 As sure as Ornis mocked a graduate 180
 What a grand ornament our gentry would
 Soon lose, if every rug-gown might be bold
 To rail at such heroic feats? pray who
 Could honour's Mistress' health, if this did grow
 Once out of fashion? 'las, fine idols! they,
 E'er since poor Cheapside cross in rubbidge lay,
 E'er since the play-houses did want their prease,
 And players lay asleep like dormouses,
 Have suffered, too, too much be not so sour
 With tender beauties, they had once some power, 190
 Take that away, what do you leave them? what?
 To marshal fancies in a youngster's hat
 And well so too, since feathers were cashier'd
 The ribbands have been to some office rear'd,
 'Tis hard to meet a Lanspresado, where
 Some ells of favours do not straight appear
 Plastered and daubèd o'er, and garnishèd,
 As feathers on a southern hackney's head,
 Which, if but tied together, might at least
 Trace Alexander's conquests o'er the East, 200
 Or, stitch'd into a web, supply anew
 With annuary cloaks the Wandering Jew
 So learned an age we live in, all are now
 Turn'd Poets, since their heads with fancies glow
 'Las! Poets? yes O bear me witness all
 Short-winded ballads, or whate'er may fall
 Within the verge of three half-quarters, say,
 Produce we not more poems in a day
 (By this account) than waves on waves do break,
 Or country justices false English speak? 210
 Suppose Dame Julia's messet thinks it meet
 To droop or hold up one of 't's hinder feet,
 What swarms of sonnets rise? how every wit
 Capers on such an accident, to fit

172 *Arte*] Brydges prints *Art*, spoiling the verse Hall, of course, in order *not* to spoil it, kept the Latin case without the preposition

180 Was this some Cambridge 'Bird' or 'Byrd' of the time?

186 rubbidge] Brydges 'rubbage'

211 messet] A lap dog, cf the Scots 'messan' This is the northern English form, and Hall was a Durham man

John Hall

Words to her fairship's grief? but if by fate
 Some long presumptuous slit do boldly grate
 Don Hugo's doublet, there's a stir as though
 Nile should his ancient limits overflow,
 Or some curst treason would blow up the state,
 As sure as gamesters use to lie too late 220
 But if some fortune cog them into love,
 In what a fifteenth sphere then do they move!
 Not the least tittle of a word is set,
 That is not flank'd with a stout epithet
 What rocks of diamonds presently arise
 In the soft quagmires of two squinting eyes!
 How teeth discoloured and half rotten be
 Transformed into pearl or ivory!
 How every word's chang'd at a finest note,
 And Indian gums are planted in her throat! 230
 Speak in good earnest are they not worse than boys
 Of four year old, to doat on painted toys?
 Yet O how frequent! most our sages shake
 Off their old furs, and needs will laurels take,
 That it will be no wonder to rehearse
 The crabb'dst of geometry in verse,
 Or from the dust of knotty Suarez see
 A strange production of some poetry
 But stay, too lavish Muse! where run you? Stay!
 Take heed your tongue bite not your ears away, 240
 Besides, y' have other business, and you might
 More fitly far with tears than gall indite

Upon T R, a very little man, but excellently learned

MAKES Nature maps? since that in thee She's drawn an university Or strives she in so small a piece To sum the arts and sciences? Once she writ only text-hand, when She scribbled giants and no men But now in her decrepid years She dashes dwarfs in characters, And makes one single farthing bear The Creed, Commandments, and Lord's Prayer 10	Would she turn Art, and imitate Monte regio's flying gnat? Would she the Golden Legend shut Within the cloister of a nut, Or else a musket bullet rear Into a vast and mighty sphere? Or pen an eagle in the caul Of a slender nightingale, Or show, she pigmies can create Not too little but too great? 20 How comes it that she thus converts, So small a <i>totum</i> and great parts?
---	--

222 fifteenth] Unsatisfied with the mere ten of Ptolemaic system

237 Francesco Suarez, of the twenty three folios, had been dead barely thirty years when Hall wrote

12 Monte regio] Perhaps not an italianized form of the German astronomer, Johann Muller's (1436-76), usual name *Regiomontanus*, but the ablative of *Mons Regius* itself Still R, who was great at automata, did live long in Italy

18 nightingale] Orig 'nightingall,' perhaps not for the rhyme only

Upon T. R.

Strives she now to turn awry
The quick scent of philosophy?
How, so little matter can
So monstrous big a form contain,
What shall we call (it would be
known)
This giant and this dwarf in one?
His age is blabb'd by silver hairs,
His limbs still cry out want of years,

So small a body in a cage ³¹
May chuse a spacious hermitage
So great a soul doth fret and fume
At th' narrow world for want of room
Strange conjunction! here is grown
A molehill and the Alps in one,
In th' selfsame action we may call
Nature both thrift and prodigal

A Sea Dialogue

PALURUS

My Antinetta, though thou be
More white than foam wherewith a
wave,
Broke in his wrath, besmears the sea,
Yet art thou harder than this cave

ANTINETTA

I hough thou be fairer than the light,
Which doubting pilots only mind,
I hat they may steer their course
aright,
Yet art thou lighter than the wind

PALURUS

And shall I not be chang'd? when
thou
Hast fraught Medorus with thy
heart, ¹⁰
And as along the sands we go
To gather shells, dost take his part?

ANTINETTA

What! shall not I congeal to see
Doris, the ballast of thine arms,
(Which have so oft encompass'd me)
Now pinion'd by her faithless
charms?

PALURUS

What if I henceforth shall disdain
The golden tress'd Doris' love,
And Antinetta serve again,
And in that service constant prove?

ANTINETTA

Though mighty Neptune cannot
stand ²¹
Before Medorus, and thou be
Restless as whirlpools, false as sand,
Yet will I live and die with thee

PALURUS

Nay, live, and lest one single death
Should rack thee, take this life of
mine

ANTINETTA

Thou but exchanged with that breath
Thy Antinetta's soul for thine

CHORUS

How powerful's love! which, like a
flame
That sever'd, reunites more close, ³⁰
Or like a broken limb in frame,
That ever after firmer grows

Upon the King's Great Porter

SIR, or great grandsire, whose vast bulk may be
A burying place for all your pedigree,
Thou moving Coloss, for whose goodly face
The Rhine can hardly make a looking-glass

A Sea Dialogue] This variation on, rather than translation of, the classical 'Horace and Lydia,' is characteristic, and the opening stanzas are good

Upon the King's Great Porter] For Evans the porter and Geoffrey Hudson the dwarf see *Feveril of the Peak*

John Hall

What piles of victuals had thou need to chew,
Ten woods or marrets' throats were not enough
Dwarf was he, whose wife's bracelet fit his thumb,
It would not on thy little finger come
If Jove in getting Hercules spent three
Nights, he might spend fifteen in getting thee 10
What name or title suits thy greatness, thou,
Aldiboronfuscophomo?
When giants warred with Jove, hadst thou been one,
Where others oaks, thou would'st have mountains thrown,
Wer'st thou but sick, what help could e'er be wrought,
Unless physicians posted down thy throat,
Were thou to die, and Xerxes living, he
Would not pare Athos for to cover thee,
Were thou t' embalm, the surgeons needs must scale
Thy body, as when labourers dig a whale 20
Great Sir! a people kneaded up in one!
We'll weigh thee by ship-burdens, not by th' stone
What tempests might'st thou raise, what whirlwinds when
Thou breathes, thou great Leviathan of men!
Bend but thine eye, a countryman would swear
A regiment of Spaniards quartered there
Smooth but thy brow, they'll say there were a plain
T' act York and Lancaster once o'er again!
That pocket pistol of the queen's might be
Thy pocket pistol, sans hyperbole, 30
Abstain from garrisons, since thou may eat
The Turk's or Mogul's titles at a bit
Plant some new land, which ne'er will empty be,
If she enjoy her savages in thee
Get from amongst us, since we only can
Appear like skulls march'd o'er by Tamberlane

A Burning Glass

STRANGE chymistry! can dust and sand produce
So pure a body and diaphanous?
Strange kind of courtship! that the amorous sun
T' embrace a mineral twists his rays in one
Talk of the heavens mock'd by a sphere, alas!
The sun itself's here in a piece of glass
Let magnets drag base iron, this alone
Can to her icy bosom win the sun,

6 'Marret' is said to mean 'marsh' but the meaning is not very clear

12 *Sic* in orig but the printer may have dropped the *t* and *r*

24 breathes] B altered to 'breath'st'

29 Queen Elizabeth's—the well known Dover cannon of the rhyme

32 titles] Misprinted 'tithes' in orig, but corrected in Errata.

2 diaphanous] Misprinted 'diaphonous' in B

A Burning Glass

Witches may cheat us of his light awhile,
 But this can him even of himself beguile 10
 In heaven he staggers to both tropics, here
 He keeps fix'd residence all times of th' year,
 Here's a perpetual solstice, here he lies,
 Not on a bed of water, but of ice
 How well by this himself abridge, he might
 Redeem the Scythians from their ling'ring night?
 Well by this glassy proxy might he roll
 Beyond th' ecliptic, and warm either pole,
 Had but Prometheus been so wise, h' had ne'er
 Scaled heaven to light his torch, but lighted here, 20
 Had Archimedes once but known this use,
 H' had burnt Marcellus from proud Syracuse,
 Had Vesta's maids of honour this but seen,
 Their Lady's fire had ne'er extinguish'd been,
 Hell's engines might have finish'd their design
 Of powder (but that heaven did countermine)
 Had they but thought of this, th' Egyptians may
 Well hatch their eggs without the midwife clay,
 Why do not puling lovers this devise 30
 For a fit emblem of their mistress' eyes?
 They call them diamonds, and say th' have been
 Reduced by them to ashes all within,
 But they'll assum[e] 't, and ever hence 'twill pass,
 A mistress' eye is but Love's Burning-glass

The Call

<p> ROMIRA, stay, And run not thus like a young roe away, No enemy Pursues thee (foolish girl!), 'tis only I I'll keep off harms, If thou'll be pleas'd to garrison mine arms, What, dost thou fear I'll turn a traitor? may these roses here To paleness shred, And lilies stand disguised in new red, 10 </p>	<p> If that I lay A snare, wherein thou would'st not gladly stay See, see, the Sun Does slowly to his azure lodging run, Come, sit but here, And presently he'll quit our hemi- sphere So, still among Lovers, time is too short or else too long, Here will we spin Legends for them that have love martyrs been, 20 </p>
--	---

15 One does not know whether to take 'might' with 'abridge' as well as 'redeem' or to read 'himself abridged'

22 This is curious, the common story being, of course, that A *did* so burn M's ships
 20 been] It is not perhaps superfluous to note that Hall does not print *bin* here, though he does elsewhere

John Hall

Here on this plain
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower
again
Come here, and choose
On which of these proud plats thou
would repose,
Here may'st thou shame

The rusty violets, with the crimson
flame
Of either cheek,
And primroses white as thy fingers
seek,
Nay, thou may'st prove
That man's most noble passion is
to love 30

An Eunuch

THOU neuter gender¹ whom a
gown
Can make a woman, breeches none,
Created one thing, made another,
Not a sister, scarce a brother,
Jack of both sides, that may bear
Or a distaff or a spear,
If thy fortunes thither call,
Be the Grand Signor's general,
Or if thou fancy not that trade,
Furn the sultana's chamber maid,¹⁰
A medal, where grim Mars turned
right,
Proves a smiling Aphrodite,
How doth Nature quibble, either

He, or she, boy, girl, or neither,
Thou may serve great Jove instead
Of Hebe both and Ganymede
A face both stern and mild, cheeks
bare,
That still do only promise hair
Old Cybele, the first in all
This human predicamental scale,²⁰
Why would she choose her priests
to be
Such individuals as ye?
Such insectas, added on
To creatures by subtraction,
In whom Nature claims no part,
Ye only being words of art

The Lure

I

FAREWELL¹ Nay, prithee turn
again,
Rather than lose thee I'll arraign
Myself before thee¹ thou (most fair¹)
shall be
Thyself the judge
I'll never grudge
A law ordained by thee

II

Pray do but see how every rose
A sanguine visage doth disclose,
O¹ see what aromatic gusts they
breathe,
Come, here we'll sit,¹⁰
And learn to knit
Them up into a wreath

III

With that wreath crownèd shalt
thou be,
Not graced by it, but it by thee,
Then shall the fawning zephyrs wait
to hear
What thou shalt say,
And softly play,
While news to me they bear

IV

See how they revelling appear
Within the windings of thy hair,²⁰
See how they steal the choicest
odours from
The balmy spring,
That they may bring
Them to thee, when they
come

²⁴ subtraction] Orig, as so often, 'substraction'

²⁶ Ye] B misprints 'Yef' words] In orig Works! 1 3 shall] Sic in orig

The Lure

V

I look how the daffodils arise,
 Cheer'd by the influence of thine
 eyes,
 And others emulating them deny ,
 They cannot strain
 To bloom again,
 Where such strong beams do
 fly 30

VI

Be not ungrateful, but lie down,
 Since for thy sake so brisk they're
 grown,
 And such a downy carpet have
 bespread,
 That pure delight
 Is freshly dight,
 And trick'd in white and red

VII

Be conquer'd by such charms,
 there shall
 Not always such enticements
 fall,
 What know we, whether that rich
 spring of light
 Will stanch his streams 40
 Of golden beams,
 Ere the approach of night

VIII

How know we whether 't shall
 not be
 The last to either thee or me?
 He can at will his ancient brightness
 gain ,
 But thou and I,
 When we shall die,
 Shall still in dust remain

IX

Come, prithee come, we'll now
 essay
 To piece the scant'ness of the
 day, 50
 We'll pluck the wheels from th'
 chariot of the sun,
 That he may give
 Us time to live,
 Till that our scene be done

X

W' are in the blossom of our age,
 Let us dance o'er, not tread the
 stage ,
 Though fear and sorrow strive to pull
 us back,
 And still present
 Doubts of content,
 They shall not make us slack 60

XI

We'll suffer viperous thoughts and
 cares
 To follow after silver hairs ,
 Let's not anticipate them long
 before,
 When they begin
 To enter in,
 Each minute they'll grow more

XII

No, no, Romira, see this brook,
 How 't would its posting course
 revoke,
 Ere it shall in the ocean mingled
 lie ,
 And what, I pray, 70
 May cause this stay,
 But to attest our joy?

XIII

Far be 't from lust , such wildfire
 ne'er
 Shall dare to lurk or kindle here ,
 Diviner flames shall in our fancies
 roll,
 Which not depress
 To earthliness,
 But elevate the soul

XIV

Then shall aggrandiz'd love con-
 fess
 That souls can mingle sub-
 stances, 80
 That hearts can eas'ly counter-
 changèd be,
 Or at the least
 Can alter breasts,
 When breasts themselves agree

42 'Who knows but the world may end to-night?'

76 not] B, reprehensibly, 'do n't'

83 breasts] Plur in orig

John Hall

The Morning Star

STILL herald of the morn, whose ray Being page and usher to the day, Doth mourn behind the Sun, before him play, Who sets a golden signal, ere The bat retire, the lark appear, The early cocks cry comfort, screech- owls fear Who wink'st while lovers plight their troth, Then falls asleep, while they are loath	To part without a more engaging oath Steal in a message to the eyes 10 Of Julia, tell her that she lies Too long, thy Lord the Sun will quickly rise Yet is it midnight still with me, Nay worse, unless that kinder she Smile day, and in my zenith seated be But if she will obliquely run, I needs a calenture must shun, And like an Ethiopian hate my sun
--	--

Platonic Love

COME, dearest Julia! thou and I Will knit us in so strict a tie, As shall with greater pow'r engage Than feeble charms of marriage We will be friends, our thoughts shall go, Without impeachment, to and fro, The same desires shall elevate Our mingled souls, the selfsame hate Shall cause aversion, we will bear One sympathizing hope and fear, 10 And for to move more close, we'll frame	Our triumphs and our tears the same, Yet will we ne'er so grossly dare, As our ignobler selves shall share, Let men desire, like those above Unmatter'd forms, we'll only love, And teach the ruder world to shame, When heat increaseth to a flame Love's like a landscape, which doth stand Smooth at a distance, rough at hand, Or like a fire, which from afar 21 Doth gently warm, consumes when near
---	---

To the deformed X R

As scriveners sometime delight to see
Their basest writing, Nature has in thee
Essay'd how much she can transgress at once
Apelles' draughts, Durer's proportions,
And for to make a jest and try a wit,
Has not (*a woman*) in thy forehead writ,
But scribbled so, and gone so far about,
Indagine would never smell thee out,

6 screech] Orig 'scrich'

19 landscape] As the spelling of 'landscape' is of some interest it may be noted that orig has 'landskap,' not -skip, and so is very close to the Dutch itself

6 The italics are orig, and perhaps not capricious

8 *Indagine*] Hall keeps the shortened form from 'Iohannes ab Indagine'

To the deformed X. R.

But might exclaim, here only riddles be,
 And heteroclites in physiognomy 10
 But as the mystic Hebrew backward lies,
 And algebra's guess'd by absurdities,
 So must we spell thee, for who would suppose
 That globous piece of wainscot were a nose,
 That crook'd *et cæteras* were wrinkles, and
 Five Naper's bones, glued to a wrist, an hand?
 Egyptian antiquaries might survey
 Here hieroglyphics Time hath worn away,
 And wonder at an English face more odd
 And antic, than was e'er a Memphian god, 20
 Eras'd with more strange letters than might scare
 A raw and inexperienced conjurer,
 And tawny Afric blush to see her fry
 Of monsters in one skin so kennell'd lie
 Thou may'st without a guard her deserts pass,
 When savages but look upon thy face
 Were but some Pict now living, he would soon
 Deem thee a fragment of his nation,
 And wiser Ethiopians infer 30
 From thee, that sable's not the only fair
 I thou privative of beauty, whose one eye
 Doth question metaphysic verity,
 Whose many cross aspects may prove anon,
 Foulness more than a mere negation
 Blast one place still, and never dare t' escape
 Abroad out of thy mother Darkness' lap,
 Lest that thou make the world afraid, and be
 Even hated by thy nurse Deformity

Julia Weeping

<p style="text-align: center;">I</p> <p> FAREST, when thy eyes did pour A crystal shower, I was persuaded that some stone Had liquid grown, And, thus amazed, sure, thought I, When stones are moist, some rain is nigh </p> <p style="text-align: center;">II</p> <p> Why weep'st thou? 'cause thou can- not be More hard to me? </p>	<p> So lionesses pity, so Do tigers too, 10 So doth that bird, which when she's fed On all the man, pines o'er the head </p> <p style="text-align: center;">III</p> <p> Yet I'll make better omens, till Event beguile, Those pearly drops in time shall be A precious sea, And thou shall like thy coral prove, Soft under water, hard above </p>
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16 Naper] A common form
Julia Weeping] In orig the short lines are not brought back to the centre of the
 long ones, but farther towards the fore edge, as if an Alexandrine had been snapped
 and the last third dropped a line

John Hall

To my honoured Noble Friend, Thomas Stanley, Esq,
on his Poems

WHO would commend thee, friend¹ and thinks 't may be
Performèd by a faint hyperbole,
Might also call thee but a man, or dare
To praise thy mistress with the term of fair
But I, the choicest of whose knowledge is
My knowing thee, cannot so grossly miss
Since thou art set so high, no words can give
An equal character, but negative
Subtract the earth and baseness of this age,
Admit no wildfire in poetic rage, 10
Cast out of learning whatsoever's vain,
Let ignorance no more haunt noblemen,
Nor humour travellers, let wits be free
From over-weening, and the rest is thee
Thee, noble soul¹ whose early flights are far
Sublimèr than old eagles' soarings are,
Who light'st love's dying torch with purer fire,
And breath'st new life into the Lesbian lyre,
That love's best secretaries that are past, 20
Liv'd they, might learn to love, and yet be chaste
Nay, vestals might as well such sonnets hear,
As keep their vows and thy Black Riband wear,
So chaste is all, that though in each line lie
More amorettoes than in Doris' eye,
Yet so they're charm'd, that look'd upon they prove
Harmless as Chariessa's nightly love
So powerful is that tongue, that hand, that can
Make soft Ionics turn grave Lydian
How oft this heavy, leaden Saturnine,
And never elevated soul of mine, 30
Hath been pluck'd up by thee, and forc'd away,
Enlargèd from her still adhering clay¹
How every line still pleas'd¹ when that was o'er
I cancell'd it, and prais'd the other more
That if thou writ'st but on, my thoughts shall be
Almost ingulf'd in an infinity
But, dearest friend, what law's power ever gave
To make one's own free first-born babe his slave?
Nay, manumise it, for what else wilt be
To strangle, but deny it liberty? 40
Once lend the world a day of thine, and fright
The trembling still-born children of the night

9 Subtract] Orig again 'Substract'

15 Thee] B, most unfortunately, 'The,' which is rather Fr than Eng, and obliterate the 'catch,' the 'turn' from the last line Also in next line, 'soaring' for 'soarings'

22 Black Riband] See Stanley's *Poems*

To Thomas Stanley, Esq.

That at the last, we undeceiv'd may see
Theirs were but fancies, thine in poetry
Sweet swan of silver Thames! but only she
Sings not till death, though in thine infancy.

To Mr S S

As he obtains such an enchanted skin,
That bullets cast aright could ne'er get in,
Even so thou, Monsieur, tempered hast thy name,
That to dispraise thee most is yet no shame,
To curse is to befriend, who, like a Jew,
Art both a vagabond and moneyed too,
Who feed'st on Hebrew roots, and, like a tare,
Unbid, unwelcome, thrive'st everywhere,
Who mak'st all letters by thy guttural,
And brings the conjugations to Kall, 10
Who though thou live by grammar rules, we see
Thou break'st all canons of morality,
And as far as that threadbare cloak of thine
Is out of fashion, dost from man decline,
And com'st as near a wit, as doth a rat
Match in procerity Mount Ararat,
And art as fit to be a brewer's punk,
As Sumerburn is valiant when he's drunk

The Crystal

THIS crystal here
That shines so clear,
And carries in its womb a little day,
Once hammer'd will appear
Impure as dust, as dark as clay

Even such will prove
Thy face, my love!
When age shall soil the lustre of
thine eyes,
And all that red remove
That on thy spicy lip now lies 10

Nor can a hand
Again command,
By any art, these ruins into frame,
But they will sever'd stand,
And ne'er compose the former same

Such is the case,
Love! of thy face,
Both desperate, in this you dis-
agree—
Thy beauty needs must pass
It, of itself, will constant be 20

A Rapture

COME, Julia, come! let's once disbody what
Strait matter ties to this and not to that,
We'll disengage, our bloodless form shall fly
Beyond the reach of earth, where ne'er an eye,

10 Kall] They say Kall [Qal] is 'the simplest form of the Hebrew verb' Of Sumerburn below I know nothing

John Hall

That peeps through spectacles of flesh, shall know
 Where we intend, or what we mean to do
 From all contagion of the flesh remov'd,
 We'll sit in judgement on those pairs that lov'd
 In old and latter times, then will we tear
 Their chaplets that did act by slavish fear, 10
 Who cherish'd causeless griefs, and did deny
 Cupid's prerogative by doubt or sigh,
 But they that mov'd by confidence, and clos'd
 In one refining flame, and never los'd
 Their thoughts on earth, but bravely did aspire
 Unto their proper element of fire,
 To these we'll judge that happiness, to be
 The witnesses of our felicity
 Thus we'll like angels move, nor will we bind
 In words the copious language of our mind, 20
 Such as we know not to conceive, much less,
 Without destroying in their birth, express
 Thus will we live, and 't may be, cast an eye
 How far Elysium doth beneath us lie,
 What need we care though milky currents run
 Among the silken meadows, though the sun
 Doth still preserve by's ever waking ray
 A never discontinued spring or day?
 That sun, though all his heat be to it brought,
 Cannot exhale thy vapour of a thought 30
 No, no, my goddess! yet will thou and I
 Divested of all flesh so folded lie,
 That ne'er a bodied nothing shall perceive
 How we unite, how we together cleave,
 Nor think this, while our feathered minutes may
 Fall under measure, time itself can stay
 T' attend on pleasures, for what else would be
 But tedious Durance in Eternity

To Mr. Stanley, after his return from France

BEWITCHED senses, do you lie, And cast some shadow o'er mine eye, Or do I noble Stanley see? What! may I trust you? Is it he? Confess, and yet be gradual, Lest sudden joy so heavy fall Upon my soul, and sink unto	A deeper agony of woe 'Tis he! 'tis he! we are no more A barb'rous nation he brought o'er As much humanity as may 11 Well civilize America, More learning than might Athens raise To glory in her proudest days
---	---

8 One of the innumerable Donneisms of these poets, probably, though the thought is
 as old doubtless as the oldest of 'old lovers' themselves But Hall makes it fairly
 his own

28 or] One suspects 'of,' but orig has 'or'

To Mr. Stanley

<p>With reason might the boiling main Be calm, and hoary Neptune chain Those winds that might disturbers be, Whilst our Apollo was at sea, And made her for all knowledge stand In competition with the land 20 Had but the courteous dolphins heard One note of his, they would have dar'd To quit the waters to enjoy</p>	<p>In banishment such melody, And had the mimic Proteus known, He'd left his ugly herd, and grown A curious Syren, to betray This young Ulysses to some stay, But juster fates denied, nor would Another land that genius hold, 30 As could, beyond all wonder hurl'd, Fathom the intellectual world But whither run I? I intend To welcome only, not commend, But that thy virtues render it No private, but a public debt</p>
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An Epicurean Ode

<p>SINCE that this thing we call the world, By chance on atoms is begot, Which though in daily motions hurl'd, Yet weary not, How doth it prove, 'Thou art so fair, and I in love? Since that the soul doth only lie Immers'd in matter, chain'd in sense,</p>	<p>How can, Romira, thou and I With both dispense? 10 And thus ascend In higher flights than wings can lend Since man's but pasted up of earth, And ne'er was cradled in the skies, What <i>terra lemnia</i> gave thee birth? What diamond, eyes? Or thou alone, To tell what others were, came down?</p>
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On M. W., the Great Eater

SIR, much good do 't ye, were your table but
 Pie-crust or cheese, you might your stomach shut
 After your slice of beef, what, dare you try
 Your force on an ell square of pudding-pie?
 Perhaps 't may be a taste, three such as you
 Unbreakfasted might starve Seraglio
 When Hannibal scal'd th' Alps, hadst thou been there,
 Thy beef had drunk up all his vinegar
 Well might'st thou be of guard to Henry th' eight,
 Since thou canst, like a pigeon, eat thy weight 10
 Full wise was nature, that would not bestow
 These tusks of thine into a double row
 What womb could e'er contain thee? thou canst shut
 A pond or aviary in a gut

15 *terra lemnia*] Reddish earth of medicinal property

4 'Pudding-pie,' best known from the tune of 'Green Sleeves,' was the same as the more modern 'Toad-in the hole,' i.e. meat baked in batter

John Hall

Had not thy mother borne thee toothless, thou
Hadst eaten, viper-like, a passage through
Had he that wish'd the crane's long neck to eat,
Put in thy stomach too, 't had been complete
Thou Noah's ark, Dead Sea, thou Golgotha,
Monster, beyond all them of Africa ! 20
Beasts prey on beasts, fishes to fishes fall,
Great birds feed on the lesser, thou on all
Hath there been no mistake?—Why may t not be,
When Curtius leap'd the gulf, 'twas into thee?
Now we'll believe that man of Chica could
Make pills of arrows, and the boy that would
Chew only stones, nor can we think it vain,
That Baranetho eat up th' neighbouring plain
Poor Erisichon, that could only feast
On one poor girl in several dishes drest ! 30
Thou hast devour'd as many sheep as may
Clothe all the pasture in Arcadia
Yet, O how temperate ! that ne'er goes on
So far as to approach repletion
Thou breathing cauldron ! whose digestive heat
Might boil the whole provision of the fleet,
Say grace as long as meals, and, if thou please,
Breakfast with islands, and drink healths with seas !

The Antipathy, a Pastoral

TETRICEZZA

SOONER the olive shall provoke
I o amorous clasps this sturdy oak,
And doves in league with eagles be,
Ere I will glance a smile on thee

AMELIUS

Sooner yon dustish mulberry
In her old white shall clothèd be,
And lizards with fierce asps combine,
Ere I will twist my soul with thine

TETRICEZZA

Yet art thou in my judgement far
Fairer than a rising star, 10
And might deserve e'en Dian's love,
But shalt not Ietricezza move

AMELIUS

And thou art sweeter than the down
Of damask roses yet unblown,
And Phoebus might thy bridegroom
be,
Yet shalt thou never conquer me

TETRICEZZA

Why meet we, then, when either's
mind
Or comes compell'd, or stays be-
hind?

AMELIUS

Just as two boughs together tied,
Let loose again do stand more
wide 20

38 The 'great eater' was Nicholas Wood, who had Taylor the Water Poet to celebrate him

Distil not poison in mine ears

Song

DISTIL not poison in mine ears,
Aerial Syrens ' nor untie
These sable fetters yonder spheres
Dance to a silent harmony
Could I but follow where you lead,
Disrob'd of earth and plum'd by
air,

Then I my tenuous self might
spread,
As quick as fancy everywhere
But I'll make sallies now and then
' Thus can my unconfinèd eye 10
Take journey and return again ,
Yet on her crystal couch still lie

Home Travel

WHAT need I travel, since I may
More choicer wonders here survey?
What need I Tyre for purple seek,
When I may find it in a cheek?
Or sack the Eastern shores? there
lies
More precious diamonds in her
eyes
What need I dig Peru for ore,
When every hair of her yields more?
Or toil for gums in India,

Since she can breathe more rich
than they? 10
Or ransack Africk? there will be
On either hand more ivory
But look within all virtues that
Each nation would appropriate,
And with the glory of them rest,
Are in this map at large exprest,
That who would travel here might
know
The little world in folio

Upon Samuel Ward, D D, the Lady Margaret's Professor in Cambridge

WERE'T not peculiar to weep for thee,
The world might put on mourning, and yet be
Below just grief Stupendous man ' who told
By vast endowments that she grew not old
But thine own hands have rais'd a monument
Far greater than thyself, which shall be spent
When error conquers truth, and time shall be
No more, but swallow'd by eternity,
But when shall sullen darkness fly away,
And thine own ectype, Brownrigg, give it day ' 10
Or when shall ravish'd Europe understand,
How much she lost by thee, and by it gain'd '
How well thou guardest truth ' How swift to close
With whatsoever champion durst oppose '
Bear witness, Dort, when error could produce
The strength of reason and Arnunius,

Upon Samuel Ward] It would have been quite in Hall's way to write on the curious fact that there were *two* Samuel Wards at Cambridge in the last quarter of the sixteenth century and the two first of the seventeenth—both Puritans and both fellows of Sidney Sussex. His actual W was the more distinguished, and died Master of his College in 1643
10 Brownrigg] Ralph B., Bishop of Exeter, another Cambridge Puritan of the day
' Ectype,' a copy, a plaster mould

John Hall

How did he loose their knots, how break their snares,
How meet their minings, how pluck up their tares !
How did his calmer voice speak thunder ! How
His soft affections holy fury grow ! 20
That had but hell and tyrants any room,
There wanted nothing of a martyrdom
But Providence said no, and did consent
That oil of time should not be spilt, but spent,
Nay, as the greatest flame doth ever fly
From failing lamps, should'st in most glory die,
And as the Phoenix when she doth prepare
To be her own both murderer and heir,
Makes richest spice her tomb and cradle be,
To quit and reassume mortality, 30
Even so thou (Seraph !) spent thy minutes all,
In preparation for thy funeral,
And rais'd so great a pile, death could aspire
No greater honour than to put to fire,
That thus the flame might lend us light below,
But the sweet breathing smoke still upward go

To the precious memory of Master William Fenner

How brittle's wretched man ! No sooner death
Seals up his eyes, and stops his panting breath,
But th' hungry grave devours him, and he must
Return again unto his mother dust,
So frail a thing he is, so doth he pass,
That nothing can remain but that he was
But thou, triumphant soul ! art elevate
By thy vast merits 'bove the common fate,
Those sacred pearls thyself digg'd from among
Thy fiery thoughts, and polish'd with thy tongue, 10
By thee a second life, that times to come
May say that Rochford had a Chrysostom,
Whose life, told out in minutes, seem'd to be
Nothing but one continued homily,
So even was thy conscience, such a flame
Rais'd thy affections, that thou soon became
Too good for earth, so waking was thy breast,
That Night could never grant a truce to rest,
But now thou rest'st for ever drunk with joys,
That never spend, yet ever new arise 20
Yet let thy name still breathe new odours, and
Mong those angelic spirits numb'ed stand,
While we below stand gazing up, and see
Th' hast chang'd thy room, but not thy company

William Fenner] Yet another Cambridge Puritan divine (1600-1640)
12 Rochford] Of which F was incumbent for the last eleven years of his life

On a Gentleman and his Wife

On a Gentleman and his Wife, who died both within
a very few days

<p>THIRCE happy pair¹ who had and have, Living, one bed, now dead one grave, Whose love being equal, neither could A life unequal wish to hold, But left a question whether one Did follow, 'cause her mate was gone,</p>	<p>Or th' other went before to stay, Till that his fellow came away, So that one pious tear now must Besprinkle either parent's dust, 10 And two great sorrows, jointly run, And close into a larger one, Or rather turn to joy, to see The burial but the wedding be</p>
--	---

Of Beauty

<p>WHAT do I here¹ what's beauty? 'las, How doth it pass¹ As flowers, as soon as smellèd at, Evaporate, Even so this shadow, ere our eyes Can view it, flies II What's colour? 'las¹ the sullen Night Can it affright A rose can more vermilion speak, Than any cheek, 10 A richer white on lilies stands, Than any hands III Then what's that worth, when any flower Is worth far more? How constant's that, which needs must die, When day doth fly? Glow-worms can lend some petty light To gloomy Night IV And what's proportion? we descry That in a fly 20</p>	<p>And what's a lip¹ 'tis in the test, Red clay at best And what's an eye? an eaglet's are More strong by far V Who can that specious nothing heed Which flies exceed? Who would his frequent kisses lay On painted clay? Wh'ould not, if eyes affection move, Young eaglets love? 30 VI Is Beauty thus? then who would lie Love sick and die? And's wretched self annihilate, For knows not what? And with such sweat and care invade A very shade? VII Even he, that knows not to possess True happiness, But has some strong desires to try What's misery, 40 And longs for tears, oh! He will prove One fit for love</p>
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29 Wh'ould] This, and not 'who'ld,' is the form in orig

41 He] The cap here, which is orig, is clearly wanted

John Hall

The Epitome

I
As in a cave,
Where darkness justles out the
day,
But yet doth give
Some small admission to one feeble
ray,
Some of all species do distinctly
play,

II
Just even thou,
Whom wonder hath not fully
clear'd,
Thyself dost show,
That in thy little chaos all's
enspher'd,
And though abridg'd, yet in full
greatness rear'd 10

Armilla Nigra

ATRATI Proceres, quos tam divina coercent
Copula, cæruleo nunc exæquata Georgi
Garterio, atque olim longe anteferenda, nec ulla
Interitura die, si quid præsagia vatum,
Si quid mollis amor valet, O dignissima cælo
Pectora, sic vestris fælicia facta ruinis,
Et flammis majora, novo succrescite honori,
Et durate diu, donec sese ultimus optet
Censeri numero Scythæ, et ambitiosior Indus
Gestuat armilla vestra fulgere, relictis 10
Torquibus, et teneræ vultu constante puellæ
Militiam subeant talem, cupiantque teneri
His manicis, et virgineas dediscere flammæ,
Vestaliq; cadat Reverentia debita vittæ

At tu, Sol juvenum, soli cessure Maroni
Propter mille annos, vatum decus, ardue cunctæ
Inscitiæ Domitor, quem felix Angliæ jactat
Et Galli stupuere, tuis en talia surgunt
Auspiciis, tu tam grandis præludia facti
Ordiris, tantasque jubes viviscere curas, 20
Hinc summus tibi surgit honos, hinc gloria quæ non
Aut cadet, aut vult temporibus metrier ullis,
At cum se fragilis mundi ruitura resolvet
Machina, et armillis fælicia brachia deerunt,
Ipsa polo sese insinuet, candentibus astris
Accedens nova flamma, altæ vicina Coronæ

To Mr Stanley

STARS in their rising little show,
And send forth trembling flames,
but thou
At first appearance dost display
A bright and unobscured day,
Such as shall fear no night, nor shall

Thy setting be *Helicall*,
But grow up to a sun, and take
A laurel for thy Zodiac,
That all which henceforth shall arise,
May only be thy *Parely's* 10

10 *Parely's*] For *parhelia* The form is French, but H More has '*parelie*' (*N E D*)

On Dr. Bambrigg

On Dr. Bambrigg, Master of Christ's

WERF but this marble vocal, there Such an elogium would appear, As might, though truth did dictate, move Distrust in either Faith or Love , As ample knowledge as could rest Enshrined in a mortal's breast, Which ne'ertheless did open lie, Uncovered by humility , A heart, which piety had chose To be her altar, whence arose 10	Such smoking sacrifices, that We here can only wonder at , A honey tongue, that could dispense Torrents of sacred eloquence, And yet how far inferior stand Unto a learned curious hand ? That 'tis no wonder, if this stone, Because it cannot speak, doth groan , For could mortality assent, These ashes might prove eloquent 20
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Upon Mr Robert Wiseman, son to Sir Richard Wiseman, Essex

BUT that we weigh our happiness by thine,
We could not, precious Soul ! from tears decline,
Although the Muses' silver stream would be
Too poor by far to drop an elegy ,
But that's below thee , since thy virtues are
The spices that embalm thee, thou art far
More richly laid, and shalt more long remain
Still mummified within the hearts of men,
Than if to list thee in the rolls of Fame
Each marble spoke thy shape, all brass thy name 10
Sleep, sacred ashes ! that did once contain
This jewel, and shalt once and e'er again
Sleep undisturb'd Envy can only raise
Herself at living, Hate grasp lower preys ,
We'll not deflower you, let us only pry
What treasures in ye did involvèd lie,
So young, so learned, and so wise , O, here 's
Example, Wisdom 's not the child of years
So rich, and yet so pious ! O, 'tis well
Devotion is not coffin'd in a cell, 20
Nor chok'd by wealth , wealth hated, harmless proves,
And only knows to mischief him that loves
So fair, and yet so chaste ! Lust is not ever
Youth's constant sorceress, but doth sometime sever
To look on moral virtues, there'll appear
The courtier twisted with th' philosopher
Nor were they on spruce apophthegms spent,
Begot 'twixt Idleness and Discontent,

On Dr Bambrigg] More often spelt Bainbrigg, and best known as Milton's enemy,
and (as the profane say) chastiser
Upon Mr Robert Wiseman] The father appears to be known, if not his son There
were many Wisemans in Essex

John Hall

But acted to the life and unconstrain'd,
The Sisters sweetly walking hand in hand,
And so entirely twisted that alone
None could be view'd, all were together one ,
As twinkling spangles, that together lie,
Join forces, and make up one galaxy ,
As various gums, dissolving in one fire,
Together in one fragrant fume expire
Sleep, then, triumphant Soul ! thy funerals
For admiration, and not mourning, calls

10

Johanni Arrowsmythio, Coll Sti Joh Præfecto

DIVINA Syren, cygne cælestis,
tuba
Evangelizans, nectaris flumen meri,
Jubar salutis, præco fœderis novi,
Jam sic redisti ! teque in amplexus
pios
Iterum dedisti ! murmure ut vario
fremat
Logata pubes, gaudia exprimens
nova,
Quod patre tanto jam beatur, quod
nutrit

Sol tam refulgens, et coquit messes
suas
Sic sæpe redeas, te licet retrahant tua
Lac gestientes uberis mamillæ oves,
Et te senatus flagitet, cujus cluit
Pars magna , nostros sed fovere
palmites
Desiste nunquam, vinitor dignissime,
Donec racemis pullulent usquam
novis ,
Duc hos tenellos in scientiæ abdita,
Et esto morum dulcium felix faber

To his Tutor, Master Pawson An Ode

I

COME, come away,
And snatch me from these shades to
purer day
Though Nature lie
Reserv'd, she cannot 'scape thy
piercing eye
I'll in her bosom stand,
Led by thy cunning hand,
And plainly see
Her treasury ,
Though all my light be but a
glimpse of thine,
Yet with that light, I will o'er-
look
Her hardly open'd book,
Which to aread is easy, to under-
stand divine

II

Come, let us run
And give the world a girdle with the
sun ,
For so we shall
Take a full view of this enamelled
ball,
Both where it may be seen
Clad in a constant green,
And where it lies
Crusted with ice ,
Where 't swells with mountains, and
shrinks down to vales ,
Where it permits the usurp-
ing sea
To rove with liberty,
And where it pants with drought,
and of all liquor fails

[Johanni Arrowsmythio] This Arrowsmith (1602-59) became Master of Trinity and was Vice Chancellor the year after Hall wrote

[To his Tutor] A very pretty case of 'One good turn, &c' See Commend Poems

To his Tutor, Master Pawson

III

And as we go,
We'll mind these atoms that crawl to
and fro
There may we see
One both be soldier and artillery,
Another whose defence
Is only innocence, 30
One swift as wind,
Or flying hind,
Another slow as is a mounting
stone,
Some that love earth, some
scorn to dwell
Upon't, but seem to tell
Those that deny there is a heaven,
they know of one

IV

Nor all this while
Shall there escape us e'er a braving
pile,
Nor ruin, that
Wastes what it has, to tell its former
state 40
Yet shall we ne'er descry
Where bounds of kingdoms
lie,
But see them gone
As flights new flown,
And lose themselves in their own
breadth, just as
Circlings upon the water, one
Grows great to be undone,
Or as lines in the sand, which as
they're drawn do pass

V

But objects here
Cloy in the very taste, O, let us
tear 50
A passage through
That fleeting vault above, there
may we know
Some rosy brethren stray
To a set battalia,
And others scout
Still round about,
Fix'd in their courses, and uncertain
too,
But clammy matter doth deny
A clear discovery,
Which those, that are inhabitants,
may solely know 60

VI

Then let's away,
And journey thither what should
cause our stay?
We'll not be hurl'd
Asleep by drowsy potions of the
world
Let not Wealth tutor out
Our spirits with her gout,
Nor Anger pull
With cramps the soul,
But fairly disengag'd we'll upward
fly,
Till that occurring joy affright 70
Even with its very weight,
And point the haven where we may
securely lie

To an old Wife talking to him

PEACE, beldam ugly! thou'lt not
find
M' ears bottles for enchanted wind,
That breath of thine can only raise
New storms, and discompose the
seas

It may (assisted by the clatter)
A Pigmæan army scatter
Or move, without the smallest stream,
Loretto's chapel once again,
And blow St Goodrick, while he
prays,

58 The former reprint by omitting 'matter' makes the matter very far indeed from
'clear'

7 stream] So in orig, but it should clearly be 'strain'

9 'St Goodrick' of 'Finckly' is evidently St Godric of Finchale (Hall was of
Durham), earliest of all truly English poets known to us Hall's Puritanism shows
ill here

John Hall

And knows not what it is he says, 10
 And helps false Latin with a hem
 From Finckly to Jerusalem,
 Or in th' Pacific sea supply
 The wind, that nature doth deny
 What dost thou think, I can retain
 All this and sprout it out again,
 As a surcharged whale doth spew
 Old rivers to receive in new?
 Thou art deceiv'd even Aeol's cave
 That can all other blasts receive, 20
 Would be too small to let in thine,
 How, then, the narrow ears of mine?
 Defect of organs may me cause
 By chance to pillorize an ass,
 Yet, should I shake his ears, they'd
 be,
 Though long, too strait to hearken
 thee

Yet if thou hast a mind to hear
 How high thy voice's merits are,
 Attend the Cham, and when he's
 din'd
 Skreek princes leave that have a
 mind, 30
 Or serve the States, thou'lt useful
 come,
 And have the pay of every drum,
 Or trudge to Utrecht, there outrun
 Dame Skurman's score of tongues,
 with one
 But pray be still, O, now I fear,
 There may be torments for the ear!
 O, let me, when I chance to die,
 In Vulcan's anvil buried lie,
 Rather than hear thy tongue once
 knell,— 39
 That Tom-a-Lincoln and Bow bell!

The Recantation

Now sound I a retreat, now I'll no more
 Run all those devious paths I ran before,
 I will no more range sullen groves, to lie
 Entomb'd in a shade, nor basely fly
 The dear society of light, to give
 My thoughts their birth in darkness, I'll no^t live
 Such deaths again such dampy mists no more
 Shall dare to draw an ugly screen before
 My clearer fancy, I'll not deify
 A failing beauty, idolize an eye 10
 Farewell, farewell, poor joys! let not my hearse
 Bear witness I was ever mad in verse,
 Or play'd the fool in wit, no, I'll not have
 Such themes increase the mourning at my grave
 Such thoughts I loathe, and cannot now resent,
 Who ever gloried in his excrement?
 Now I will rase those characters I wrote
 So fairly from myself, now will I not
 Suffer that pyramid, Love rais'd within
 My soul, to stand the witness of her sin, 20
 Nor will I ravish Nature to dispose
 A violated and profan'd rose

16 sprout] *Sic* in orig. 'Spout' is obvious, but not certain

30 Did Hall mistake Mandeville here (*V & T* ch 20), or is he following others?
 'princes—mind' may be in quotes, but it is not necessary

12 ever] Reprint 'never'—unluckily

The Recantation

Upon a varnish'd cheek, nor lilies fear
Into a jaundice, to be set where ne'er
White was discover'd, no—Stay, I'll no more
Add new guilt to the old repented for,
To name a sin's to sin, nor dare to break
Jests of my vices on another's back,
But with some searching humours festered lie
A renegado to all Poetry 30
And must we now shake hands, dear madness, now,
After so long acquaintance? Did I vow
To sacrifice unto thee, what was brought,
As surplusage of a severer thought,
And break my word? Yes, from this very day
My fancy only shall on Marchpan play,
Now I'll turn politician, and see
How useful onions are in drapery,
Feast dunces that miscall the Arts, and dance
With all the world a galliard Ignorance 40

FINIS

THE
SECOND BOOKE
OF
Divine Poems.

BY
J. H.

Sæpe quidem in galea nidos fecere Columbe.

LONDON.
Printed by E.G. for J. Rothwell. 1647

DIVINE POEMS

A Dithyramb

STILL creeping, still degenerate
soul,
On earth so wallowing still in
mire?
Still to the centre dost thou roll,
When up to heaven thou should'st
aspire?
Did not thy jailer flesh deny
The freedom for to feed thine own
insatiate eye—
How might thou let it surfeit here
On choicest glories! How it
might
Thick flowing globes of splendour
bear,
And triumph in its native light! 10
How't would hereafter sleep dis-
dain!
The glorious sun of righteousness
uprise again,
O, who so stupid that would not
Resolve to atoms, for to play
'Mong th' golden streamers He
shall shut,
While He prolongs one endless
day!
How small three evenings' dark-
ness be,
Compared once with measureless
eternity!
See how the joyous clouds make
way,
And put a ruddy brightness on, 20
How they their silken fleeces lay
For Him to mount to heaven
upon,
Where He may in full glory shine,
Whose presence made, before, a
heaven of Palestine

That lovely brow, that was before
Drown'd in a flood of crimson
sweat,
Is now with brightness gilded
o'er,
And all with burnish'd flames
beset!
Him, whom his drowsy sons did
leave
Sleepless, aerial legions triumph to
receive! 30
This innocent columbine, He
That was the mark of rage before,
O cannot now admir'd be,
But still admired, still needs
more,
Who would not stand amaz'd to
see
Frail flesh become the garment of
divinity!
Appear no more, proud Olivet,
In tawny olives, from this time
Be all with purple vines beset,
The sprig of Jesse from thee did
climb 40
Up to the skies, and spread those
boughs
Whereon life's grapes, those Para-
disean clusters, grows
Why stare you, curious gazers, so?
No eye can reach His journey's
end,
He'll pierce the rolling concave
through,
And that expanded fabric rend,
Then He's at home He was be-
fore
A pilgrim, while He footed this
round nothing o'er

15 shut] Reprint 'shoot' perhaps rightly, but neither makes very good sense

31 Is any other instance known of this use of 'columbine'? *N E D* knows only this

A Dithyramb

If then His nimble feet could
make
A pavement of the quivering
stream, 50
And cause those powerful spirits
quake
That fear not anything but Him
Now can and will He turn to joys
Your fears, and or disarm or turn
your enemies
He is not lost, though wafted
hence,
He's with you (darlings of His
love!),
He's the supreme intelligence,
That all the little orbs will move,
He is the head it cannot be
Members can perish, where there's
such a head as He 60
A head compos'd of majesty,
Were't not by mercy all possess'd,
From which such charming glances
fly,
As striking vengeance can arrest,
From which such powerful frowns
arise,
As can strike palsies in the earth,
and headache in the skies
What did you think, He could
remain
Disguis'd in such an inch of land,
That convex cannot Him contain,
I hough spun out by His own right
hand? 70
What did you think, that though
He lay
Inter'd awhile, the earth might
swallow such a prey?

That very dying did restore
Banish'd life to rotting men,
And fetch'd back breath, that
fled before,
Into their nostrils once again,
That very death gave life to all,
And t' all mankind recovery of their
Father's fall
Suppose ye that the fatal tree,
That happiest worst of punish-
ments, 80
Did punish such a sinless He,
Or shame Him, that was
excellence?
No, no, the crime doth ever state
The punishment, and He sin could
not act, but hate
Thought ye that stream did flow
in vain,
That issued from His open d
side?
Your souls were foul, yet every
stain
By these pure drops were purified,
He was, He, freely prodigal
To spend all's blood for some, when
some might have sav'd all 90
Hark! hark! what melody, what
choice
Of sweetest airs, of charming
sounds!
Heaven seems all turn'd into a
voice!
Hear what loud shrieking joy
rebounds!
The very winds now whistle joy,
And make Hosannas of the former
Crucify!

The Ermine

THE Ermine rather chose to die
A martyr of its purity,
Than that one uncouth soil should
stain
Its hitherto preserv'd skin,
And thus resolv'd she thinks it good

To write her whiteness in her
blood
But I had rather die, than e'er
Continue from my foulness clear,
Nay, I suppose by that I live,
That only doth destruction give 10

66 This 'headache in the skies' is quite worthy of Benlowes
6 whiteness] Probably with a play on 'whiteness'

John Hall

Madman I am, I turn mine eye
On every side, but what doth lie
Within, I can no better find
Than if I ever had been blind
Is this the reason thou dost claim
Thy sole prerogative, to frame

Engines against thyself? O, fly
Thyself as greatest enemy,
And think thou sometimes life will
get
By a secure contemning it 20

The Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to
execute judgement upon all — *Jude* 14, 15

I HEAR and tremble! Lord, what shall I do
T' avoid thy anger? whither shall I go?
What, shall I scale the mountains? 'las! they be
Far less than atoms if compar'd with thee
What, shall I strive to get myself a tomb
Within the greedy ocean's swelling womb?
Shall I dive into rocks? Where shall I fly
The sure discovery of thy piercing eye?
Alas! I know not, though with many a tear
In Hell they moan thy absence, thou art there, 10
Thou art on earth, and well observest all
The actions acted on this massy ball,
And when thou look'st on mine, what can I say?
I dare not stand, nor can I run away
Thine eyes are pure, and cannot look upon
(And what else, Lord, am I?) corruption
Thou hatest sins, and if thou once begin
To cast me in the scales, I all am sin
Thou still continuest one, O Lord, I range
In various forms of crimes, and love my change 20
Lord, thou that mad'st me, bid'st I should present
My heart unto thee, O, see how 'tis rent
By various monsters, see how fastly held,
How stubbornly they do deny to yield
How shall I stand, when that thou shalt be hurl'd
On clouds, in robes of fire to judge the world,
Usher'd with golden legions, in thine eye
Carrying an all-enragèd majesty,
That shall the earth into a palsy stroke,
And make the clouds sigh out themselves in smoke? 30
How can I stand? Yes, Lord, I may, although
Thou beest the judge, thou art a party too,
Thou sufferest for these faults, for which thou shall
Arraign me, Lord, thou sufferest for them all,
They are not mine at all, these wounds of thine,
That on thy glorious side so brightly shine,

29 Chaucer is sometimes quoted for a rough sense of the form 'stroke' But the passage (*Sq T* 162, 5) by no means needs that sense, and Hall, or any metaphysical, would not have hesitated at the anti-climax or antithesis

The Lord Cometh

Seal'd me a pardon, in those wounds th' are hid,
 And in that side of thine th' are buried
 Lord, smile again upon us, with what grace
 Doth mercy sit enthroniz'd on thy face! 40
 How did that scarlet sweat become thee, when
 That sweat did wash away the filth of men!
 How did those peevish thorns adorn thy brow?
 Each thorn more richly than a gem did glow!
 Yet by those thorns (Lord, how thy love abounds!)
 Are we, poor worms, made capable of crowns
 Come so to judgement, Lord! th' Apostles shall
 No more into their drowsy slumber fall,
 But stand and hearken how the judge shall say,
 Come, come, my lambs, to joy! Come, come away! 50

Quo egressus Isaac ad meditandum in agro, &c

Gen xxiv 63

<p>JUVENIS beate, magne tot regum parens, Fæcunde tot patrum pater, Tot nationum origo, tot vatum fides, Tot Antesignane heroum, Sicne is in agros jam renidentes novis Et aureis forum stolis? Sic, sic recessum quæris? et turbam fugis? Sic totus in teipsum redis? Ut nullus oculus sancta spectet otia, Nulla auris insidias locet 10 Dum tu (suave!) pectus effundis tuum In cælici patris sinum, Dum cor sacratis æstuans amoribus Ebullit impletum Deo, Dum lachrymarum gemmeæ scate- bræ ruunt, Per molle vernantes genas, Dum misceatur dulce planctuum melos Ardentibus suspiriis, Dum dum (invidenda solitudo!) mens suis Jam libere è Gyaris meat, 20 Linquensque terras, templa per- rumpit poli, Se luce perfundens novâ, Sic ipse vivam, sic mihi occulti dies</p>	<p>O effluent, solus siem, Sic me præhendat luce palpitans novâ Præco diei Phosphorus, Sic me præhendat luce candens ultimâ, Et noctis index Hesperus Non ipse curem vana vulgi murmura, Non irritos rumusculos, 30 Sim mi' beatus! Nympha cælestis meum Non abnuat consortium Divinus illo flammât in vultu pudor, Divina stat modestia, Hinc hinc, pudica pallidas umbras amat Et antra muscâ vivida, Ubi me loquelis melleis, suadâ mera, Formosa mulceat dea, Ubi in me inundans nectaris torrens fluat, Ex ore prosiliens sacra, 40 Quantum hæc voluptas! quanta! quanta gaudia! Quis non? quis invideat mihi? Dum sic edaces exulant curæ, nigra Fugiunt doloris agmina, Dum mi voluptas, ipsa per se ama- bilis Nullisque ficta officus,</p>
--	---

John Hall

<p>Mi mille Veneres mille mostret Gratias, Mi mille det Cupidines, Sic mi juventæ blanda marcescat rosa, O sic senecta palleat 50 Sic sic nivales vestiant cani caput, Sic hora fugiat ultima ,</p>	<p>Non ipse vanas horream mortis minas, Sed tela sustineam libens , Securus illuc evolare, quò mea Semper perennem gaudia, Redintegrare Pæanas possim novos Inter triumphantium greges , Omni appropinquet sic dies novissimus Natalis adveniet mihi 60</p>
--	--

On an Hour-glass

My life is measur'd by this glass, this glass
 By all those little sands that thorough pass
 See how they press, see how they strive, which shall
 With greatest speed and greatest quickness fall
 See how they raise a little mount, and then
 With their own weight do level it again
 But when th' have all got thorough, they give o'er
 Their nimble sliding down, and move no more
 Just such is man, whose hours still forward run,
 Being almost finish'd ere they are begun, 10
 So perfect nothings, such light blasts are we,
 That ere we're aught at all, we cease to be
 Do what we will, our hasty minutes fly,
 And while we sleep, what do we else but die?
 How transient are our joys, how short their day!
 They creep on towards us, but fly away
 How stinging are our sorrows! where they gain
 But the least footing, there they will remain
 How groundless are our hopes, how they deceive
 Our childish thoughts, and only sorrow leave! 20
 How real are our fears! they blast us still,
 Still rend us, still with gnawing passions fill,
 How senseless are our wishes, yet how great!
 With what toil we pursue them, with what sweat!
 Yet most times for our hurts, so small we see,
 Like children crying for some Mercury
 This gapes for marriage, yet his fickle head
 Knows not what cares wait on a marriage bed
 This vows virginity, yet knows not what
 I oneness, grief, discontent, attends that state 30
 Desires of wealth another's wishes hold,
 And yet how many have been chok'd with gold?
 This only hunts for honour, yet who shall
 Ascend the higher, shall more wretched fall

On an Hour glass] The intensity which so often attends, and saves, the triviality of the metaphysicals, has seldom, outside their greatest, been better exemplified than here

25 'See,' like 'look,' appears here = 'seem' though I am not sure of this Some would have 'so small we see' = 'our sight is so short,' like 'sing small'

On an Hour-glass

This thirsts for knowledge, yet how is it bought?
 With many a sleepless night, and racking thought
 This needs will travel, yet how dangers lay
 Most secret ambuscados in the way?
 These triumph in their beauty, though it shall
 Like a pluck'd rose or fading lily fall
 Another boasts strong arms 'las' giants have
 By silly dwarfs been dragg'd unto their grave
 These ruffle in rich silk though ne'er so gay,
 A well plum'd peacock is more gay than they
 Poor man ! what art ? A tennis-ball of error,
 A ship of glass toss'd in a sea of terror,
 Issuing in blood and sorrow from the womb,
 Crawling in tears and mourning to the tomb
 How slippery are thy paths ! How sure thy fall !
 How art thou nothing, when th' art most of all !

40

50

An Ode

I

DESCEND, O Lord,
 Into this gloomy heart of mine,
 And once afford
 A glimpse of that great light of
 thine !
 The sun doth never here
 To shine on basest dunghills once
 forbear

II

What though I be
 Nothing but high corruption ?
 Let me have I hee,
 And at thy presence 'twill be
 gone
 Darkness dare never stand
 In competition, while the sun's at
 hand

III

And though my sins
 Be an unnumber'd number, yet
 When thou begins
 To look on Christ, do then
 forget
 I helped to cause his grief
 If so, Lord, from it grant me some
 relief !

IV

All thou demands
 Is that small piece of me, my
 heart ,

20

(219)

Lo, here it stands

Thine wholly, I'll reserve no part,
 Let the three corners be,
 (Since nought else can) fill'd with
 one triple Thee

V

Set up a throne,
 Admit no rival of thy power,
 Be thou alone
 (I'll only fear thee) Emperour,
 And though thy limits may
 Seem small, Heaven only is as large
 as they

30

VI

And if by chance
 The old oft-conquer'd enemy
 New stirs advance,
 Look but upon him, and he'll fly
 The smallest check of thine
 Will do't, so cannot all the power
 that's mine

VII

Thy kingdom is
 More than ten thousand worlds,
 each heart
 A province is,
 Keep residence in mine, 'tis part
 Of those huge realms, I'll be
 Thy slave, and by this means gain
 liberty

39

John Hall

VIII

Such as all earth
Ne'er could so much as fancy
yet,
Nor can give birth
To thoughts enough to fathom it
No, no, nor can blest I,
When I enjoy it, know what I en-
joy

IX

Then give me this
I ask for, though I know not what,
O Lord ! it is 51
But what's of greatest price, give
that,
Or plainly bold to be
In begging—Lord, I pray thee give
me Thee !

Hymnus

Ut se perpetuo rotat
Æther, quam fluidis ruit
Semper pendulis orbibus,
Quàm dulces variat vices !
Nunc seræ tenebræ ruunt,
Nunc lucis jubar aureum,
Nunc flores Zephyri erigunt
Languentes Aquilonibus ,
Jam jam vellera nubium
Quiddam cæruleum rubent, 10
Jam quid cæruleum albicant ,
Jam flammam croceam evomit
Phœbus, sed modo debilem
Jam molles abigit nives,
Flores parturiens novos,
Jam se proripit, et gelu

Sistit non rapidas aquas
Tu cuncta hæc peragis, Deus ,
Te clamant, Deus, omnia
Fecisti ex nihilo, et modo 20
Servas ne in nihilum ruant
Si tu contineas manum,
Labescant simul omnia ,
Tellus, non animalibus
Præbens hospitium suis,
Sordebit nimis aquis ,
Ipsum nec mare novert
Fluctus sistere fervidos,
Turbabuntur et omnia
Ni tu cuncta manu poti, 30
I u cuncta officio tenes

Self

I
TRAITOR Self, why do I try
Thee, my bitterest enemy ?
What can I bear,
Alas ! more dear,
Than is this centre of myself, my
heart ?
Yet all those trains that blow me up
lie there,
Hid in so small a part
II
How many backbones nourish'd
have
Crawling serpents in the grave !

I am alive, 10
Yet life do give
To myriads of adders in my
breast,
Which do not there consume, but
grow and thrive,
And undisturbèd rest
III
Still gnawing where they first
were bred,
Consuming where they're nour-
ish'd,
Endeavouring still
Even him to kill

9 The idea of the marrow turning to a snake

Self

That gives them life and loses of
his bliss
To entertain them that tyrannic
ill 20
So radicated is

iv

Most fatal men ! What can we
have
To trust ? our bosoms will de-
ceive
The clearest thought,
To witness brought,
Will speak against us, and con-
demn us too,

Yea, and they all are known O,
how we ought
To sift them through !

v

Yet what's our diligence ? even
all
Those sands to number that do
fall 30
Chas'd by the wind ?
Nay, we may find
A mighty difference, who would
suppose
This little thing so fruitful were and
blind
As its own ruin shows ?

Anteros

FROWN on me, shades ! and let not
day
Swell in a needle-pointed ray
To make discoveries ! wrap me here
In folds of night, and do not fear
The sun's approach so shall I find
A greater light possess my mind
O, do not (Children of the Spring !)
Hither your charming odours bring,
Nor with your painted smiles devise
To captivate my wandering eyes, 10
Th' have stray'd too much, but now
begin

Wholly t' employ themselves within
What do I now on earth ? O, why
Do not these members upward fly,
And force a room among the stars,
And there my greaten'd self disperse
As wide as thought ? What do I here,
Spread on soft down of roses ? There
That spangled curtain, which so wide
Dilates its lustre, shall me hide 20
Mount up, low thoughts, and see
what sweet

Reposance heaven can beget
Could ye the least compliance frame,
How should I all become one flame,

And melt in purest fires ! O, how
My warmed heart would sweetly
glow,

And waste those dregs of earth that
stay

Glued to it, then it might away,
And still ascend, till that it stood
Within the centre of all good, 30
There press'd, not overwhelm'd,
with joys,

Under its burthen fresh arise,
There might it lose itself, and then
With losing find itself again,
There might it triumph, and yet be
Still in a blest captivity

There might it—O, why do I speak,
Whose humble thoughts are far too
weak 35

To apprehend small notions ? Nay,
Angels are nonplus'd, though the day
Breaks clearer on them, and they run
In apogees more near the sun
But, oh ! what pulls me ? How I
shall

In the least moment headlong fall,
Now I'm on earth again not dight,
As formerly in springing light,

21 radicated] The form, common in the seventeenth century, has apparently been kept only for scientific purposes, which is a pity

31 The interrogation mark of the orig is dropped in the reprint—not wisely, I think, if purposely

22 Reposance] A beautiful word, which one may wonder that no one has revived

John Hall

The selfsame objects please, that I
 Did even now, as base, deny
 Now what a powerful influence
 Has beauty on my slavish sense 50
 How rob I Nature, that I may
 Her wealth upon my cheek display !
 How doth the giant Honour seem
 Well statur'd in my fond esteem ,
 And gold, that bane of men, I call
 Not poisonous now, but cordial
 Since that the world's great eye, the
 Sun,
 Has not disdain'd to make 't his own
 Now every passion sways, and I
 Tamely admit their tyranny , 60
 Only with numerous sighings say,
 The basest thing is breathing clay

But sure these vapours will not e'er
 Draw curtains o'er my hemisphere
 Let it clear up, and welcome day
 Its lustre once again display
 Thou (O, my Sun !) awhile may'st
 lie
 As intercepted from mine eye,
 But Love shall fright those clouds
 and thou
 Into my purg'd eyes shalt flow, 70
 Which (melted by my inward fires,
 Which shall be blown by strong
 desires)
 Consuming into tears, shall feel
 Each tear into a pearl congeal,
 And every pearl shall be a stem
 In my celestial diadem

A Hymn

THOU mighty subject of my humble song,
 Whom every thing speaks, though it cannot speak,
 Whom all things echo, though without a tongue,
 And int' expressions of thy glory break ,

Who out of nothing this vast fabric brought,
 And still preserv'st it, lest it fall again,
 And be reduc'd into its ancient nought,
 But may its vigour primitive retain ,

Who out of atoms shap'd thine image, man,
 And all to crown him with supremacy
 Over his fellow-creatures , nay, and then
 Didst in him raise a flame that cannot die ,

Whose purer fire should animate that dross
 That renders him but equal to the beast,
 And make him, though materiate and gross,
 Not less than those that in no bodies rest ,

Nay, Lord above them, they did first of all
 Turn renegados to thy majesty,
 And in their ruin did involve his fall,
 That caused him under thy displeasure lie

There did he lose his snowy innocence,
 His undepraved will, then did he fall
 Down from the tower of knowledge, nay, from thence
 Dated the loss of his, heaven, thee, and all

10

20

75 In the orig classical sense of *stemma*—a 'garland,' 'chaplet,'—or at least the constituent part of this

15 materiate] Not by any means a mere doublet of 'material,' and well worth keeping

24 The comma at 'his' was removed in the reprint I replace it.

A Hymn

So wert thou pleas'd to let thy anger lay
Clouds of displeasure 'twixt poor man and thee,
That Mercy might send forth a milky ray,
To tell, that ne'ertheless thou would'st agree

Though man in sinning still new guilt should add,
It never could expunge thy patience,
Thine, who not ever any passion had,
But can forgive, as well as see offence

Yet though our hearts petrificated were,
And all our blood curdled to ruddy ice,
Yet caus'd'st thou thy law be graven there,
And set a guardian o'er't, that never dies

But we eras'd that sculpture then thou wrote
In tables what thou hadst in stone before ,
Yet were we not unto obedience brought,
But rather slackened our performance more

Dead to all goodness, and engulf'd in sin,
Benumb'd by our own corruptions,
That we were only drown'd, not rendered clean,
By th' streams that covered all the earth at once

Wandering without the least ability
To tread, or eyes to see our safest way,
While fiery vengeance at our heels did fly,
Ready to strike when thou the word should'st say

Yet didst thou disappoint her thy Son's blood
Supplied our want of oceans of tears

*The Author thought fit this should not perish, though other occasions
suffer him only to present it in the habit of a fragment*

What profiteth a man of all his labour, which he taketh
under the sun?—*Ecclesiastes* 1: 2 [3]

I

EVEN as the wandering traveller
doth stray,
Led from his way
By a false fire, whose flame to
cheated sight
Doth lead aright,
All paths are footed over, but that
one
Which should be gone ,

Even so my foolish wishes are in chase
Of everything, but what they should
embrace

II
We laugh at children, that can when
they please
A bubble raise, 10
And, when their fond ambition satiated
is,
Again dismiss

33 As I have championed several of Hall's unusual words it may be well to say that I do *not* think 'petrificate' necessary, or even desirable

John Hall

The fleeting toy into its former air
 What do we here,
 But act such tricks? Yet thus we
 differ they
 Destroy, so do not we, we sweat,
 they play

III

Ambition's towerings do some gal-
 lants keep
 From calmer sleep,
 Yet when their thoughts the most
 possessed are,
 They grope but air, 20
 And when they're highest, in an
 instant fade
 Into a shade,
 Or like a stone, that more forc'd
 upwards, shall
 With greater violence to its centre
 fall

IV

Another, whose conceptions only
 dream
 Monsters of fame,

The vain applause of other madmen
 buys

With his own sighs,
 Yet his enlargèd name shall never
 crawl

Over this ball, 30
 But soon consume, thus doth a
 trumpet's sound
 Rush bravely on a little, then's not
 found

V

But we as soon may tell how often
 shapes
 Are chang'd by apes,
 As know how oft man's childish
 thoughts do vary,
 And still miscarry
 So a weak eye in twilight thinks it
 sees
 New species,
 While it sees nought, so men in
 dreams conceive
 Of sceptets, till that waking unde-
 ceive 40

An Epitaph

WHEN that my days are spent, (nor do
 I know
 Whether the sun will e'er immise
 Light to mine eyes,)
 Methinks a pious tear needs must
 Offer some violence to my dust
 Dust ravell'd in the air will fly
 Up high,
 Mingled with water 'twill retire
 Into the mire 10

Why should my ashes not be
 free,
 When Nature gave them liberty?
 But when I go, I must them leave
 In grave
 No floods can make my marble so,
 As moist to grow
 Then spare your labour, since your
 dew
 Cannot from ashes flowers renew

A Pastoral Hymn

HAPPY choristers of air,
 Who by your nimble flight draw near
 His throne, whose wondrous story,
 And unconfined glory

Your notes still carol, whom your
 sound,
 And whom your plumy pipes
 rebound

40 sceptets] sic Brydges 'sceptics' ? 'Spectres,' or 'sceptres' (as *Macbeth*, iv
 1 121)

An Epitaph 2 Neither doth 'immise' much arride me especially as there exists
 a rare but preferable form 'immit'

A Pastoral Hymn

Yet do the lazy snails no less
 The greatness of our Lord confess,
 And those whom weight hath
 chain'd,
 And to the earth restrain'd, 10
 Their ruder voices do as well,
 Yea, and the speechless fishes tell

Great Lord, from whom each tree
 receives,
 Then pays again, as rent, his leaves,
 Thou dost in purple set
 The rose and violet,
 And giv'st the sickly lily white,
 Yet in them all Thy name dost write

An Ode

I

LORD, send thine hand
 Unto my rescue, or I shall
 Into mine own ambushments fall,
 Which ready stand
 To d' execution, all
 Laid by self-love, O, what
 Love of ourselves is that,
 That breeds such uproars in our
 better state!

II

I think I pass
 A meadow gilt with crimson
 showers 10
 Of the most rich and beauteous
 flowers,
 Yet thou, alas!
 Espi'st what under lowers,
 Taste them, they're poison, lay
 Thyself to rest, there stray
 Whole knots of snakes that solely
 wait for prey

III

To dream of flight
 Is more than madness there
 will be

Either some strong necessity,
 Or else delight, 20
 To chain us, would we flee
 Thus do I wandering go,
 And cannot poisons know
 From wholesome simples that beside
 them grow

IV

Blind that I am,
 That do not see before mine eyes
 These gazing dangers, that arise
 Ever the same,
 Or in varieties
 Far worse, how shall I 'scape? 30
 Or whither shall I leap?
 Or with what comfort solace my
 hard hap?

V

I thou who alone
 Canst give assistance, send me aid,
 Else shall I in those depths be laid
 And quickly thrown,
 Whereof I am afraid
 Thou who canst stop the sea
 In her mid rage, stop me,
 Lest from myself my own self ruin
 be 40

7 do] The reprint, improperly, 'to'

1 6 laid] Orig 'Lay'd' which might possibly be for 'lay'd' = 'allayed' = 'alloyed'
 But the text is more simple and probable

THE POEMS
OF
SIDNEY GODOLPHIN

NOW FIRST COLLECTED

OXFORD

1906

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INTRODUCTION TO SIDNEY GODOLPHIN

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN, like Benlowes and like Kynaston, has never been reprinted as a whole, or in any considerable part, until the present time. But, unlike theirs, his collected works, and even any relatively considerable parts of them, have never been printed at all. This is all the more remarkable, first, inasmuch as his personality has always been admitted to have been of exceptional interest and secondly, inasmuch as pieces of his work have been, at various times, and in publications of very different kinds, given as samples in print, after a fashion which usually invites more extensive communication. The proofs of the last half of this sentence may be confined to a note¹, the proofs of the former must rank not only in note but in text.

He was the son of Sir William Godolphin of Godolphin in Cornwall, and bore as Christian name the surname of his mother, Thomasine Sidney. Born in January, 1610, he went to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1624, and became Member for Helston so early as 1628. A fervent royalist and a strong partisan of Strafford, he took arms under Hopton at the very beginning of the Rebellion, and was one^o of those

Four wheels of Charles's Wain

whose early disappearance was among the greatest misfortunes of the Royal cause. He was shot in a skirmish at Chagford, and buried at Okehampton on the 10th February, 1642-3.

Of hardly any 'Marcellus of our tongue' have men of his own time spoken better than they spoke of Sidney Godolphin. Clarendon, in particular,

¹ Dryden's *Miscellany*, vol. iv, gave his translation of Virgil, Ellis included in his *Specimens* (vol. iii, p. 229) the charming 'Or love me less, or love me more,' and that odd collection, *Trival Poetry*, which was one of the ventures wherewith Scott waterlogged the Ballantynes and himself, includes, at p. 216, the piece beginning 'Unhappy East.' An exceedingly pretty poem, entitled 'Cupid's Pastime,' had also been attributed to Godolphin in the *Miscellany*, and the attribution is repeated in a Bodleian MS., but among poetry of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This fact has sometimes caused a curious counter attribution to the Lord Treasurer, Godolphin's nephew, not generally thought of as a poetical man. On looking into the matter, however, I found that the other and main source of Godolphin's poems in the Bodleian contains a note correcting all this, and rightly assigning the piece to Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*—in Mr. Bullen's edition of which (London 1890, i. 37) it will duly be found, with Davison's attribution of it to the mysterious 'A. W.'

The others being Sir Bevil Grenvil, Sir Nicholas Slanning, and a Trevanion

Sidney Godolphin

reiterated eulogies of him in his *History*, in his *Own Life*, and in his notice of *Leviathan*, in the teeth of the fact that the dead poet was not only a friend of the obnoxious author of that obnoxious book, but had been praised in its very dedication to Godolphin's brother, and had left the heretic no less than £200 (equal to at least a thousand now) in his will. To be praised by Clarendon and Hobbes is indeed to have your name struck in double bronze.

I do not know that 'little Sid,' as Suckling, with not unaffectionate impertinence, called him (he is said to have been slight, pale or dark in complexion, and of pensive aspect), can exactly be said to have a more perennial monument in his own poems. But it is certainly time that the stones of this monument, which are of no contemptible substance and chiselling, were put together. They have hitherto lain *disjecta* in Malone's MS in the Bodleian, in Harl 6917 in the British Museum, in the *Miscellany* as above, and, as far as the lines on Lady Rich are concerned, in Gauden's *Funerals made Cordials* (London 1658). The MS. Poems have been photographed for this edition, a process also adopted in the case of Benlowes, Kynaston, and other very rare printed originals. The *Miscellany* version is printed from that work, and the 'Lady Rich' lines I have copied. The Tixall piece occurs in the Malone MS, and I have given the variants, as also in the case of those pieces which the two MSS duplicate.

In the poems themselves, though the 'Chorus' is full of matter, we come to nothing of great interest until we reach 'Constancy'. This is an unusual document for the student of poetry, being not only (as by a curious coincidence its own words say) a 'draught of what might be,' but a draught of singular attraction. It is quite unfinished, it is not for 'children or fools'.¹ The author (see note *in loc*) was apparently even in two minds as to which of the two great 'metaphysical' quatrains (the 'common measure' and that of eights) he should couch it in, and he has only partially developed the possibilities of either. But he *has* developed them partially in point of phrase and in point of thought he shows us more than a glimpse of the subtlety and depth which must have attracted Hobbes. It is not a contradiction but a supplement to Shakespeare's great sonnet on 'Love [that] is not Love'. Godolphin has no weaker or baser notion of Constancy itself, when once its conditions have come into being, he considers it here when they have not.

The next, from its having been given by Ellis, is the one thing of Godolphin's that can be said to be generally known. It is characteristic and charming, but almost necessarily unfinished, not that it has the false rhyme or the false rhythm of the next again and some others,

¹ In fact, it might be *two* poems.

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but that the same 'first-draft' quality is all over it. But with not much additional labour it could have been worked into a perfect example of our class of lyric. The song "'Tis Affection but dissembled,' is a graceful trifle enough in itself, and is even not quite trifling in thought, Godolphin, here as elsewhere, showing himself superior to the more obvious metaphysicalities. But perhaps its greatest interest is prosodic—in the maintenance throughout of trochaic metre, with double rhymes in the first and third and an 'echo' line in the fifth place. The poet does not manage this tripping catchy measure (of which he cannot have had many patterns before him) with perfect fluency or unerringness, but he attains a very high degree of success. The 'Cloris' piece and the decasyllabic lines which follow, so oddly conjoined by the copyist (*v inf in loc*), maintain a good level, the first being neat and complete enough, the second an interesting member of that long and beautiful sequence of 'Elizabethan' dream-pieces which starts with the early sonneteers, rises to the height of Donne's glorious 'Dear love, for nothing else but thee,' and ends, not unworthily, with Dryden's delightful 'Beneath a myrtle's shade,' in *The Conquest of Granada*. Somebody should collect these, with embellishments.

The piece 'To the King and Queen' is again very mainly of metrical interest, though it is by no means lacking in the nervous substance which Godolphin so often marries to metaphysical form. The copyist has made quatrains of it which, in a first edition, it seemed better to keep in the text, but it was evidently intended to be in the continuous couplet, and the poet treats this with a firmness which neither Waller nor Sandys had surpassed by anticipation. The blemish of identical rhyme in the first two (which may have given the copyist the quatrain-notion) is not uncommon at the time, but might have been removed if the author had come to print his work.

The triplets which follow seem to me among the most frigid things that we have from Godolphin. To excuse conceit of this kind one requires (at least I find that I require) either passion or humour—if both are present so much the better. Here there is neither, but (let me repeat it) a frigid playing on the supposed identity of Virtue and the Beloved. It is curious that from this kind of poet we never care much to hear of his mistress's virtue. In the first place we take it for granted, in the second, it is not what we come to him for. The steady chill of Habington's *Castara* is fortunately rare in Caroline poetry, but there is a passing twinge of it here.

The 'Ballet' which succeeds Ps 137—the story of Cephalus and Procris with new names—has once more its own attraction. It is known that 'triple time,' as dominant, was very slow to establish itself in anything but popular poetry. Here we have it, not consummately managed—with

Sidney Godolphin

a much more uncertain and gingerly touch indeed than in such a thing as *Mary Ambree*—but all the more interestingly as an experiment Godolphin has not realized the fact that too many acatalectic lines in the even places make the measure jolt—that you want the redundant syllable to lubricate the junctures. But the whole does not want lightness even in itself, and it is of the best augury for other things later.

In the 'Shepherd and Damon' song the good effect of cutting down the third and fourth lines of the ordinary Romance sixain—eight, eight, six, eight, eight, six—to fours is the chief thing noticeable. It would not be good in narrative, but helps the 'cry' in lyric when, as here, it is well managed.

The Epistle which comes next is a fairly early example of a kind soon to be very popular. Its general drift is clear enough, though I at least have no knowledge of any particular incident to which it may refer. The 'Meditation—Reply' is something of a puzzle in another way.

The two pieces which follow are again attempts in the two great staple quatrains of metaphysical poetry, and for the first of them ('No more unto my thoughts appear') I confess a greater partiality than for anything else of Godolphin's. This partiality may, as some critics have held, argue a lack of sense of 'artistic restraint'. But Love and Restraint never had much to do with each other when Thought and Hope and Desire were of the company and Art should be quite contented with the almost complete mastery here shown of the form—with the throb and the soar of the common-measure flight, that 'common made' so 'uncommon'. If Godolphin wrote this, he may rest his claims on it *securus*. You cannot, if you have the due gift, read even into the second line without feeling that the *petite fièvre cérébrale* is invading your imagination, that the *solita flamma* is caressing your heart. At least that is how some people are made, and the others may be sorry for them, or contemptuous of them, if they like.

The 'eights' are somewhat less victorious and the second 'sonnet' (both these common-measure pieces are called 'Sonnets' in the Harleian) is less good than the first. But the Pindaric dialogue which this latter MS gives us has attractions of various kinds, including a certain shy rather than sly humour, not absolutely unrelated to Suckling's robuster and more boisterous variety.

The second Epistle, though again needing illustration, gives us the not negligible information that our poet, for all his devotion to the Muses, was not less familiar with sport than became an uncle of the Newmarket-haunting Lord Treasurer, and one whose family name was to be immortalized by the Godolphin Arabian. On the other hand, the interest of the piece to *Cloris* is mainly prosodic. The stanza—an *In Memoriam* quatrain with enclosed rhymes extended to a septet by the addition of *acc*, the last line

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being itself extended to a decasyllable—is of extreme and subtle beauty
And the ‘Hymn’ is a fine one, especially in the four lines beginning

Wise men, all ways of knowledge past,

which versify and expand *Omnia exeunt in mysterium* ‘A Farewell’ has been so carelessly copied, the first two lines not even rhyming, that I have thought it well to give the MS text unaltered

The Epitaphs on Sir F Carew and Lady Rich are good firm specimens of their kind But the Translation of the *Aeneid* ought to take much higher rank than it has yet usually done, as a document in the history of the regular heroic couplet It must be earlier than 1642, and may be considerably so, while, as is well known, there is some doubt about the date of the earliest exercises in the kind of its continuator—Waller

No long summing up is required on Godolphin according to the plan of this book, though I need hardly say that I could write a twenty page *causerie* on him with all the pleasure in life, and with much more ease than most of life’s affairs admit He shows the usual Spenser-Jonson-Donne compound, which accounts for so much in so many of these Carolines, with a special inclination towards the Donne-strain, but with fewer drops of the red wine of passion and mystery than he might have borrowed from Donne Hobbes has rather replaced the great Dean, yet did not even Hobbes write that strange and tell tale passage on Love? Further, the work is small in amount, and rather rich in tantalizing indications than fully revealing Yet he gives us, as it seems to me, some things I would not be ignorant of, and he wears the Caroline rue with a more than sufficient difference At any rate he supplies a document which ought to have been lodged long ago and I have tried to lodge it here and now

[*The extracts from Clarendon referred to in the Introduction are given in the Malone MS itself, and may be usefully reproduced here —ED*]

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN (says Lord Clarendon in his own Life) was a younger brother of Godolphin, but by the provision left by his father and by the death of a younger brother, liberally supplied for a very good education, and for a cheerful subsistence in any course of life he proposed to himself. There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room, so large an understanding and so unrestrained a fancy, in so very small a body, so that the Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient into his friendship for Mr. Godolphin that he was pleased to be found in his company, where *he* was the properer man, and it may be, the very remarkableness of his little person made the sharpness of his wit and the composed quickness of his judgement and understanding the more notable. He had spent some years in France and in the low countries, and accompanied the earl of Leicester in his embassy into Denmark, before he resolved to be quiet and attend some promotion in the court, where his excellent disposition and manners, and extraordinary qualifications made him very acceptable. Though everybody loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to melancholy and to retirement among his books, and was so far from being active that he was contented to be reproached by his friends with laziness, and was of so nice and tender a composition that a little rain or wind would disorder him and divert him from any short journey [Oxford ed 1843, p. 927 —ED]

His death is thus recorded by the same writer in his *History of the Rebellion*. In those necessary and brisk expeditions in falling upon Chagford, a little town in the south of Devon, before day, the king lost Sidney Godolphin, a young gentleman of incomparable parts, who being of a constitution more delicate and unacquainted with contentions, upon his observation of the wickedness of those men in the house of commons, of which he was a member, out of the pure indignation of his soul against them, and conscience to his country, had, with the first, engaged himself with that party in the west, and though he thought not fit to take command in a profession he had not willingly chosen, yet as his advice was of great authority with all the commanders, being always one in the council of war, and whose notable abilities they had still use of in their civil transactions, so he exposed his person to all action, travel, and hazard, and by too forward engaging himself in this last, received a mortal shot by a musquet, a little above the knee, of which he died on the instant, leaving the misfortune of his death upon a place which could never otherwise have had a mention to the world — This happened about the end of Jan'y [1642-3] [*Ibid* p. 343 —ED]

[*To these it may be well to add the Hobbes passage in the Dedication of Leviathan to Francis Godolphin —ED*]

HONOURED SIR,—Your most worthy brother Mr. Sidney Godolphin, when he lived, was pleased to think my studies something, and otherwise to oblige me, as you know, with real testimonies of his good opinion, great in themselves, and the greater for the worthiness of his person. For there is not any virtue that disposeth a man, either to the service of God, or to the service of his country, to civil society or private friendship, that did not manifestly appear in his conversation, not as acquired by necessity, or affected upon occasion, but inherent, and shining in a generous constitution of his nature. Therefore in honour and gratitude to him, &c. [*Works*, ed Molesworth, III v.—ED]

POEMS FROM MALONE MS.

Psalm 141

LORD, hear the Prayer thou dost
 inspire,
 O Lord, direct both my desire,
 And the success, O may my cries,
 Like thy commanded incense, rise
 On precious sweetness, may my
 prayer
 Be purer than the common air
 May it be like the offering,
 Which thankful souls at evening bring,
 When they unfeigned devotions pay,
 For the past dangers of the day 10
 Let nothing (henceforth) that is vain
 My consecrated lips profane
 Hallow my heart, and guard the
 door,
 Make me thy Temple evermore,
 Let not the beauty of a sin
 Tempt me to let such poison in
 Nor let the erring multitude,
 For company, my soul delude,
 Let me not perish, in their praise,
 But let the righteous, in thy ways 20
 Guide me, and may I thank the hand,
 Although severed, by which I stand
 But let not precious balms be spilt,
 Only to search not heal the guilt,

Give me the ballast of just fear,
 But do not sink me in despair
 Grant rather that I may extend
 My prayers for others, that the end
 Even of the wicked may prevent
 Their everlasting punishment 30
 They to my words will give arresse,
 When broken by their wickedness,
 Fall'n from the heights they stood
 upon
 Built in Imagination
 Are we not all already dead?
 Are we not like bores scatter'd
 Before the grave's mouth, spent and
 worn,
 Seized by a long corruption?
 Lord, from this grave I turn mine
 eye
 To thy blest immortality, 40
 O may the soul thou didst create,
 Praise thee in her eternal state,
 Guide me through all the treachery,
 And snares of my mortality,
 Let not my soul be made their prey,
 Who strew temptations in my way,
 But be they caught in their own net,
 Who these malicious dangers set

S GODOLPHIN

Chorus

VAIN man, born to no happiness,
 But by the title of distress,
 Allied to a capacity
 Of joy, only by misery,
 Whose pleasures are but remedies,
 And best delights but the supplies
 Of what he wants, who hath no sense
 But poverty and indigence
 Is it not pain still to desire
 And carry in our breast this fire? 10
 Is it not deadness to have none,
 And satisfied, are we not stone?

Doth not our chiefest bliss then lie
 Betwixt thirst and satiety,
 In the midway which is alone
 In an half-satisfaction
 And is not love the middle way,
 At which with most delight we stay?
 Desire is total indigence,
 But love is ever a mixt sense 20
 Of what we have, and what we want,
 And though it be a little scant
 Of satisfaction, yet we rest
 In such an half-possession best

141 31 arresse] So MS I do not know what this can be for except 'arrest,'
 in a sense a little extended from that of the Fr *arret*, and = 'the authority of law'
 Chorus] This piece is also in Harl MS

Sidney Godolphin

A half-possession doth supply
 The pleasure of variety,
 And frees us from inconstancy
 By want caused, or satiety,
 He never lov'd, who doth confess
 He wanted aught he doth possess,
 (Love to itself is recompense 31
 Besides the pleasure of the sense)
 And he again who doth pretend
 That surfeited his love took end,
 Confesses in his love's decay
 His soul more mortal than that clay
 Which carries it, for if his mind
 Be in its purest part confin'd,
 (For such love is) and limited,
 'Tis in the rest, dying, or dead 40
 They pass their times in dreams of
 love

When wavering passions gently move,
 Through a calm smooth-fac'd sea
 they pass,
 But in the haven traffic glass
 They who love truly through the
 clime
 Of freezing North and scalding Line,
 Sail to their joys, and have deep
 sense
 Both of the loss, and recompense
 Yet strength of passion doth not
 prove
 Infallibly, the truth of love 50
 Ships, which to-day a storm did find,
 Are since becalm'd, and feel no
 wind 1

S GODOLPHIN

Constancy

LOVE unreturn'd, howe'er the flame
 Seem great and pure, may still
 admit
 Degrees of more, and a new name
 And strength acceptance gives to it
 Till then, by honour there's no tie
 Laid on it, that it ne'er decay,
 The mind's last act by constancy
 Ought to be seal'd, and not the way
 Did aught but Love's perfection bind
 Who should assign at what degree
 Of Love, faith ought to fix the mind
 And in what limits we are free 12

So hardly in a single heart
 Is any love conceived
 That fancy still supplies one part,
 Supposing it received
 When undeceiv'd such love retires
 'Tis but a model lost,
 A draught of what might be expires
 Built but at fancy's cost 20
 Yet if the rain one tear move,
 From Pity not Love sent,
 Though not a palace, it will prove
 The most wisht monument

S GODOLPHIN

Song

OR love me less, or love me more,
 And play not with my liberty,
 Either take all, or all restore,
 Bind me at least, or set me free,

Let me some nobler torture find
 Than of a doubtful wavering mind,
 Take all my peace, but you betray
 Mine honour too this cruel way

30 'All he would possess' Harl MS

¹ This Senecan chorus has some curious expressions in it, especially that at l 44, 'traffic glass' In tone it rather strikingly resembles the work of Lord Stirling in his tragedies And the 'Meditation—[Reply]' (*inf* p 244) may be connected with it

13 So, &c] The change from eights to common measure is extremely noteworthy, this last being the *special* vehicle of this kind of poetry This first draft here gives an almost unique example of comparing the instruments See Introduction

Song

'Tis true that I have nurst before
 That hope of which I now
 complain, 10
 And having little, sought no more,
 Fearing to meet with your disdain
 The sparks of favour you did give,
 I gently blow to make them live
 And yet have gain'd by all this care
 No rest in hope, nor in despair
 I see you wear that pitying smile
 Which you have still vouchsaf't
 my smart,
 Content thus cheaply to beguile
 And entertain an harmless heart

But I no longer can give way 21
 To hope, which doth so little pay,
 And yet I dare no freedom owe
 Whilst you are kind, though but
 in show

Then give me more or give me less,
 Do not disdain a mutual sense,
 Or you un pitying beauties dress
 In their own free indifference
 But show not a severer eye
 Sooner to give me Liberty, 30
 For I shall love the very scorn
 Which for my sake you do put on

S GODOLPHIN

Song¹

'Tis affection but dissembled,
 Or dissembled liberty,
 To pretend thy passion changèd
 With change of thy mistress' eye,
 Following her inconstancy

Hopes which do from favour flourish,
 May perhaps as soon expire
 As the cause which did them
 nourish,
 And disdain'd they may retire, 10
 But Love is another fire

For if beauty cause thy passion,
 If a fair resistless eye
 Melt thee with its soft impression
 Then thy hopes will never die,
 Nor be cur'd by cruelty

'Tis not scorn that can remove thee,
 For thou either wilt not see,
 Such lov'd beauty, not to love thee,
 Or wilt else consent that she
 Judges as she ought of thee 20

Thus thou either canst not sever
 Hope from what appears so fair,
 Or unhappier thou canst never
 Find contentment in despair
 Nor make Love a trifling care

There are soon but few retiring
 Steps in all the paths of Love
 Made by such, who in aspiring
 Meeting scorn, their hopes re-
 move—
 Yet even those ne'er change their
 love 30

S GODOLPHIN

Cloris

CLORIS, may I unhappy prove
 Whenever I do leave to love,
 Or if my love be e'er remov'd
 Then, Cloris, let me not be lov'd
 I nothing more can imprecate,
 But if there be a harder fate,
 Cloris, when I to love give o'er
 Then may I never love thee more.

23 owe] As so often = 'own'

30 even] Perhaps intended to be scanned 'e'en,'¹ On this see Introduction

Sidney Godolphin

Lines ¹

FAIR shadow, stay, may I for ever see
Thy beauty sever'd from thy cruelty,
As in this dream, do not so soon destroy
So dear to me, to you so cheap a joy
See my thoughts now, impute no more to me
My past complaints and infelicity,
As if those needs, fruits of my nature were,
And that in me nothing can grow but care,
Witness with me my yet diffusèd heart
Which your kind image doth not quite depart, 10
That your fair eyes do nowhere else dispense
On matter more prepared, their influence
You will hath planted all the grief I know,
Neglect alone would not so far undo,
Self-flattery would still produce content
If you were but so kind as to consent,
Though not to favour, my whole life had been
Though without harvest, a perpetual Spring
If you had pleased, all nature hath been spent
And a new vigour hath been often lent 20
From the returning heavens, whilst my sun
A voluntary instant course doth run
See how already your kind image flies
My thoughts, and in your scorn, your beauty dies
S GODOLPHIN

To the King and Queen ²

BE all your senses blest with harmony,
Proportion'd objects meet each faculty,
All appetites find such a just supply,
That you may still desire, still satisfy
May present things with present pleasure pay,
Every contentment be entire, and way
To the next joy, may every new success
Recall the past, and make one happiness
May you then all your joys reflected see
In other's breasts, may that reflection be 10
Powerful on you, and though none can project
Beams to reach you, yet what you cause, reflect

¹ These lines run straight on in the MS and have but one signature, though some one has drawn a line - - - - and set a cross But the 'Cloris' is clearly complete in itself, even if the change of metre did not warn us

17-8 been—Spring] Note the rhyme

19 hath] One imagines 'had' but 'often' in the next line is an obstacle.

² See Introduction

To the King and Queen

May you not need the art to multiply
Joys, in the fancy's unsafe flattery,
But may your pleasures be still present, pure,
Diffusive, great, and in their truth, secure

S GODOLPHIN

Triplets

VIRTUE, and you, so intermix that we
Believe you one with safer piety
Than were the knowledge which is you, which she
If you are several, you are several so
That after subtle words a difference show,
Conceits of one must into the other flow
The understanding doth the truth admit
Of your distinction, but straight looseth it,
Painful distraction if it intermit
No place confines [to] here or there fair virtue 10
Present to all in that sense 'tis as true
You are in it, as it is all in you
All services done her give an access
Nearer to you, all who have worthiness
Enough, are rivals, though Antipodes
Yet after all our careful time confer'd
In seeking her, when any is prefer'd,
To see you, she is most her own reward

S GODOLPHIN

Psalm 137

As by the rivers we lay down
Which wash the walls of Babylon,
There we our inward souls felt
grief,
Changing to mourning all relief,
Infecting by our sad despair
The flowery field, the streams, and
air
As we on Syon meditate
Our ruin'd country's captive state,
Our instruments of melody
Disused, neglected, hanging by—
Then, even then, our scornful foes,
The proud inflictors of our woes,
Deny us freedom of our groans

And bid us swallow all our moans,
Command from our hoarse voice
an air
Of joy in this our sad despair
Ah! can we teach our tears to flow
Inwards, and hide in smiles our woe?
Shall our lov'd harp and voice now
be
The hated marks of slavery? 20
O Solymas, ye holy towers,
Ye rivers, fields, ye shades of ours,
Wither my hand, my voice be dry
When I do lose your memory
When ever I one joy put on
During your desolation

Triplets] No title in MS
8 looseth] is of course frequent for 'loseth,' but either will make sense of the very
'metaphysical' kind required by the whole piece
10 to] In orig., but it spoils the metre and does not advantage the meaning.
3 grief] 'grieve'! The noun *could* be forced into sense, but only *vi et armis*

Sidney Godolphin

Thou Babylon, which now dost boast
 All bowels of compassion lost,
 Though careless when we do complain
 Know thou hast yet a sense for pain 30
 Thrice happy who exacts from thee
 The measure of our misery
 How thy swol'n rivers then will rise,

When thou pay'st back unto our eyes
 The floods of tears which they have shed
 And all the streams which we have bled '
 Then will Euphrates purpled run
 With thy blood, cruel Babylon,
 Thy children's cries will fill the air
 And none shall pity their despair 40

S GODOLPHIN

A Ballet

AMARILLIS a late
 And too loving bride,
 Sad that her dear mate
 Should part from her side,
 And grieving to want
 What only she loves,
 Did follow unseen
 Her friend to the groves
 And seeking her shepherd
 In every shade, 10
 First meeting his voice
 Overheard what he said
 'Thou joy of my life,
 First love of my youth,
 Thou safest of pleasures
 And fullest of truth,
 Thou purest of Nymphs
 And never more fair,
 Breathe this way and cool me,
 Thou pitying Air ' 20
 Come hither and hover
 On every part,
 Thou life of my sense
 And joy of my heart '
 Poor Amarillis,
 As soon as her fears
 The words of the shepherd
 Convey'd to her ears,
 Her hands and her eye
 To heaven doth move,
 As full of her grief 30
 As before of her love
 Believing her shepherd
 Had made this fond prayer
 To some rival Nymph,
 And not to the Air

She says in herself,
 ' Ah ' too too unkind,
 Whom neither thy vows
 Nor my loyalty bind, 40
 Those moods could not show thee
 Such truth without art,
 These deserts have taught thee
 So savage a heart
 Bend hither thine arrows
 If they seek a prey,
 Or if you seek love
 Then this is the way '
 The shepherd who heard
 The leaves as she mov'd, 50
 Makes ready a shaft
 To shoot in the wood
 And sending an arrow
 Not guided by sight,
 Doth pierce the poor Nymph
 With the too cruel flight
 She pardons, but prays him
 Though never so fair,
 Her place may be never
 Succeeded by Air 60
 The shepherd confused
 With his terrible fate,
 The wood, and the air,
 And himself he doth hate
 He swears that he wooed
 But the breath of the wind,
 And that Amarillis
 Was then in his mind
 She hears the mistake,
 He curses his dart, 70
 She dies in her limbs,
 Revived in her heart

Shepherd, we do not see our looks

Song

DAMON

SHEPHERD, we do not see our looks
Best ever in the purest brooks
Do not despise
Thine own shape and thy careful
face
See thyself in some other glass
Than her fair eyes

SHEPHERD

Damon, no other streams reflect
Truly as these mine own aspect
And worthless face
Yet all the pleasures others make 10
Themselves in beauty, I do take
In my fair glass

DAMON

Shepherd, it were a happiness
If you could then your figure miss,
Not well exprest
Seeking yourself with too much care
You leave the image of your fear
In her fair breast

SHEPHERD

Damon, I hope no happiness
But what already I possess, 20
Received thus near
Yet I confess, though not so vain
As one poor hope to entertain,
I still have fear

S GODOLPHIN

Epistle

SIR,

WHEN your known hand, and style,
and name

Into the camp of Wanton came,
And that the Greeks with one
consent

Had read the lines which Troy had
sent,

They all agreed, the Oracle
Was only wise enough to tell
What bold pen should the answer
make

And danger, mixt with honour, take
The Delphic messengers relate
That Mason is the choice of fate, 10
And though most Greeks could better
wield

A sword than he, yet for a shield,
Ajax himself must give him place,
And therefore fittest in this case
But, sir, alas! whilst harmless I
Thought to fulfil this destiny,
A nearer fate which none could dread,
Nor yet foresee, hangs o'er my head
That idle book which I of late

Read with some fear, but with more
hate, 20

(Yet not suspecting that in time
The reading it would grow a crime)
Since proves a libel, and all eyes
That have but seen it, at th' assize
Must answer make — Sir, I protest
Most fearfully this is no jest
But, sir, the way to this assize
By Wells first, and the Bishop lies,
Who sends for all, whom any fame
Accuses, (and 'mongst them my name)
That they have once but cast a look
Upon this guilty-making book 32
Ned Drew hath his appearance
sworn

And for that paid a full half-crown
Sir, I should less fear this ill day,
If that his Lordship would not
stray
From that one point, but what man
knows
Whether he may not list to pose,
And overthrow a life divine,
Show his own learning, or try mine?

Epistle] No title in MS

38 pose] Not in the modern sense, though this would do; but in the older of 'start
a puzzling question'

9 Delphic] Orig 'Delphique'

Sidney Godolphin

If in a wanton strength, I say, 41
He should but offer at that play,
The Tower of Pitcombe then would
quake,
The yew tree all her leaves would
shake

Sir, I too long have tir'd your ears
With the harsh jars of my own fears,
I fear no one thing now, but all
That ever curate did befall

S GODOLPHIN

Meditation—[Reply]

UNHAPPY East—not in that awe
You pay your Lords, whose will is
Law,

But in your own unmanly reign
On the soft sex, and proud disdain,
What state would bring the value
down

Of treasure which is all their own?
Their thoughts to worthless objects
move

Who thus suppress the growth of
love—

Love that extends the high desire,
Love that improves the manly fire,
And makes the price of Beauty rise
And all our wishes multiplies, 12
Such high content dwells not in sense,
Nor can the captiv'd fair dispense
Such sweets as these, no servile
Dame

Can with her beauty feed this flame,
Such joys as these requires a heart
In which no other love hath part
Ah, who would prize his Liberty
(This faint weak pleasure to be free)
Dear as the wounds which Love can
give, 21

The bond in which such servants live,
Who list in wand'ring loose desire
Vary his love, disperse his fire,
Aim at no more than to repeat
The thirst of sense, and quench that
heat

Let my collected passion rise
All and to one a sacrifice
I fear not her discerning breast
Should be with other love imprest,
Be to the proud resign'd a prey, 31
Or to the loud, or to the gay
Why should distorted nature prove
More lovely than my humble love?
What taught the elder times success
In Love, but Love, and humbleness?
The Nymphs resign'd their virgin
fears

To nothing but the Shepherd's tears
Nature with wise distrust doth arm
And guard that tender sex from
harm,

Long waiting Love doth passage find
Into the slow believing mind 42
Jove, when he would with Love
comply,

Is said to lay his thunder by
Too rough he thinks the shape of
man,

Now in the softness of a swan,
Now like another Nymph appears,
And so beguiles Calisto's fears
By force he could have soon
comprest

That which contents the ruder East,
But he by this diviner art 51
Makes conquest of the heavenly
part

S GODOLPHIN

44 yew] Orig 'ewe'

Meditation] This in *T P* is entitled 'For Love' In MS it is simply 'Reply' It seems to answer something (*v sup.* p 238)

22 The bond] Tixall 'those bonds'

23 list] Tixall 'tost' Text combined

24 his] Tixall 'their' in some places

49 could] Tixall 'would'

comprest] I must note the extraordinary coincidence (though it can be nothing but a coincidence) of Gray's

In the caverns of the *West*

By Odin's fierce embrace comprest

No more unto my thoughts appear

Quatrains¹

No more unto my thoughts appear,
At least appear less fair,
For crazy tempers justly fear
The goodness of the air

Whilst your pure image hath a place
In my impurer mind,
Your very shadow is the glass
Where my defects I find

Shall I not fly that brighter light
Which makes my fires look pale, 10
And put that virtue out of sight
Which makes mine none at all?

No, no, your picture doth impart
Such value, I not wish
The native worth to any heart
That 's unadorn'd with this

Though poorer in desert I make
Myself, whilst I admire,
The fuel which from Hope I take
I give to my Desire 20

If this flame lighted from your eyes
The subject do calcine,
A heart may be your sacrifice
Too weak to be your shrine

S GODOLPHIN

Quatrains²

SOFT and sweet airs, whose gentle
gales
Swell, but do slackly swell our sails,
And only such to Heaven convey,
Whom their own side doth waft that
way

Instructing them in happiness
Who were before in ken of bliss—
Though only saints do hear and
see

The angels in your harmony
Yet even from us ill spirits fly [ee']
When by such charms, uncharm'd
we be, 10

I he unprepar'd this grace do find,
Ye cool and do refresh the mind
But the more peaceful souls and
free

Meet with their own your harmony
Sometimes surpris'd, then do prevent
The less harmonious Instrument

Soft airs, ye gently fan a fire
Of pure unmixt thoughts, which
aspire

So of themselves I do not know
Whether to you they aught can
owe 20

S GODOLPHIN

Epistle

THAT you may see your letters, use
Both to transfer your verse and
muse,
And bring with them so fresh a heat
Able new Poems to beget,

Yet such as may no more compare
With yours, than echoing voices
dare—

I from my prose and Friday time
Cannot but send thus much in rhyme

*Quatrains*¹] Also in Harl MS
16 unadorn'd] H 'not adorned'
Epistle] No title in MS

10 look pale] H 'go pale'
*Quatrains*²] No title in MS
8 rhyme] Orig 'ryme

Sidney Godolphin

Sir, your grave Author had no cause
 To give our sense of seeing, laws, 10
 For sure ill eyes will sooner need
 Medicines to judge of greyhound's
 speed,
 Than other rules, since who is he
 So inward blind as not to see
 That overtaking, going by,
 Doth clearly show where odds doth
 lie
 Nor hath the eye an object more
 Distinct than this in all its power
 All judgements else (I think) but this
 A little too uncertain is, 20
 To overrule a favouring eye
 And partial minds to satisfy
 And I count nothing victory,
 But when all clamour too doth die,
 In all Romances, the good knight
 With monsters (after men) doth
 fight.

Then you have fully got the field
 When Philip and James white do
 yield,
 So likewise nothing can adorn
 Our triumph, but your captur'd
 horn 30
 You have no cause to fear that we
 Will still appeal to Salisbury,
 The Paddock Course, and dieting
 Shall we for Wanton say a thing
 Which for the worst cur might be said
 Which ever yet in slip was led?
 No, from a straight course at the
 hare
 Lies no appeal at any bar,
 In one thing only I foresee
 Wanton will still unhappy be 40
 Snap will live in your poetry
 When Wanton, and my verses, die

S GODOLPHIN

To the tune of 'In faith I cannot keep my Father's Sheep'

CLORIS, it is not thy disdain
 Can ever cover with despair,
 Or in cold ashes hide that care
 Which I have fed with so long pain
 I may perhaps mine eyes refrain,
 And fruitless words no more impart,
 But yet still serve, still serve thee in
 my heart
 What though I spend my hapless
 days
 In finding entertainments out,
 Careless of what I go about, 10
 Or seek my peace in skilful ways,

Applying to my eyes new rays
 Of beauty, and another flame
 Unto my heart, my heart is still the
 same
 'Tis true that I could love no face
 Inhabited by cold disdain,
 Taking delight in other's pain
 Thy looks are full of native grace,
 Since then by chance scorn there
 hath place
 'Tis to be hop'd I may remove 20
 This scorn one day, one day by
 endless Love

S GODOLPHIN

Hymn

LORD, when the wise men came from
 far,
 Led to Thy cradle by a star,
 Then did the shepherds too rejoice,

Instructed by thy Angel's voice
 Blest were the wise men in their skill
 And shepherds in their harmless
 will

28 Philip and James] *May day*, or is this too late for coursing 'P and J *White* ?
Hymn] No title in MS
 5 wise men] MS here and elsewhere in one word

Hymn

Wise men in tracing Nature's laws
Ascend unto the highest Cause,
Shepherds with humble fearfulness
Walk safely, though their Light be

Life

Though wise men better know the
way

It seems no honest heart can stray

There is no merit in the wise

But Love, (the shepherds' sacrifice)

Wise men, all ways of knowledge
past,

To the shepherds' wonder come at
last

To know can only wonder breed,

And not to know is wonder's seed

A wise man at the altar bows

And offers up his studied vows, 20

And is received,—may not the tears,

Which spring too from a shepherd's
fears,

And sighs upon his frailty spent,
Though not distinct, be eloquent?

'Tis true, the object sanctifies

All passions which within us rise,

But since no creature comprehends

The Cause of causes, End of ends,

He who himself vouchsafes to know

Best pleases his Creator so 30

When, then, our sorrows we apply

To our own wants and poverty,

When we look up in all distress

And our own misery confess,

Sending both thanks and prayers
above—

Then, though we do not know, we
love.

S GODOLPHIN¹

A Farewell

ADIEU thys is no cheape ayre

'Tis my soules selfe I thus breathe awaye

Sorrow doth its place supply

It kils but gives no leave to dy

Greife wh from hence did my life fyrst expell

Hear an usurping soule doth dwell

And I am long lived now how free from fate

Alas is hee whom woe doth animate

Disraye is of hys syde, ruinn doth fitt

The house to give that soule more roome in it

S G

¹ On the same page, underneath the signature, are the following lines, in different handwriting

Absence and Death have but this difference,
Absence a torture is, Death free from sense
Then let me die, if I must part from thee,
Since only death can from that torment free

A Farewell] No title in MS This and the next are in a somewhat different hand from most of the pieces and the present text is extremely corrupt I have therefore given it exactly, that anybody who likes may adjust it, and as a specimen

Sidney Godolphin

On Sir F. Carew

No way unworthy of his fair descent,
Careless of that brave life which we lament,
All the good ends of living here acquir'd,
Much lov'd, much honour'd, and how much desir'd !
His virtue past, all trials shining far,
Bright in the brightest sphere of fame, the war,
Submitting gladly to that fate which oft
He had so boldly, and so bravely fought —
Here Carew lies, but (Reader) may that name
Not move thy tears, but warm thee with like flame

S GODOLPHIN

[Sir Ferdinando Carey, a Lieutenant Colonel of the Low Countries, a brave man,—
died here suddenly of a lethargy, a most over grown man with fat —Letter from Mr
Garrard to Lord Strafford, May 10, 1638—Straff Lett u 164 *Note in MS—Ed*]

EPITAPH ON LADY RICH

In Gauden's *Funerals made Cordials*, p 124 (London, 1658)

POSSEST of all that nature could bestow,
All we can wish to be, or seek to know,
Equal to all the patterns that our mind
Can frame of good, beyond the good we find
All beauties which have power to bless the sight,
Mixed with transparent virtue's greater light—
At once producing love and reverence,
The admiration of the soul and sense
The most discerning thoughts, the calmest breast,
Most apt to pardon, needing pardon least,
The largest mind, and which did most extend
To all the laws of Daughter, Wife, and Friend,
The most allowed example by what line
To live, what part to follow, what decline,
Who best all distant virtues reconciled—
Strict, cheerful, humble, great, severe, and mild,
Constantly pious to her latest breath,
Not more a pattern in her life than death —
The Lady Rich lies here more frequent tears
Have never honour'd any tomb than hers

10

20

THE PASSION OF DIDO FOR AENEAS

As it is incomparably expressed in the Fourth
Book of VIRGIL¹

Translated by S GODOLPHIN and E WALLER, Esqrs

Ubi quid datur oti,
Illudo chartis Hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitis unum —HOR 1 1 Sat 4

THE ARGUMENT

DIDO was espoused a virgin to Sichaeus, and both lived happy in their mutual love, until her brother Pygmalion, who was then King of Tyre, the place of their abode, by some close treachery slew Sichaeus in hopes to possess of his great wealth, and to dispose of his wife, all which, her husband's ghost appearing in her sleep, discovered, telling her also where he had hid a considerable treasure, of which Pygmalion knew not This she took, and, in the company of such friends she could best trust, and most hated the tyrant, fled from thence, to seek her fortune in some safer place At length arriving on the shore of Libya, partly for money, partly by the favour of some neighbour princes, affected with her beauty, and the hope to obtain her in marriage, she got possession of that ground where the famous city of Carthage was afterwards built, whose foundation she had not only laid, but made some good progress in the structure, when the wandering Trojan Aeneas was by tempest shipwrecked on some part of

her dominion His great fame, good mien, and well relating of his story, prevailed so with her that she not only repaired his ships, and feasted him and his company with great magnificence, but let him so far into her affection, that she esteemed him (at least did not doubt but to make him) her husband, when his necessary pursuit of other designs occasioned his sudden departure, and her tragedy

This Fourth Book, describing only her passion, deep sense of his ingratitude, and her death, has been always esteemed the best piece of the best of poets, has been translated into all languages, and in our days at least ten times, by several pens, into English It is freely left to the reader, which he will prefer

This was done (all but a very little) by that incomparable person, as well for virtue as wit, Mr Sidney Godolphin, only for his own diversion, and with less care, than so exact a judgement as his would have used, if he had intended it should have ever been made public

MEANWHILE the Queen, fanning a secret fire
In her own breast, revolves her deep desire,
She oft reflects upon the princely grace
Of great Aeneas, and that noble race
From whence he springs her wounded fancy feeds
On his discourse, his high heroic deeds

¹ The important variations in Malone MS are given in the following pages It is possible that the alterations were Waller's (see last sentence of Argument) or even Dryden's own See note at end

Sidney Godolphin

His words, his looks, her waking thoughts employ,
 And when she sleeps, she sees him with more joy,
 But seldom sleeps for when the shades of night
 Had left their empire to the rising light, 10
 Folding her sister in her arms, she says,
 'What unacquainted thoughts, what dreams are these?
 How great a guest within our walls we hold,
 How wise in counsel, and in arms how bold?
 The mortal seed of man acknowledge fear,
 But this brave Prince his equal mind doth bear
 Above all chance Did not my changeless vow,
 And mine own will, engage me to allow
 No other love, my first affection dead, 20
 And with the soul of my Sichaeus fled
 Were not all joys grown tasteless, and the name
 Of love offensive, since I lost that flame,
 I might perhaps indulge this one desire,
 For, Anna, I confess since funeral fire
 Embrac'd Sichaeus, this first beam of light
 Hath offered comfort to so dark a night,
 Unwonted motions in my thoughts retriev'd,
 I find and feel the brand of care reviv'd
 But may the earth, while yet alive, devour 30
 This hapless frame, and Jove his thunder pour
 Upon my head, and sink me to that shade,
 That silent deep, whence no return is made,
 Before I do those sacred knots untie,
 Which bind me to so dear a memory
 He first unto my soul this ardour gave,
 And may he hold it in his quiet grave'
 This said, she weeps afresh Anna replies,
 'O chiefly lov'd, and dearer than mine eyes,
 Sad and alone for ever will you waste 40
 Your verdant youth, nor nature's bounties taste
 In their due season? think you that the dead
 In their cold urns welcome the tears we shed?
 What though no pray'rs have yet had power to move
 Your thoughts, to entertain a second love,
 Yet will you now with your own heart contest?
 Nor give admittance to a pleasing guest?
 Consider where this new plantation lies,
 And amidst whom these walls of Carthage rise
 Here the Getulians, fierce Numidians there,
 On either side engage your watchful fear 50
 Propitious heav'ns, it seems, and Juno, lead,
 These Trojans here with so desir'd an aid

MS] 9 No 'for' 12 'with' for 'what' 16 'rear' for 'bear' 25 'the'
 for 'this' 27 'Diswonted' and 'retriv'd' 28 'feel' for 'find' 29 'whilst'
 for 'while' (and so often) 30 'or' for 'and' 32 'wher' for 'whence'
 40 'bounty' 41 'seasons' 50 'wakefull' 51 'Heaven' and 'ledd'

The Passion of Dido for Aeneas

This match will mix your fortunes, and advance
 The Tyrian State above all force or chance
 Invoke the powers above, with soft delay
 Engage the Dardan Prince to longer stay
 'Till the swol'n seas and winds their fury spend,
 And calmer gales his purposes attend'

This speech revives the courage of the dame,
 And through her burning veins dilates the flame 60
 First to the holy temple they repair,
 And seek indulgence from above by prayer,
 Law-giving Ceres, Phoebus they invoke,
 But above all do Venus' altars smoke.

Propitious to the bands of love, the Queen
 With her own hands, the heifer's horns between,
 Pours the full bowls, or 'midst the sacrifice
 Intentive walks As the rich odours rise
 Fresh gifts she brings, and with a thoughtful brain 70
 Surveys the panting livers of the slain,
 Blind prophesies, vain altars, bootless prayer,
 How little help they! while so near a care
 Presses the Queen, and mingled with her blood
 Spreads secret poison through the purple flood
 The hapless Dido is enrag'd by love,
 And with uncertain thoughts doth wildly move

So when a shepherd's roving arrows find
 And pierce (to him unknown) some careless hind,
 She flies thro' woods, and seeks the streams, opprest,
 The deadly arrow rankles in her breast 80

Now to the walls she leads her Trojan chief,
 And with this food she entertain'd her grief
 Shows the Sidonian wealth, and, as she speaks,
 Her own discourse (by care diverted) breaks,
 The evening closes with another feast,
 And there again sh' invites the princely guest
 To tell his dangers past, and there again
 She drinks together deeper love and pain

But when the Prince (night's darker ensign spread,
 And sleepy dew upon all mortals shed) 90
 Doth bid farewell, she waking there alone
 Deserted mourns that her dear guest is gone,
 Or keeps Ascanius in her arms, to prove
 If likeness can delude her restless love
 Meanwhile her stately structures slowly rise,
 Half-finish'd Carthage rude and broken lies

MS.] 54 'Trojan' 55 'Implore' 57 Om 'winds' 61 'temples'
 64 'Junoës' 65 'bondes' 70 'fivers,' which might (see *N E D*) be
 'fibres,' but is probably a misprint 80 mortal' for 'deadly' 81 'the'
 Trojan' 82 'entertains' 86 Om 'sh' 87 'the dangers' 91 'then'
 for 'there' 92 'Love' for 'guest'

Sidney Godolphin

That high design, to heav'n[s] exalted frame,
 Confus'd appears, and like a ruin lame
 Which when survey'd by Juno from above,
 And that the Queen neglects her fame for love, 100
 Approaching Venus, thus Saturnia says
 'What ample trophies, never dying praise,
 To you and to your Cupid will be paid,
 That two such gods one woman have betray'd?
 I know with what design you us'd this art,
 Planting Aeneas thus in Dido's heart,
 Suspecting lest these walls of ours might prove
 Faithless to him, if not secur'd by love
 But shall this partial quarrel never cease?
 May we not now fix on eternal peace? 110
 Fair Dido loves, and feels your golden dart,
 Give but like ardour to Aeneas' heart,
 And we will rule this state with equal power,
 And give the Trojan Carthage for a dower'
 Venus replies (seeing the wife of Jove
 To cross the height of Roman greatness strove
 With this deceit) 'What madness can refuse
 Friendship with you, where you a friendship choose?
 But whether Jove will favour this design,
 And the great people in one empire join, 120
 His in your prayers, who are his wife, doth lie'
 Juno returns 'Impose this task on me,
 For what is now in hand, let this suffice
 The Trojan Prince with this unhappy prize,
 The wounded Queen, to chase the flying deer,
 Soon as the beams of morning-light appear,
 Hies to the fields, there, on the godly train,
 A dark'ning shower I'll pour of hail and rain,
 Shake heav'n with thunder, while the pale troops ride
 Disperst with fear, and lost without a guide 130
 One cave in her dark bosom shall afford
 Shelter to Dido and the Trojan lord,
 And if, as I, propitious to their love
 You shine, this shall their hymeneal prove,
 All rites shall here be done' Venus with smiles
 Consents, but laughs within at Juno's wiles
 The morning come, early at light's first ray
 The gallant youth rise with the cheerful day
 Sharp javelins in their hands, their coursers by,
 They walk amidst the hounds' impatient cry 140

MS] 97 'erected' 107 'that myne' for 'lest ours' 112 'the
 Trojan's heart' 113 'mutuall for 'equal' 114 'Phrigean' 120 'this
 great' 122 'replies' 124 'his' for 'this' 126 'morning beams of light'
 127 'this goodly' 128 'I'll power a darkening storme of haile and raine'
 132 'her Trojan' 137 'as light s

The Passion of Dido for Aeneas

Nearer the gates the Tyrian peers attend,
And wait the Queen now ready to descend
Her prouder steed, as fill'd with high disdain,
Stamps the dull earth, and chaws the frothy rein
Mounted at last, her golden quiver on
Tid up with gold, her hair which gold-like shone,
Her purple garment, clasped with gold, in head
Of her fair troop, the brighter Queen doth lead
With these the Trojans, and their great chief, close
As one fair stream into another flows 150
He like Apollo in his light and heat,
When he returns unto his native seat
Of Delos, and fresh verdure doth restore,
Forsaking Xanthus and the Lycian shore
Thus he on Cynthus' tops, his own retreat,
Securely walks, thus welcome and thus great,
The Dryopeans and the Cretans by,
So doth his quiver clash, not less than he
Aeneas shines, like beauty's in his face,
And in his motions like attractive grace 160
While thus they climb the pathless hills, the cry
Pursues the fearful herds, which headlong fly
Down to the vales, and on the boundless plain
A longer chase in view of all maintain
But glad Ascanius spurs his willing horse,
Now these, now those, out-passing in the course,
He wishes some incensèd boar his prey,
Or lion from the hills would cross his way
Meanwhile the gathering clouds obscure the pole,
They flash out lightning, and in thunder roll 170
A bitter storm succeeds, the troops divide,
And o'er the hills dispers'd to coverts ride
One cave in her dark bosom doth afford
Shelter to Dido and the Trojan lord
Heaven shines with fire, earth shakes at this success,
The conscious air is fill'd with prodigies
This was the hour, which gave the fatal blow,
The pregnant spring of all succeeding woe
Tender respects no more have power to move
The hapless Queen, no more she hides her love, 180
But doth her crime express with Hymen's name,
And lives expos'd a theme to various fame
Fame, the most swift of ills, which in her course
And motion spreads, and flying gathers force,
Sprung from a scarce discernèd seed, doth tread
On the low ground, but lifts to heav'n her head

MS] 141 'Trojan' 144 'Pawes' and 'champs' 146 'Wound up'
148 'the fair' 163 'dales' 181 'But doth excuse it with chast H'
184 'Dilated' for 'And motion'

Sidney Godolphin

She (as 'tis said) was of that monstrous birth,
 The latest sister, which the teeming earth
 Brought forth, to war with heav'n itself alone
 Surviving all her brothers overthrown 190
 Thousands of plumes advance her easy flight,
 As many eyes enlarge her piercing sight,
 As many ears to catch reports, and then
 As many tongues to spread those tales again
 I he silent night cannot the voice allay
 Of this ill-boding dame, in the bright day
 She sits upon the city walls a spy,
 And takes delight all fears to multiply
 She now through Libya's empire doth diffuse
 Talk of Aeneas, and th' unwelcome news 200
 Of Dido's love, that he, late fled from Troy,
 Such envy'd power and greatness doth enjoy
 This the light dame proclaims in ev'ry ear,
 And to Iarbas doth the message bear,
 Iarbas, who had felt fair Dido's scorn,
 Jove's son, of ravish'd Garamantis born,
 Who hallowed had to his great father's name
 An hundred altars, which together flame
 With ceaseless incense to the powers above,
 Eternal fires, pledges of humble love 210
 Mad with the news, the Libyan monarch lays
 Prostrate himself before the throne, and says,
 'All-powerful Jove, propitious to the Moors,
 Whom Libya more than any land adores,
 Beholdst thou this? or doth in vain our fear
 Ascribe just vengeance to the I hunderer?
 She, who a stranger with our leave hath gain'd
 Possession here, from us the power obtain'd
 To plant a town, hath thought herself above
 The price and merit of our ardent love, 220
 Yet now with joy receives into our land
 The flying Trojan and his conquer'd band,
 Resigns to him her beauty, fame, and power,
 Prefers the Phrygian to the scornèd Moor
 Is this our pay, our recompense, while we
 Consume our flocks in sacrifice to thee?'
 While thus he pours his grief before the shrines
 And sacred altars, mighty Jove inclines,
 Looking on Carthage, and the amorous pair,
 Who in their pleasure quench all nobler care, 230

MS] 189 'Produced to warr' 191 'Millions of Plumbs'! 199 'defuse'
 202 'beauty doth' 203 'every' (there is a marked tendency in the printed
 poem to apostrophation) 206 'Garamante' 212 'His prostrate face before
 high Heaven' 215 'our vainer fear' (this seems better). 229 'And seeing
 Carthage' 230 'pleasures noble'

The Passion of Dido for Aeneas

He thus bespeaks his swift ambassador,
‘Go, son, and hie thee to the Tyrian shore,
And to the Dardan Prince (whose generous fire
Is now betrayed by love, and low desire)
This message bear ’Twas not this destiny
His fairest mother promis’d us, when she
Preserv’d him from the powerful arms of Greece,
She gave us then far other hopes than these,
That he from conquer’d Alba should extend
His empire to the world’s remotest end, 240
And spread the fame of Teucer’s mighty race
If in his thoughts these honours have no place,
If he have lost all sense of high renown,
Ah! can he yet envy the towers of Rome
To his Ascanius, and fair Latium’s sway?
This message to the Phrygian Prince convey,
And bid him hoise his sails’ Swift Mercury
Takes the command, and through the air doth fly,
His shining wings of gold, and in his hand
The ensign of his power, his sacred wand, 250
That wand which long-clos’d eyes doth bless with light,
And seals up others in eternal night
With this he cuts the air, and yielding clouds,
At length sees Atlas’ top, Atlas which shrouds
His pine-crown’d head in heaven, and doth sustain
Incessant storms of new-form’d wind and rain
Here first he stoops low as the earth, and then
Employs his wings with all their speed again
’Till, the vast seas o’erpast and Libya’s sands,
He slacks his course at Carthage, and there lands 260
Where when arriv’d he finds the Trojan King
Viewing the walls, intent in ordering
The strength and beauty of the new-raisd town,
To whom the wing’d Cyllenius thus begun
‘Ah, too too mindless of your own affairs,
Your thoughts immerst in less concerning cares,
Can you in Tyrian wealth and greatness joy,
And Carthage build, forgetful of your Troy?
Great Jove, who rules and fills the spacious all,
The ever-moving spheres, the fix’d ball, 270
Sends me to ask, with what unblessed design
You do the hopes of better fates resign,
And glory due to Teucer’s mighty race?
If in your thoughts these honours have no place,
If you have lost all sense of high renown,
Ah, can you yet envy the towers of Rome
To your Ascanius, and fair Latium’s sway?’
Hermes (this said) returns the airy way

MS] 238 ‘this’ for ‘these’
273 ‘glories’ 276 ‘All’ (!)

243 Om ‘have’

269 ‘this’ for ‘the’

Sidney Godolphin

He came, but cold amazement doth surprise
 Aeneas' speechless tongue and fixèd eyes 280
 His pious fears urge him in haste to fly
 The too-lov'd land and dear captivity
 But this resolv'd, what way is left t'infuse
 Th' unhappy Queen with this unwelcome news?
 A thousand counsels wander in his mind,
 Now here, now there, successively inclin'd,
 This he prefers, he calls Eurylochus,
 The bold Cloanthus, trusted Mnestheus,
 Gives them in charge that they the fleet prepare,
 Gather their troops, but yet disguise their care, 290
 That he, meanwhile, will to the Queen impart
 At some fit time his much divided heart
 Or when his canvas-wings are spread to fly,
 Impute to heav'n the sad necessity
 Thus he resolves, and thus commands these peers,
 But nothing can escape the wakeful fears
 Of the enamour'd Queen, whose tender breast
 Presages all, by the first change imprest,
 Before the ill arrives Already fame
 (Which lately did the Libyan Prince inflame) 300
 Now takes delight to spread this ill report,
 That the glad Phrygians to their ships resort,
 Preparing flight The jealous Queen pursues
 Through every part the much-amazing news
 The more she hears, the more enrag'd with grief,
 She thus at last invades the Trojan chief
 'Could thy dissembling heart consent to fly
 This hatred land in cruel secrecy?
 Perfidious man, canst thou so soon remove
 The bands of vows, and dearer bands of love? 310
 Nor spare one word? nor shed one tear, to save
 My life descending to the cruel grave?
 Why yet in winter to the storming main
 Dost thou expose thy wandering fleet again?
 Cruel and false! didst thou not seek a land
 Unknown? Did now the ancient Ilium stand,
 Were this a time through hazards such as these
 To seek thy Troy, through winter winds and seas?
 Whom dost thou fly? By these unfeignèd tears
 I do adjure thee, by these loving fears, 320
 By my own life, or (what is more) by thine,
 By all that hath oblig'd thee yet of mine,
 Pity my fall, and show at least some grace
 To these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place

MS] 283 'to'infuse' 290 'the troops' 298 'ill' (which seems better)
 308 'hated' (no doubt correctly) 310 'bondes' (as before) 311 'or shed'
 312 'My wretched life', om 'cruel' 313 'stormy' 320 'conjure'
 321 'myne'

The Passion of Dido for Aeneas

For thee, the hate and envy I support
 Of the Numidians and the Libyan court,
 For thee I have displeas'd my own, and lost
 That modesty, which I alone could boast,
 That better fame, by which I had surviv'd
 My funeral fire, and after death had liv'd
 What have I left, or whither shall I fly? 330
 Shall I attend Pygmalion's cruelty?
 Or 'till Iarbas do in fetters lead
 The proud despiser of his love and bed?
 I never could have thought myself undone,
 Had but kind heaven indulg'd me with a son
 Resembling thee, in whose (though childish) face
 I might retrieve thy look and princely grace'
 Sad Dido pauses here The Trojan chief
 Restrains within the motions of his grief, 340
 Then thus replies 'You never can repeat,
 Great Queen, the sum of my unquestion'd debt
 Nor while my active soul informs this frame,
 Ever shall I forget Eliza's name
 I urge no more, let it suffice that I
 In thankless silence never meant to fly,
 Nor did I ever to those bonds pretend
 Which now you charge me as a faithless friend,
 Had I been trusted to design my fate,
 When Troy betray'd fell by the Grecians' hate, 350
 I from the ashes of that dear lov'd town
 Had there restor'd another Ilium
 But now the Lycian oracle commands,
 Apollo now assigns th' Ausonian lands,
 And thither bids us send our thoughts and care,
 And only fix our expectation there
 Fair Carthage you and your own work survey,
 A stranger born, a foreign sceptre sway
 And shall it be a crime (alas!) if we
 Desire at last to rest in Italy? 360
 No night doth pass in which I do not see
 The old Anchises' image beck'ning me,
 Nor is there day in which I not reflect
 On my Ascanius, and that lov'd aspect
 To whom by fate th' Hesperian town is due
 Hither of late Jove's wing'd herald flew,
 Nor did he in delusive dreams appear,
 Awake, I did the angry message hear
 Then, fairest Queen, do not this fate withstand
 Unwillingly I leave your happy land' 370

MS] 326 'Lician' 331 'and whither' 337 'childlesse' (of course
 wrongly) 338 'looks' 343 'And whilst' 344 'I never shall'
 348 'would charge' 351 'dearest' 362 'good Anch' 365 'crowne'
 370 'this happy'

Sidney Godolphin

While thus he talks, the much-distemper'd dame,
Incens'd within, breaks forth into this flame

'Nor wert thou of the gentle goddess' breed,
Nor art thou sprung from great Anchises' seed,
Perfidious man! but from some savage stock,
Hewn from the marble of some mountain rock
For why should I disguise this height of ill,
And still deceiv'd, expect new favour still?
Did he let fall one pitying word, one tear?
Or did he with one sigh my passion hear?

380

What shall I do? for now, alas! I see
That neither Juno deigns to favour me
Nor Jove himself looks down with equal eyes,
The earth is faithless, faithless are the skies

Shipwreck'd and cast upon the barren shore,
Pursu'd by cruel fates, forsaken, poor,
I gave thee harbour in my simple breast,
Ah! ill-advis'd, ah! too-unmindful guest
I sav'd thy fleet, thy friends, and faithless thee,
But now (forsooth) Apollo's augury,

390

The oracles are urged to incite,
And angry Jove commands thy sudden flight
Is heav'n concern'd, doth care of human fate
Disturb the calmness of th' immortal state?
Thou hear'st me not, regardless of my cry
Go then, and through the seas seek Italy,
Through the deaf seas, and through the angry wind,
And such compassion as thou usest find
There may'st thou call on Dido's name in vain,
I'll follow thee, be present in thy pain
And when cold death shall this mixt frame divide,
My ghost shall lacquey by thy frightened side
Thou dearly shalt repent, the news of this
Shall overtake my soul, and give it bliss'

400

Nor waiting answer from the Prince she flies,
And wishes she had power to shun all eyes,
But fainting soon, and to her chamber led,
She threw herself upon her ivory bed

Pious Aeneas, though his noble breast,
Soft'ned by love, was with much grief oppress'd,
Though fain he would with gentle words assuage
The Queen's high passion, and divert her rage,
Suspends not yet his heaven-inspired care,
But does his fleet without delay prepare
The Trojans ply the work, the busy main
Is fill'd with noise, the ships now float again
On every side are seen descending down
Long troops, which bring provision from the town

410

MS] 373 'bred'
398 'showest, find'

388 'and too unmindful'
401 'cold earth'

397 'raging wind'
408 'throwes', 414 'doeth'

The Passion of Dido for Aeneas

So when the winter-fearing ants invade
Some heaps of corn the husbandman had made, 420
The sable army marches, and with prey
Laden return, pressing the leafy way,
Some help the weaker, and their shoulders lend,
Others the order of the march attend,
Bring up the troops, and punish all delay

What were thy thoughts, sad Dido, on that day?
How deep thy sighs? when from thy tower above
Thou seest the Phrygians in such order move,
And hear'st the tumult of the clamorous sea?

All conquering love! who can resist thy sway? 430
Once more the Queen to humble tears descends,
And language to her grief once more she lends,
That she might leave no remedy untried,
Nor counsel unexplor'd, before she died

'Anna,' she said, 'thou seest the peopled sea,
The Phrygians now their fatal anchors weigh
Ready to loose, I feel their great chief's scorn,
Which, if foreseen, I might perhaps have borne
But now I make this one, this last request
You in this faithless man have interest, 440
You know his gentlest times, and best can find
What ways are left to mollify his mind
Go then, and use all pity-moving art,
And, if you can, soften his harder heart

Not I at Aulis did with Greece conspire,
Nor did I bring one brand to Troy's last fire,
I never rent Anchises' honour'd tomb
Why should he then my sad entreaty shun?
I do not urge (as once) our marriage ties,
Those sacred bonds which now he does despise, 450
Nor that he would fair Italy resign
I only ask respite, and breathing time,
'Till my dejected mind learn to comply
(laught by degrees) with so great misery'

[*Orig. Note—Here begins Mr Waller's part*¹]

MS] 420 'hath' 427, 429 'towers' 'tumults' 430 'what can
432 'Adds language' 'sendes' 435 'sayes' 442 'are open to encline'
446 'Illion's fyre' 452 'a breathing'

¹ In Malone MS there is no mark as to authorship here at the end of all ('vanished into air') is the signature 'S Godolphin'. With 'Mr Waller's part' we have of course, nothing to do. But it may be worth observing that it differs from the version in Waller's usual *Works* (e.g. in Chalmers) much more than the two forms of Godolphin's, collated above, differ from each other.

POEMS FROM HARLEIAN MS.

A Dialogue between a Lover and his Mistress

TELL me, I ucinda, since my fate,
And thy more powerful form decrees
My heart an immolation to thy shrine,
Where I am only to incline—
How I may love, and at what rate,
By what despairs and what degrees
I may my hopes dilate,
And my desires confine

MISTRESS

First when thy flames begin
See they burn all within,
And so that lookers-on may not descry
Smoke in a sigh, or sparkles in an eye,
I would have had my love a good while there
Ere thy own heart had been aware,
And I myself would choose to know it
First, by thy care and cunning not to show it

10

LOVER

When my love is your own way thus betray'd,
Must it be still afraid?
May it not be sharp sighted too as well,
And find you know that which it durst not tell,
And from that knowledge think it may
Tell itself o'er a louder way?

20

MISTRESS

Let me alone awhile
And so thou maist beguile
My heart perhaps to a { consent
 { respect
Long time ere it were meant,
For while I dare not disapprove,
Lest it betray a knowledge of thy love,
I shall be so accustomed to allow,
As I shall scarce know how
To be displeased, when thou shalt it avow

30

LOVER

When by this powerful silent sympathy
Our hearts are got thus nigh,
And that by one another soon
There needs no breath to go between,
Yet it will need
The tongue's sign too, as witness to the deed
(260)

Poems from Harleian MS.

MISTRESS

Speak then, but when you whisper out the tale
Of what you ail,
Let it be so disordered, as I may
Guess only thence what you would say,
Then to be able to speak sense
Were an offence,
And 'twill thy passions tell the subtlest way
Not to know what to say

40

S GODOLPHIN

A Sonnet

MADAM, 'tis true, your beauties move
My heart to a respect,
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect
I neither love, nor yet am sure,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind
It little wants of love but pain,
Your beauties take my sense,
And lest you should that pride disdain
My thoughts feel th' influence,
'Tis not a passion's first access
Ready to multiply,
But like love's calmest state it is
Possessed with victory
It is, like love, to truth reduced,
All the false values gone,
Which were created and induced
By fond imagination
'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate
'To love you more than I,
I love you at your beauties' rate,
Less were an injury
Like unstamped gold I weigh each grate,
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsic value of your fate
Safely from my respect
And this respect could merit love,
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough, for who dares move
Reward for his delight?

10

20

30

S GODOLPHIN

20 This false metring is very odd. In another writer I should think 'fond' a simple intrusion and suspect the ugly 'B' imagin-ation of the time. But Godolphin is not an excessive 'apostropher'.

25 grate] = 'result of grating,' 'particle,' 'scrap'



Printed for Jas. Knight
and Fra. Saunders
at the Green Anchor
in the lower walk
of the new Exchange

Lyric Poems,

Made in Imitation of the

I T A L I A N S.

Of which, many are

TRANSLATIONS

From other Languages.

Mart Epigram.

Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam?

By *PHILIP ATRES* Esq;

Licensed, R. L. S.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J M for Jos. Knight and F Saunders
at the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower Walk of
the *New-Exchange*, 1687.

INTRODUCTION TO PHILIP AYRES

ONE may confess an unfashionable, and perhaps perverse, indifference to what have been profanely but ingeniously called the 'washing bills' of poets and men of letters generally—that is to say, to biographical details about them—and yet own that it would be agreeable to know something more than is known of the personality and *personalia* of Philip Ayres. He was born in 1638, under the old order of things, and he did not die till 1712, when the *Spectator* was already showing, not the beginning but, the very maturity of the new. He was a friend of Dryden's, as we know from the evidence of a poem given below, and like him went to Westminster School. But, unlike Dryden, he went thence to Oxford (St John's College), and he is said to have passed the greater part of his life, and to have died as tutor, in the family of the Drakes of Agmondesham, Bucks. Although a fair scholar in the ancient tongues, he seems to have been chiefly devoted to modern languages and literatures—French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese—and his printed works are mainly translations, the most interesting being one of the famous *Comte de Gabalis* of Montfaucon de Villars.

There is nothing very extraordinary in all this, which is nearly all we know of him. But there is also something not quite ordinary, especially at this time, and this side of it is brought out when we consider the *Lyric Poems*, which are given below as a whole, and the *Emblemata Amatoria*, of which we give the English part. Ayres did not publish either very young, and when he published the *Poems* his friend Dryden was, in more than popular estimation, in more even than relative excellence, *the* poet of the day. But even if we take the too much neglected Dryden of the songs and miscellaneous lyrics, and compare him with Ayres, the difference of kind, colour—*period*, we may almost say—is even more striking than the difference of genius. Ayres is quite a minor poet, as well as parasitic in a way, and he has lost the exquisite poignancy of metre and diction which distinguishes the minor poets of the years of his childhood. But whereas most of the verse-writers of his own day and generation had turned to the stopped couplet in form, to 'prose and sense' in matter, and to the new French school in critical discipleship, Ayres, at the time when the Stuarts were about to be expelled¹, maintained the tastes, the traditions, the style

¹ The *Lyric Poems* are of 1687; the *Emblemata*, not dated, are believed to be also seven years older.

Philip Ayres

even to some extent, of the reign of Charles I. He is, it has been said, a little parasitic, his own equally ingenious and ingenuous confession and profession in his Preface makes a quite clean breast as to technical 'originality'. I have never myself had much of a fancy for *Quellenforschung*, and plagiarism hunting as a sport appears to me to rank only one degree higher than worrying cats. But, even had I been fond of the former occupation, I should consider myself barred from impertinent investigation by Ayres's preliminary statement—and, moreover, by the clear evidence—in divers cases which deal with public and universally known material—of his comparative independence. Much of what he takes, besides his acknowledged versions from Petrarch and others, is 'public material'—stuff already handled by scores of poets in English, from Wyatt and Surrey downwards, and by hundreds of poets in other languages. It is in the way in which he deals with this, in his forms, his models, his general spirit, that his interest consists, while sometimes he manages to get out of this 'rascally, comparative' order of appeal, and to do things that are actually attractive in themselves. As I observed by allusion in the General Introduction, and as I shall take the liberty to observe again in notes, 'On a Fair Beggar' and 'Lydia Distracted' seem to me the chief instances of this—and to me they are so agreeable, and have such a touch of the real charm of expression in them, that if they turned out to be close translations I should still think highly of them. But there are others—the 'Cynthia on Horse-back,' the pastiched (almost plagiarized, if anybody will have the word) 'Sonnet on Love,' 'Love the Jester,' the spirited version of Quevedo's 'Fly,' 'Love's New Philosophy,' and others still—which have nearly the same charm of expression—never quite consummate, but always appealing, and always showing, as in fact almost the whole book shows, an uncommon, and to me and those who think with me delightful, *unfashionableness* of tastes. Cotton is the chief contemporary who shares something of this, and Cotton was a rather older man than Ayres, who survived him for a quarter of a century. Moreover, though he has done better things than Ayres ever did, he has more of the comic and less of the serious poet about him.

Ayres loves the sonnet, and the sonnet was just about almost to disappear from English literature for the best part of a century, he loves the peninsular languages (he actually writes Spanish) and is 'Don Felipe' with evident relish, he loves Greek, whereas the eighteenth century was about to devote itself mainly, if not wholly, to Latin. Above all, though he has lost the ineffable cadence of expression, and the extremer madness of fancy, he is still essentially 'metaphysical'—he still knows that if to love and to be sensible are 'impossibles,' to write love-poetry and be sensible is more impossible still. To any one who holds by the

Introduction

immortal refrain of the *Pervigilum* Ayres will not be an unwelcome poet, though he can hardly seem a great one

The *Emblemata Amatoria* is a very pretty and a very quaint book, though its attraction is only partially poetic, and still more partially English-poetic. It is engraved throughout, text and plates, these latter being forty-four in number, and each faced with a set of four copies of verses, Latin, English, Italian, and French, the impartiality being kept up by the imprint, at head and foot of the double page-opening, of *Emblemata Amatoria*, *Emblems of Love*, *Emblèmes d'Amour*, and *Emblemi d'Amore*. These verses, though always on the same subject, are very far from exact translations of each other, and it is quite possible that Ayres may have taken more or fewer of them from preceding writers. Probably a special student of the large, intricate, and interesting subject of Emblems could resolve the difficulty, but I do not pretend to be such a student. At any rate, if not the plates (we give specimens), the non English verses are out of our way, though I shall give the first set complete as an example. The opening Sonnet to Chloe, the English verses, and a brief description of the plate which each illustrates, will serve our purpose, and may encourage somebody, now that photographic reproduction is cheap and not ineffectual, to reproduce the little book as a whole, and 'dedicate it to the Ladys' afresh.'

¹ The *Lyric Poems* are printed direct from my own copy. I have copied the Emblems from my own copy of these, which is a choice one. It will be understood that the descriptions of the plates are mine. I have made them carefully, but some of the details, which are obscure, may be wrongly interpreted. The engraver was 'S. Nicholes'. If this be the 'Sutton Nicholes' of the *D N B* his fl. 1700-1740 as there given must be too late, or the date of the *Emblemata* cannot be so early as is supposed. Both volumes are very scarce, and neither is in the Bodleian.

To the Honourable Sir John Fenwick¹,
Baronet,

Brigadier-General of His Majesty's Forces, and
Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Troop
Of His Majesty's Guards of Horse

SIR,

Neither the considerable posts, to which your merits have formerly advanced you in armies abroad in other countries, nor those which by your experience in military affairs, you have justly gained at home in your own, could ever be able to hinder you from delighting yourself with books. Those are your companions, as well in your tent, as your house, wherein your Genius hath faithfully guided you in the true paths of honour, Pallas being the goddess both of Arms and Learning. The Greek hero could not sleep without Homer's *Iliads* under his pillow. Besides whom, you have two others for your pattern, the most accomplished gentlemen, and men admirable in your profession, the world could ever boast of, I mean the famous Scipio, and Julius Caesar, both equally addicted to arts and arms.

I confess I know your inclinations lead you to things of more solid learning, yet guessing that a variety may not be unpleasant, I have ventured to dedicate this to you, hoping it may serve your diversion when tired with

business, or your more serious studies. In this piece there is a mixture of subjects as well as of authors, some of which, I presume, may give you the satisfaction I wish in their perusal. For I can justly boast that the translations are from many of the most admired Poets both Ancient and Modern, in their several languages extant, which of themselves would need no apology for their appearing in public, were it not for the blemishes they may have received in passing through my hands, and none of these having been Englished by the ingenious translators of our late published *Miscellanies*², as I ever heard, may possibly appear new to you.

Sir, I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken, in showing, by so slight a present, the respect and honour I justly bear you, I being glad to lay hold on any occasion to declare to the world that I am,

SIR,

Your most obliged,

Humble Servant,

PH AYPLS

¹ The unfortunate object of this dedication is so well known from the most popular book (not in verse and not wholly fiction) in the English language, that there is no need to say much of him. Macaulay has not been so unfair to Fenwick as he sometimes is—and, whether he meant it or not, has paid him a very high compliment in saying that, though his fear of death was strong his 'attachment to his party' [i.e. his loyalty] was stronger. If a man 'keeps the bird in his bosom' one may pardon him much. But there is nothing much to pardon Sir John for, except the reported insult to one, who, if she was William's wife and James's daughter, was—Queen, Princess, or anything else—a lady. Of this one can only say that it occurred in the most unmannerly time of English history—with perhaps one exception. It was the time of Sir John Brute and Sir John Fenwick was not Sir John Brute, or Lady Mary would hardly have behaved as she did.

² Ayres may be specially referring to Dryden's *Miscellanies*, or he may not.

The Preface

EVERY product of a man's wit now-days had need be like that of Jove's brain, at least in its coming out armed, that it might immediately be in a condition of defence against the furious assaults of critics, some of which are ready to run down a book when they have scarce read the title-page. Of these I expect not a few that will be carping, and first perchance at my Title, why Lyric Poems? I having in most of them exceeded the proper measure, which in strictness should not reach to the Heroic¹. To these I say, that I have here followed the modern Italian, Spanish, and French Poets, who always call Lyrics, all such Sonnets, and other small poems, which are proper to be set to music, without restraining themselves to any particular length of verse. And our grand Master of Lyrics, even Horace himself, has sometimes inserted the Heroic amongst his: this also his great imitator, Casimir the Polisher, has often done. And the ingenious Mr Gibbs or Gibbesius, our countryman at Rome, takes the same liberty, which yet, I confess, the Greeks² would never allow of. If any quarrel at the economy, or structure of these Poems, many of them being Sonnets, Canzons, Madrigals, &c, objecting that none of our great men, either Mr Waller, Mr Cowley, or Mr Dryden, whom it was most proper to have followed, have ever stoop'd to anything of this sort, I shall very readily ac-

knowledge, that being sensible of my own weakness and inability of ever attaining to the performance of one thing equal to the worst piece of theirs, it easily dissuaded me from that attempt, and put me on this, which is not without precedent³. For many eminent persons have published several things of this nature, and in this method, both translations and poems of their own, as the famous Mr Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Richard Fanshawe, Mr Milton, and some few others, the success of all which, in these things, I must needs say, cannot much be boasted of, and though I have little reason after it, to expect credit from these my slight miscellanies, yet has it not discouraged me from adventuring on what my genius prompted me to. As for those pieces which I have translated from the modern poets, I may presume to say, I have taken them from the most celebrated in each language. The Italians were, Fra Petrarca, Cav Marino, Girolamo Preti, Cav Guarini, Alessandro Tassoni, and others. The Spaniards, Garcilasso de la Vega, Don Francisco de Quevedo, Don Luis de Gongora, &c. The Portugueses, Luis de Camoens, &c. But for the French I could scarce find anything amongst them of this sort⁴, worth my pains of translating. The Latin authors are so well known, I need say nothing of them. Some of the small Greek poets I have endeavoured to render

¹ This crotchet about the length of the lyric line is very seventeenth century and neo-classic—quite a *la* Rymer in fact

² Ayres has evidently either forgotten his Pindar, or is using 'lyric' with the unnecessary limitation sometimes affected

³ Orig^o as so often, 'president' This apology is very interesting, because it is evidently meant chiefly for the Sonnet. The 'Madrigal' is difficult to define, but hardly any definition of it will exclude many things of Waller and Cowley, and not a few of Dryden's songs. There is further interest in the clash of Ayres's tastes and opinions. He loves the Sonnet, and quotes Mr Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, and Mr Milton for it: yet he thinks their success in it 'not much to be boasted of'. A most interesting Janus of 1687!

⁴ Apparently because he did not go far back enough. The *Pléiade* would have given him plenty: but here his backward eyes were dim

Philip Ayres

as close to the sense of the original as I could with others I have taken the liberty of paraphrasing on them* or being but fragments, have only taken hints from them, the like I have done with many of the Italian and Spanish poets Nor can I deny, but that I have purposely omitted the names of some of the authors, not acknowledging them to be translations either because I was not willing my own things should be distinguished from the rest, or indeed because most of those nameless pieces may more properly be said to be mine, than the Authors, from whom I only took the hints of them Now if any accuse me of injustice for it, I have this to say, that there were but few of the old Latin Poets to whom it might not be objected, that they have often assisted themselves, by such hints, and almost entire translations from the Greeks, or imitations of one another So did Terence from Menander, Seneca from Euripides, and Virgil is not content to walk in the footsteps of Homer, but also to have followed, and considerably borrowed from Hesiod, Theocritus, Euripides, and amongst the Latins, from Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucretius, and others, of which I could give many instances There is a learned Italian, one Fulvio Ursini, who composed a Book of the Thefts of Virgil, which though I call thefts, deserve not the name, for in that manner which he has used them, they are rather an honour than a discredit to him, and 'tis reported he himself, when it was alleged to him by some of his detractors,

that he had stoln his Poem from Homer, answered, Magnarum esse virium, Herculi Clavam extorquere de manu Meaning, That as it was a great matter to wrest Hercules' Club out of his hand, and keep it, so was it to take Homer's verses, and make them his own This is an art, which to perform it very well, but few attain to the skill, and is not only allowed of, but commended by Horace in his *Art of Poetry*

If I should be blamed for thus exposing myself, when so many of our ingenious poets have of late published their works with such general applause, I hope I may be allowed, without being thought arrogant, to say, as some of those might, with Theognis,

Χρὴ Μουσῶν θεραπεύοντα καὶ ἄγγελον, εἴ τι
περισσὸν
εἶδεις, σοφίης μὴ φθονερὸν τελεθεῖν
ἀλλὰ τα μεν μῶσθαι, τὰ δὲ δεικνύναι, ἅλλα
δε ποιεῖν,
τι σφιν χρησῆται μῶνος ἐπισταμένους

And if, for¹ the credit of my several authors, whom I have here promiscuously shuffled in with mine own things, together with the Genius of the age which seems to be delighted with such variety, shall make this piece acceptable to the judicious reader I shall not care for the bolts of those censurers, who make it their business to cry down everything which comes in their hands, and which they many times understand not To such I shall apply this of the afore-recited author

—οὐδὲ γὰρ ὁ Ζεὺς
οὔθ' ὕων πάντας ἀνδάνει οὔτ' ἀνεχων

¹ 'for' seems to be superfluous

To Philip Ayres, Esq.; on his Poems

As when with utmost skill some architect
Designs a noble structure to erect,
Searches whate'er each country does produce
For outward ornament, or inward use
So, Friend, from divers books thy lab'ring thought
Has all the huddled am'rous notions sought, }
And into form and shape the unlickt cubs has brought }
Here Proteus-Love thou show'st in various dress,
From gaudy France to more majestic Greece,
Something thou gather'st too from Roman ore,
And Spain contributes to thy well-got store,
Whence (each by thee refin'd in English mould)
Verse smooth as oil does flow, and pure as gold
Thus the laborious Bee with painful toil
From various flowers of a various soil,
Duly concocting the abstracted juice,
In plenty does th' ambrosial food produce

C DARTIQUENAVE¹

¹ It is odd that Dartiquenave or Dartineuf (1663-1737), at this time quite a young man, should have justified the reputation as gourmand by which we chiefly know him (from Pope's *Dainty his ham pie*) in concluding his encomium with a reference to 'ambrosial food'.

LYRIC POEMS

The Proem To Love

A SONNET

LET others sing of Mars, and of his train,
Of great exploits, and honourable scars,
The many dire effects of Civil Wars,
Deaths triumphs, and encomiums of the slain

I sing the conflicts I myself sustain,
With her (Great Love) the cause of all my cares,
Who wounds with looks, and fetters with her hairs
This mournful tale requires a tragic strain

Eyes were the Arms, did first my Peace control,
Wounded by them, a source of Fears there sprung, 10
Running like blood from my afflicted soul,
Thou *Love*, to whom this conquest does belong,
Leave me at least the comfort to condole,
And as thou wound'st my Heart, inspire my Song

The Request To Love

A SONNET

O LOVE, who in my breast's most noble part,
Didst that fair Image lodge, that Form Divine,
In whom the sum of Heavenly Graces shine,
And there ingrav'dst it with thy golden dart

Now, mighty Workman⁵ Help me by thy art,
(Since my dull pen trembles to strike a line)
That I on paper copy the design,
By thee express'd so lively in my heart

Lend me, when I this great attempt do try,
A feather from thy wings, that whilst to write, 10
My hand's employ'd, my thoughts may soar on high,
Thy Torch, which fires our hearts and burns so bright,
My darker fancy let its flame supply,
And through my numbers dart celestial light

⁵ In my copy a very old hand, liberal in its spelling, has lined out 'Workman' and interlined 'Deity'

Now angry Juno sends from Heaven in spite

The Complaint

A SONNET

Now angry Juno sends from Heaven in spite
Rivers and Seas, instead of moderate showers
Horror invests the world, and the bright Hours
Of Delos' God, are chang'd to dismal Night

So crowds of anxious thoughts on ev'ry side
Invade my soul, and through my restless eyes,
I shed such streams of tears, my heart e'en tries
Death's pangs, whilst I by force in life abide

But the brisk gales, which rising by and by,
Where Sol at night in 'Thetis' lap shall lie, 10
Will make Heaven clear, and drive away the rain
Ah, Cynthia! That the blasts of sighs I vent,
Could ease my breast of cloudy discontent,
Which still with fresh assaults renews my pain

From Girolamo Preti, out of Italian, on a Race-horse

SON of the Air, Rival of Winds when high,
Swift courser, thou that without wings dost fly,
Quicker than arrows from a Parthian bow—
Compar'd to thee, Jove's thunderbolts are slow

Men come from lands remote, thy race to see,
But when thou'rt pass'd, no eye can follow thee,
Thine far exceeds the motion of the Spheres,
Thought cannot equal thee in thy careers

Thy feet shake th' earth, whilst sparks do thee surround,
Yet tread not on the flints, nor touch the ground 10
Thee for his charrot, Sol would have away,
But that he knows thy speed would shorten Day

11 'Charrot' seems worth keeping since, though less correct than the other short form 'charret,' it probably indicates pronunciation

Philip Ayres

Invites Poets and Historians to write in Cynthia's Praise

A SONNET¹

COME all ye Wits, that with immortal rhymes,
Glory to others, and yourselves, create
And you that gratify the future times,
Whilst tales of Love, and battles ye relate,
Come, turn your studies, and your eyes this way,
This theme will crown your heads with lasting bays,
'Tis Cynthia's beauty, Heavenly Cynthia,
Come swell your volumes all with Cynthia's praise
Posterity will then your works admire,
And for her sake shall them as jewels prize, 10
All things to Cynthia's glory must conspire,
She shall be worshipp'd with the deities
To her make foreign lands pay honours due,
Thus shall you live by her, and she by you

Cynthia on Horseback²

A SONNET

FAIR Cynthia mounted on her sprightly pad,
Which in white robe with silver fringe was clad,
And swift as wind his graceful steps did move,
As with his beauteous guide he'd been in love
Though fierce, yet humble still to her command,
Obeying ev'ry touch of her fair hand,
Her golden bit his foaming mouth did check,
It spread his crest, and rais'd his bending neck
She was the rose upon this hill of snow,
Her sparkling beauty made the glorious show, 10
Whence secret flames men in their bosoms took
The Graces and the Cupids her surround,
Attending her, while cruel she does wound,
With switch her horse, and hearts with ev'ry look

¹ It is good to find such a lover of things foreign as A (doubtful as he was of Spenser's success) using the 'English' or couplet ended form of sonnet. He had of course (unlike some more modern writers) the knowledge to inform him of its legitimacy, and the wit to inform him of its merit.

² Is this very pretty and pictorial conceit one of Ayres's stealings? It deserves a place in an anthology of the not very well worn subject, with 'The Last Ride Together' as a centrepiece.

Whate'er the world could boast of fair or good

On the Death of Cynthia's Horse

A SONNET

WHATE'ER the world could boast of fair or good,
Thy back with pride has borne, thou happy Horse,
By which thou'rt fall'n in middle of thy course,
'Too feeble to sustain so great a load

Oh happy fall! Oh dying full of bliss!
Whilst she that guided Love did guide thy head,
Big with this thought, thou willingly art dead,
Scorning another burden after this

A Heaven of Beauty over press'd thy back,
This might have made Alcides' shoulders crack, 10
And Atlas truckle under such a weight
Heav'n thee amongst its horses long'd to see,
As here the world was late in love with thee,
When carrying her who to the sun gave light

On a Fountain and its Architect

A WAIRY heap by a fresh torrent fed,
Hoary with froth, lifts up its reverend head,
Whence various currents falling, their recoil
Makes them, when cold as ice, appear to boil

Out from his temples in an artful crown
Clear drops, like strings of pearls, come trickling down,
Which quickly caught, and thence dispers'd again,
Seem like a cloud burst into showers of rain

As once Enceladus, our architect,
Great heaps on heaps of marble does erect, 10
And, like a second Moses, when that's done,
Commands fresh springs of water from the stone

When Heavns are clear, this man, a second Jove,
From earth exhales the waters up above,
And thence in cataracts can make them pour,
When in the sky there's neither cloud nor shower

11 For 'truckle' the same hand as before has written 'tremble' This looks at first an improvement, and suggests that the corrector was either Ayres himself, or somebody to whom he gave his own corrections But see 'truckle' again *infra*, p. 309

Philip Ayres

Describes the place where Cynthia is sporting herself¹

BEHOLD yon' hill, how it is swell'd with pride,
And that aspiring oak upon its side,
With how much scorn they overlook the plain,
Proud of the lovely guest they entertain

See with what haste those crystal springs do flow,
I'll incorporate with the silver brook below,
Here does my wanton Cynthia sporting stand,
Printing her footsteps on the yielding sand

Look, I hyrsis, how she fills with joy the place,
She bathes her feet, and views her angel's face,
Sure I've a rival of that amorous hill,
And those are streams of tears which thence distil

10

His Retirement

A PURLING brook glides by this place away,
Its tribute to the royal Thames to pay,
Nature makes arbours here, and ev'ry tree
Disposes all its boughs to favour me,

The birds' sweet notes here Echo's do repeat,
Here gentle winds do moderate summer's heat
Clear is the air, and verdant is the grass,
My couch of flowers, the stream's my looking glass

Ah, Cynthia! All the birds that hear and see,
Seem in their language to condole with me,
And as I mourn, they pretty songs do sing,
T'express thy rigour, and my suffering

10

Whilst to the list'ning air I make my moan,
And sigh and murmur sitting here alone
The very air sighs at my misery,
The waters murmur too in sympathy

A Character of his Friend, W. B Esq

To raise up virtue when 'tis sinking down,
Toil less for wealth than to acquire renown,
T'enrich the mind, and crown the head with bays,
Subdue the passions, and the soul to raise

¹ This quite refreshing 'metaphysical' piece would of itself justify Ayres's inclusion here

A Character of his Friend, W. B. Esq.

'I increase in glory, as in years he grows,
To bear ripe fruit, e'en ere his blossom blows,
Faster than honours, merits to repeat,
Keep the sense cold, but fill the soul with heat
Not arts neglect, nor slight Apollo's lute,
Whilst of Astraea he's in hot pursuit, 10
In ancient tongues new eloquence rehearse,
'To master both the Greek and Latin verse
Gainst Sloth, perpetual hatred to maintain,
But with the Muses friendship still retain,
Here upon earth all others to transcend,
Is still the labour of my noble friend

A Sonnet. Of Love¹

1: Love it be not, what is this I feel?
If it be Love, what Love is, fain I'd know?
If good, why the effects severe and ill?
If bad, why do its torments please me so?
It willingly I burn, should I complain?
If 'gainst my will, what helps it to lament?
Oh living Death! oh most delightful pain!
How comes all this, if I do not consent?
If I consent, 'tis madness then to grieve,
Amidst these storms, in a weak boat I'm tost 10
Upon a dangerous sea, without relief,
No help from Reason, but in Error lost
Which way in this distraction shall I turn,
That freeze in Summer, and in Winter burn?

On the Picture of Lucretia stabbing herself

LUCRETIA inflam'd with anger, grief and shame,
Despising life, yet careful of her fame,
Wounds her fair breast, tho' arm'd with Innocence
Could suffer Death, but could not the offence
Her steel was sharp, her end with glory crown'd,
She sought revenge, and valu'd not the wound,
This so appeas'd her rage, that being dead,
She look'd like one reveng'd, not injur'd
'I was Beauty sinn'd, said she, then let it die,
That forc'd me to this last extremity, 10
Were't not for Beauty I had guiltless been
For it was that made lustful Larquin sin

¹ No such ill rendering of the immo tal commonplace

Philip Ayres

So I to violence a prey was made,
No tears avail'd when virtue was betray'd
Haughty he was, my Beauty proud as he,
They made me slave, but thus myself I free

Complains, being hind'ed the sight of his Nymph

To view these walls each night I come alone,
And pay my adoration to the stone,
Whence Joy and Peace are influenc'd on me,
For 'tis the temple of my Deity
As nights and days an anxious wretch by stealth
Creeps out to view the place which hoards his wealth,
So to this house that keeps from me my heart,
I come, look, traverse, weep, and then depart
She's fenc'd so strongly in on ev'ry side,
Thought enters, but my footsteps are deny'd
Then sighs in vain I breathe, and tears let fall
Kiss a cold stone sometimes, or hug the wall
For like a merchant that rough seas has crost,
Near home is shipwrack'd, and his treasure lost,
So, toss'd in storms of sorrow, on firm ground,
I in a sea of mine own tears am drown'd

10

The Pleased Captive

A SONG

A GLORIOUS angel coming on the wing,
From Heav'n descended near a river side,
Where me alone my destiny did bring,
To view the pleasant fields without a guide,
A net she'd laid, drawn by a silken string,
So hid in grass, it could not be espy'd,
There was I captive taken in her snare,
But Cynthia's chains who would not choose to wear?

The Incurable

A SONG

ONE, amongst flowers, green leaves, and the cool grass
Takes his delight, and pleasant hours does pass,
This in a cave can rest, or quiet grove,
And that in wars forgets the thoughts of Love
Some vent their sighs to th' air, and ease do find,
A spring may quench the fever of the mind
But to my grief no remedy can bring,
Flowers, Leaves, Grass, Cave, Grove, Wars, the Air, nor Spring.

Barefoot and ragged, with neglected hair

On a Fair Beggar¹

BAREFOOT and ragged, with neglected hair,
She whom the Heavens at once made poor and fair,
With humble voice and moving words did stay,
To beg an alms of all who pass'd that way
But thousands viewing her became her prize,
Willingly yielding to her conquering eyes,
And caught by her bright hairs, whilst careless she
Makes them pay homage to her poverty
So mean a boon, said I, what can extort
From that fair mouth, where wanton I ove to sport 10
Amidst the pearls and rubies we behold?
Nature on thee has all her treasures spread,
Do but incline thy rich and precious head,
And those fair locks shall pour down showers of gold

A Sonnet, out of Italian, from Claudio Achillini

Written by a Nymph in her own Blood

SINCE, cruel Thyrsis, you my torments slight,
And take no notice of my amorous flame,
In these vermilion letters thus I write
My bloody reasons to confirm the same
These of my passion are the lively marks,
Which from my veins you here in blood see writ,
Louch them, your breast will kindle with the sparks,
The ardent characters are reeking yet
Nor can my pen alone my heart explain,
My very soul o'ercharg'd with grief, I fain 10
Would send enclos'd herein, the truth to prove
And if I've been too sparing of my blood,
This is the reason why I stopp'd the flood,
I would not spoil the face I'd have you love

A Sonnet The Rose and Lily

COURTED by Cupids, and the amorous air,
Upon a shady throne, at her repose,
She sate, than whom, none e'er so sweet or fair
It was the Queen of Flowers, the blushing rose

¹ If this justification of King Cophetua be not charming to any critic, I shall refer myself, and it, to the Muses' pleasure and not to his

Philip Ayres

With no less pride, upon his bed of state,
A Lily, pale with envy, look'd that way,
With humble flowers, encompass'd round he sate,
And scorn'd the sceptre at her feet to lay

To arms, with thorns and prickles, they prepare
And each designs to try it out by war,

10

Till on good counsel, they in rule combine
So in your face, the lovely White and Red,
Cynthia, I see all quarrels banish'd,
And Rose and Lily do in empire join

A Defiance, returning to the Place of his past Amours

A HEART of ice did here my heart inflame,
Bound with loose hairs, a pris'ner I became,
Here first sweet I ove, tho' bitter in the end,
Flatter'd with spite, with kindness did offend

But from assaults, a new defence I'm taught,
And my past ills an antidote have brought,
So the poor bird, that once escape has made,
Returns with caution where the net is laid

With my late damp, all sparks of love expire,
My feet approach, yet does my soul retire,
Tho' near her presence, I can justly say,
My eyes and mind tend quite another way

10

With her my lute could no attention find,
Now will I please myself, not sing to th' wind,
With laurel here, where cypress late I wore,
I'll triumph more than e'er I griev'd before

Distance

FAR from the fire I burn, and run in vain,
Slowly from wing'd Love, to 'scape the pain,
So the swift arrows, flying quick as wind,
Wound them that run, when th' archer stays behind

Love, tho' I strive with art to shun the blow,
Fiercely assaults my heart where'er I go,
As he can best a mortal stroke command,
Who has most compass for his striking hand

Hoping to 'scape, I as the bird do fare,
That has his foot entangled in a snare,
Fears Death, or in a prison to be cast,
Flutters its wings, and strives, but still is fast

10

Distance

So I, with all my toil, no ease have got,
My struggling does but faster tie the knot,
For Cynthia imitating Heaven's swift ray,
Near, or at distance, can her flames convey

A Sonnet On Signor Pietro Reggio his setting to Music several of Mr. Cowley's Poems

It I heban Pindar rais'd his country's fame,
Whilst its great deeds he does in odes rehearse,
And they made greater by his noble verse,
In gratitude are trophies to his name
Then English Pindar shall for ever live,
Since his divine and lofty poetry,
Secur'd, great Reggio, by thy harmony,
Shall to itself immortal glory give
The world's amaz'd to hear the sweet consent,
Betwixt thy charming voice and instrument,
They'd stop the bays which from Apollo fled,
Thy skilful notes would make in full career
Phoebus, the God of Music, stay to hear,
And with his Daphne crown thy rival head

10

From a Drinking Ode of Alcaeus

Beginning, Πίνωμεν, τί τὸν λύχρον ἀμμένομεν,

DRINK on, tho' Night be spent and Sun do shine,
Did not the Gods give anxious mortals wine,
To wash all care and sorrow from the heart?
Why then so soon should jovial fellows part?
Come, let this bumper for the next make way,
Who's sure to live, and drink another day?

An Epitaph. On a Dutch Captain

HERE lies a soldier not oblig'd to Fame,
Being forc'd his own achievements to rehearse,
He died not rich, yet I would tell his name,
Could I but comprehend it in my verse

On Cynthia, singing a Recitative Piece of Music

O THOU angelic spirit, face, and voice,
Sweet Syren, whose soft notes our souls rejoice,
Yet when thou dost recite some tragic verse,
Thy tone and action make it sweetly fierce

Philip Ayres

If thou soft, loud, sad or brisk note dost hit,
It carries still our hearts along with it,
Thou canst heat, cool, grieve us, or make us smile
Nay, stab or kill, yet hurt us not the while

Thy gesture, shape, and mien, so pleasing are,
With thee, no human being can compare, 10
Thy passions, all our passions do excite,
And thy feign'd grief does real tears invite

List'ning to thee, our bodies seem as dead,
For our rapt souls then up to Heav'n are fled,
So great a Monarch art thou, that thy breath
Has power to give us either Life, or Death

A Sonnet On the Picture of Cavalier Guarini, Author of *Il Pastor Fido*, painted by the Famous Borgianni, and set up in his Funeral Pile at Rome

You, who to fam'd Guarini, now he's dead,
Your verses consecrate, and statues rear,
For that sweet Padan swan your tears have shed,
Sweetest that ever did, or will sing here

Behold this picture on his fun'ral pile,
Your mournful spirits 'twill with joy revive,
Tho' th' artist cheats your senses all the while,
For 'tis but paint which you would swear does live

This serves to keep our friend in memory,
Since Death hath robb'd us of his better part, 10
And that he so might live as ne'er to die,
He drew himself too, but with different art

Judge, which with greatest life and spirit looks,
Borgianni's Painting, or Guarini's Books

On Old Rome

HERI was old Rome that stretch'd her empire far,
In peace was fear'd, triumphant was in war
Here 'twas, for now its place is only found,
All that was Rome lies buried under ground

These ruins hid in weeds, on which man treads,
Were structures which to Heav'n rais'd their proud heads
Rome that subdu'd the World, to Time now yields,
With rubbish swells the plains, and strews the fields

10 'Better' corrected in my copy as before to 'mortal,' which is certainly better

On Old Rome

Think not to see what so renown'd has been,
Nothing of Rome, in Rome is to be seen, 10
Vulcan and Mars, those wasting Gods, have come,
And ta'en Rome's greatness utterly from Rome

They spoil'd with malice, ere they would depart,
Whate'er was rare of Nature or of Art
Its greatest trophies they destroy'd and burn'd,
She that o'erturn'd the World, to dust is turn'd

Well might she fall, 'gainst whom such foes conspire,
Old Time, revengeful Man, and Sword and Fire
Now all we see of the great Empress Rome,
Are but the sacred reliques of her tomb 20

A Song Revenge against Cynthia

SEE, Cupid, we have found our lovely foe,
Who slights thy pow'r, and does my flame despise,
Now thou art arm'd with all thy shafts and bow,
And she at mercy 'twixt two enemies

Asleep she's laid upon this bed of flowers,
Her charms the sole defence to save her breast,
Thoughtless of injur'd me, or of thy powers
Oh, that a guilty soul can take such rest !

Now mayst thou easily with a single dart
Revenge thyself, and me, upon her heart 10

A Sonnet Love's Contrariety

I MAKE no war, and yet no peace have found,
With heat I melt, when starv'd to death with cold
I soar to Heav'n, while grovelling on the ground,
Embrace the world, yet nothing do I hold

I'm not confin'd, yet cannot I depart,
Nor loose the chain, tho' not a captive led,
Love kills me not, yet wounds me to the heart,
Will neither have m' alive, nor have me dead

Being blind, I see, not having voice, I cry
I wish for Death, while I of Life make choice,
I hate myself, yet love you tenderly, 10
Do feed of tears, and in my grief rejoice

Thus, Cynthia, all my health is but disease,
Both life and death do equally displease

Philip Ayres

Invites his Nymph to his Cottage

ON yon' hill's top which this sweet plain commands,
Fair Cynthia, all alone my cottage stands,
'Gainst storms, and scorching heats well fortified,
With pines, and spreading oaks on ev'ry side

My lovely garden too adjoining lies,
Of sweetest flowers, and of the richest dyes
The tulip, jas'min, emony, and rose,
Of which we'll garlands for thy head compose

Nature to make my fountain, did its part,
Which ever flows without the help of Art, 10
A faithful mirror shall its waters be,
Where thou may'st sit beneath a shady tree,

Admiring what above the World I prize,
Thyself, the object of thine own fair eyes,
And which is greatest let the Spring proclaim,
Thy powers of love, or this my amorous flame

'Tis hard to follow Virtue

I RAIS'D sometimes my thoughts and fixt them right,
Where Virtue, and where Glory did invite,
And in the steps of few, and best, have trod,
Scorning to take the vulgar, beaten road.

But him who aims at Glory they deride,
He's one 'gainst most and worst must stem the tide,
Since now on sordid wealth, this age so blind,
As on its chiefest good has fixt its mind

For the great things the World has in its hand,
Are gold and silver, jewels, and command, 10
These are the gifts which Fortune does dispense,
And may be got by theft, and violence

Yet from this lethargy tho' I arise,
And shake the clouds of error from my eyes,
Reject the wrong, and right to choose begin,
Than change my course, I sooner can my skin

7 'Emony,' of which I think I have seen other examples, is pretty certainly a corruption of 'anemone,' and not intended for Milton's 'haemony,' though, as we have seen, Ayres did know Milton. It is odd, by the way, that the derivation 'blood red' suits 'the *red* anemone' (though not the white) as well as its own.

6 Orig. has a comma at 'most' and 'he s one gainst most' looks probable enough. But the rest of the line does not fit in well. Without the comma, you have only to supply (as often) 'who' between 'one' and 'gainst' to get the whole right.

On bed of flowers Endymion sleeping lay

Endymion and Diana ¹

An Heroic Poem

Written in Italian by ALESSANDRO TASSONI

I

ON bed of flowers Endymion sleeping lay,
Tir'd with the toil of a long summer's day,
Whilst softest winds, and season of the year,
Agree to make his graces all appear
The wanton Cupids in a troop descend,
Play with his horn, and do his bow unbend,
And Love, this small assembly came to grace,
Wond'ring to see the shepherd's charming face

II

The Air to view him could not choose but stay,
And with his locks upon his forehead play
The Cupids round about him were employ'd,
While some did into curls his hair divide,
Others of flowers, of which they'd pick'd and brought
Their hands-full, many various fancies wrought,
Fetters, as if they would his feet restrain,
Wreaths for his head, and for his wrists a chain

III

This, with his lips compar'd, a piony,
Another, a vermilion emony,
Then at his cheeks a rose and lily tried,
The rose it faded, and the lily died
Still was the wind, the meadow, field and grove,
The very waters were not heard to move
All things were hush'd, and did a silence keep,
As some had whisper'd, Peace, here's Love asleep

IV

When the bright Goddess of the lowest orb,
Deck'd with the rays of Sol her absent Lord,
Of Heav'n the dusky mantle did unfold,
And silently Earth's wondrous scene behold,
Then having first disperst in little showers
The pearly dew upon the grass and flowers,
Spying this place which such delights could yield,
Came down to take the pleasure of the field

¹ This is the shortest of our 'Heroic' poems, but complete enough in its miniature

¹⁷ I keep the form 'pony,' not only because of the famous passage in *The Tempest* but because the oldest English examples of the word, in Langland and the *Catholicon* (not to mention Levins's *Mamphulus*), have the : For 'emony' in next line v sup

Philip Ayres

V

Quickly the little Cupids disappear,
So soon as e'er the Goddess drew but near,
Who seeing the sleeping youth alone, she stays
With passion on his lovely face to gaze
Till virgin modesty quench'd her bold flame,
Of folly then convinc'd, she blush'd for shame,
And just was turning to have quit the place,
But was recall'd by that alluring face

40

VI

In through her eyes a spark slid to her heart,
Which fir'd her soul, nor could she thence depart,
But nearer by degrees her steps does guide,
Till she sate down close by the shepherd's side,
And of the flowers with which the Cupids play'd,
When gyves and fetters they in sport had made
Such snares she wove, herself was in them ta'en,
And as the shepherd's captive, wore his chain

VII

Straight on his hand an eager kiss she prest,
Then thousand on his lips, cheeks, eyes and breast,
Nor in this transport could herself contain,
'Till she with kisses wak'd the sleeping swain,
Who being amaz'd at that coelestial light,
With reverence trembled at the glorious sight
He would have gone, when freed from his surprise,
But tho' he strove, she would not let him rise

50

VIII

'Fair Sleeper, would'st thou go, said she, 'so soon?
Be not afraid, behold, it is the Moon,
'That comes to sport with thee in this sweet grove,
Guided by Fate, Necessity and Love
Be not disturb'd at this unusual sight,
We silently in joys will spend the night
But if thou tell what I to thee have said,
Expect Heav'n's utmost vengeance on thy head'

60

IX

'Goddess of Night, that tak'st from Sol thy flame,
I,' said the Youth, 'a silly shepherd am,
But if thou promise me in Heav'n a place,
To be translated hence from human race,
'Then of my faith thou may'st assur'd live,
Of which this mantle as a pledge I'll give,
The same my father Etho gave the night,
That he his faith to Calice did plight'

70

71 Etho is Aethlios in the usual mythologies

Endymion and Diana

X

This said, his mantle quickly he unbound,
That was with flowers of pearl embroider'd round,
Which then he wore o'er his left shoulder slung,
And with two ends beneath his right arm hung,
Gave it the Goddess, who had now thrown by
All sense of honour and of modesty

And like a frost nip'd flower, she by his charms
Being thus o'ercome, dropt down into his arms

80

XI

Never more closely does the tender vine
About the shady elm her lover twine,
Nor the green ivy more affection bring
When she about her pine does kindly cling,
I than these two vigorous lovers there exprest,
I ove having shot his fire through either's breast
With all their art and industry they strove,
How they might then enjoy their fill of I ove.

XII

Thus whilst in wantonness they spend the night,
And use all skill that might promote delight,
Now tir'd with what before they ne'er had tried,
I these happy I overs rested satisfied
When fair Diana lifting up her eyes,
Accused her cruel stars and destinies,
That her so long through so much error drew,
And let her rather beasts than Love pursue

90

XIII

'Ah, Fool!' said she, 'How I too late repent
That to the woods I e'er a hunting went,
How many years have I consum'd since then,
Which I must never think to see again?
How many precious minutes ev'ry day,
Did I in that mad pastime fool away!
And how much better is one sweet embrace
I than all the toilsome pleasures of the chase?'

100

From an Ode of Horace

Beginning, *Vides ut alta stet nive candidum*

SIF how the hills are candied o'er with snow
The trees can scarce their burdens undergo,
Frost does the rivers' wonted course retain,
That they refuse their tribute to the main
Winds, frost, and snow against our lives conspire,
Lay on more wood (my friends) and blow the fire
'Gainst their assaults let us our forces join,
Dissolve the weather by the strength of wine

Philip Ayres

A Complaint

WHEN first I here to Cynthia spake my mind,
Near these sweet streams, which to our thoughts were kind
Ah, then in perfect harmony we met,
And to our concert join'd the rivulet

The flowers, plants, echoes, craggy rocks and dales,
The pleasant meads, proud hills, and humble vales,
Seem'd then o'erjoy'd at my felicity,
Which now condole with me in misery

Yet still the wing'd inhab'tants of the wood
Sing, as my change they had not understood
Tho' sure the melancholy tunes they vent
Are rather notes of grief, than merriment

10

Oh Nymphs, that in these crystal streams do dwell '
And after sport rest quiet in your cell
Once, clear as yours, a happy life I led,
Tho' now o'erwhelm'd with grief, and live as dead

Thus we through various turns of Fortune run,
And find no certain rest till Life be done

Love's Garden. Translated from Girolamo Preti

I to Love's garden came, with my attire
Was wove with herbs of Hope, and of Desire,
Branches of Trouble too by me were worn,
Whose flowers and fruit were Prejudice and Scorn

'I was wall'd with Pain, and Anguish round about,
And from a thousand places issu'd out
Water of Grief, and Air of Sighs, beside
Deceit and Cruelty, did there reside

Pride was the Keeper, and to cultivate
Was Jealousy who still with mortal Hate,
Tare up my happiness ere it could grow,
Whilst, like a madman, thus I strive to sow,

10

Under the shadow of a thought that's kind,
I plough in stone, dig water, stop the wind

x with] 'where'?

This, which the shadow of my face does give

Seeing his own Picture, discourses of his Studies,
and Fortune

THIS, which the shadow of my face does give,
Whose counterfeit seems true, and Art alive,
Shows but the part of man's infirmity,
Which to Age subject, must decay, and die
Yet the internal Nature's excellence,
Which does this earthly shadow influence,
Perhaps some image may on paper draw,
Whose essence ne'er of Time shall stand in awe
For by my Muse's help I hope to build
Such monuments, as ne'er to Time shall yield, 10
Better than from these colours can be had,
And to my years, shall greater numbers add
But when some noble work I enterprise,
That might advance my honour to the skies,
My envious Fortune strikes a thousand ways,
Destroys my labours, and so blasts my bays

A Sonnet, of Petrarc¹, on the Death of Laura

I FILL with sighs the air whene'er I stand
On yon' high hill, and thence survey the plain,
Where Laura, she who could my heart command,
Did in her Earthly Paradise remain
For now she's dead, and left me here alone,
Griev'd for her loss, that I could gladly die,
Drowning my eyes in making of my moan,
My tears have left no space about me dry
There is no stone upon that craggy hill,
Nor these sweet fields an herb or plant do bring, 10
Nor flower 'mongst all that do the valleys fill,
Nor any drop of water from the spring,
Nor beasts so wild, that in the woods do dwell
But of my grief for Laura's death can tell

Another, of Petrarc, on Laura's Death

OH Death! How has thy utmost malice sped!
Thou hast Love's Kingdom quite impoverish'd,
Cropt Beauty's flower, put out our chiefest light,
And one small stone deprives us of her sight

¹ As Ayres, from this and other places, pretty clearly *meant* to write 'Petrarc' without the 'h,' it is perhaps more civil to let him keep it so

Philip Ayres

Our joy's extinct, we're left in discontent,
Stript of our honour, and our ornament
But to her fame thou ne'er canst put an end,
Thy power but o'er her body did extend
For her pure soul above is glorify'd
As brightest star, she's there the Heaven's pride
And here her virtuous deeds shall never die,
But be admir'd by all posterity
New Glorious Angel, thou that dwell'st above,
And with more powerful charms attractest Love,
May'st thou be vanquish'd by my piety,
As here thy Beauty triumph'd over me

10

Complains of the Court

IN a great Court, near a fam'd River's side,
With hopes of greatness fed, I still reside,
But where to fix I ne'er shall understand,
Foll'wing what flies, and shunning what's at hand
Others from me the gifts of Heav'n retain,
The lucky fool does still the purchase gain,
At air I grasp, and after shadows strive,
Live for my foes, if this be said to live
I slight myself, love him that injures me,
And in soft words find greatest treachery,
I mortal hatred under smiles behold,
And starve for want, amidst great heaps of gold
Now Envy's strokes, then Fortune's I sustain,
And want a friend to whom I might complain,
I see th' ensuing storm, and no help nigh,
Grieve for one loss, and straight another spy

10

Being retired, complains against the Court

REMOVED from Court, where after toil we get
More hopes than fruit, I now have chang'd my seat,
And here retir'd with calmer thoughts abide
As Lea more smooth than troubled Thames does glide
I need not great men here with flatt'ry please,
No pride nor envy shall disturb my ease,
If Love ensnares my heart, I from its net,
Or servile chain at least, my freedom get
Since my new flame brake out, my old is dead,
With falsehood kindled, and with scorn 'twas fed,
And here the greatest rigour pleases more
Than all dissembled favours could before

10

Being retired, complains against the Court

There Love's all counterfeit, and friendship too,
And nothing else but hate and malice true
If here my Nymph be cross, or prove unkind,
Vanquish'd, I triumph, fighting, Peace I find

To Cynthia

HARK how the little birds do vie their skill,
Saluting, with their tunes, the welcome day,
Spring does the air with fragrant odours fill,
And the pleas'd fields put on their best array

With great serenity the Heavens move,
The amorous planet rules in fullest power,
All things their cruelty away remove,
And seem to know of Joy the time, and hour

Only my Cynthia still this glorious morn
Retains the frozen temper of her heart,
Of birds, and flowers, does imitation scorn,
Nor from her wonted rigour will depart

10

Ah change, my Fair, that harsh and cruel mind!
Why should your looks and humour disagree?
Let not my love such opposition find,
You're woo'd by Heav'n, and Earth, to favour me

The Withered Rose

Go, fading rose, a present to my Fair,
To whose ungrateful breast I gave my heart,
And tho' my grief could ne'er affect her care,
To her do thou my dying mind impart

I late have seen thee lovely, sweet, and gay,
Perchance the influence of her looks on thee,
Now pale as Death, thy beauty's gone away,
Thou art the emblem of my misery

Say, if to cast an eye on thee she deign,
Since no relief from her my life receives,
My body soon as bloodless will remain,
As thy once fresh, but now decaying leaves

10

And thou perchance the benefit may'st find,
For thy pale looks and message understood,
To cure thy dying spoils she may be kind,
With water of my tears, or with my blood

Philip Ayres

A Sonnet. On the Death of Sylvia

OH Death! without regard to wrong or right,
All things at will thy boundless rage devours,
This tender plant thou hast cut down in spight,
And scatter'd on the ground its fruit, and flowers
Our love's extinct that with such ardour burn'd,
And all my hope of future pleasure dies,
Nature's chief master-piece to earth's return'd,
Deaf to my passion, and my grievous cries
Sylvia, the tears which on thy sepulchre,
Hereafter shall be shed, or those now are,
Tho' fruitless, yet I offer them to thee,
Until the coming of th' Eternal Night
Shall close these eyes, once happy with thy sight,
And give me eyes with which I thee may see

10

To the Winds

A SONG

I

YE Winds, that in your hasty flight,
Just kiss the leaves, and then away,
The leaves that tremble with delight,
And murmur at so short a stay,
Stop here, and ere you further go,
Give audience to a Lover's woe

II

Condoling Air, to you I speak,
Since she is deaf to all my grief,
You see my heart will quickly break,
If careless She gives no relief
I'm sure you're troubled at my pain,
For when I sigh, you sigh again

10

III

Go, gentle Air, fly to my Dear,
That thus with love inflames my breast,
And whisper softly in her ear,
'Tis she that robs my soul of rest
Express, if possible, such moans,
May imitate my dying groans

IV

Or with thy rougher breath make bold
To toss the treasure of her hair,
Till thou dost all those curls unfold
Which cunningly men's hearts ensnare,

20

To the Winds

'Try all thy skill to break the net,
'That I, like thee, may freedom get

v

Then let some thicker blasts arise,
And with her face so sport, and play,
Till the bright rays of her fair eyes
Be qualified, or ta'en away,
Make all those charms which men assail,
Of lesser force, and less prevail

30

The Silent Talkers

PEACE, peace, my dear, Corinna said
To her enamour'd Corydon,
Lest we by list'ners be betray'd,
And this our happiness undone

Our wishes answer ev'ry way,
And all my thoughts centre in thine,
If thou hast anything to say,
Speak with thy eyes, I'll speak with mine

'Tis dangerous jesting with Love

A SONG

I

VENTURE not with Love to jest,
Though he's blind, and but a Boy,
Whosoe'er would live at rest,
Must not dare with him to toy,
If you play, he'll seem to smile,
But conspire your death the
while

II

I myself was such a sot,
Once to act a Lover's part,
Seem'd to love, but lov'd her not,
Sigh'd, but sigh'd not from my
heart, 10
Long I did not this maintain,
Ere my play was turn'd to pain

III

As I gaz'd upon my fair,
And of Love show'd ev'ry sign,
She play'd too the flatterer,
With her glances answering mine,

I'll his arrows Cupid took,
Pierc'd me with each flatt'ring
look

IV

Love the Jester will assail,
And when scorn'd, the mast'ry
get, 20
Art I see can ne'er avail
Him that plays the counterfeit,
For I find, now time is past,
Jest to Earnest turn'd at last

V

Cupid drew with more desire,
Seeing me his net despise,
Was more active with his fire,
While he found my heart was
ice 28
Now my sighs no pity find,
But are scatter'd in the wind

v r For 'thicker' my press corrector has 'stronger'

Philip Ayres

On Wine

From a Fragment of HESIOD,
Beginning *Ὅλα Διώνυσος δῶκε' ἀνδράσι χορμα*

WINE cheers our hearts, and makes us glad,
When Grief and Cares have left us sad
But more than Nature does suffice,
Will cast a cloud before our eyes,
'Twill bind the tongue, the feet, and hands,
Ere we perceive, with strongest bands,
And us its drunken slaves will keep,
Till we our freedom get by Sleep

A Dream

ONE night, with sleep my senses being opprest,
Fixt on that thought, which still o'er rul'd my breast
In mourning dress, with silence did appear,
She of her sex was to my soul most dear

'Cynthia,' methought, I said, and gaz'd awhile,
'Where's thy accusom'd look, and cheerful smile ?
What sad occasion thus disturbs thee now,
And hangs that gloomy sadness on thy brow ?'

She only sigh'd, and off'ring to depart,
I snatch'd her hand, and laid it to my heart, 10
And whilst I in this trembling rapture stand,
She took, and held me by my other hand

I thought my heart twixt joy and grief would break,
Adding with tears, 'My dear, I prithee speak ,
And grasp'd her fast, she struggling to be gone,
Till wak'd but then I found myself alone

Oft have I griev'd to think what this might prove,
And gather'd hence ill omens to my Love ,
But since I may too soon the mischief find,
I'll strive to chase the fancy from my mind 20

The Restless Lover

THE birds to wanton in the air desire ,
The Salamander sports himself in fire ,
The fish in water plays , and of the earth,
Man ever takes possession at his birth
Only unhappy I, who born to grieve,
In all these Elements at once do live—

The Restless Lover

Grief does with air of sighs my mouth supply,
My wretched body on cold earth does lie,
The streams which from mine eyes flow night and day,
Cannot the fire which burns my heart allay

The Resolution A Sonnet of Petrarc Out of Italian

Oh Time ! Oh rolling Heavens, that fly so fast,
And cheat us mortals ignorant and blind !
Oh fugitive Day, swifter than bird or wind !
Your frauds I see, by all my suffrings past

But pardon me, 'tis I myself must blame,
Nature that spreads your wings, and makes you fly,
To me gave eyes, that I my ills might spy
Yet I retain'd them to my grief, and shame

Time was I might, and Time is still I may
Direct my steps in a securer way,
And end this sad infinity of ill,
Yet 'tis not from thy yoke, O Love, I part,
But the effects, I will reclaim my heart
Virtue's no chance, but is acquir'd by skill

10

Invokes Death

Come, I error of the wise, and valiant, come,
And with a sigh let my griev'd soul have room
Amongst the shades, then shall my cares be gone,
All there drink Waters of Oblivion

So went the Heroes of the World, and so
Or soon, or late, all that are born must go,
'Thou, Death, to me art welcome as a friend,
For thou with life putt'st to my griefs an end

Of this poor earth, and blast of breath allied,
How easily by thee the knot's untied
This spring of tears which trickles from mine eyes
Is natural, and when I die, it dries

10

Matter for sighs I drew with my first breath,
And now a sigh ushers my soul to death,
So cares and griefs determine by consent,
This favour owe I to my monument

Philip Ayres

A Hint from the Beginning of the Third Satire of Juvenal

*Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atque unum Civem donare Sibyllae, &c*

A NEIGHBOUR, now, shall aged Sibyl have,
For I'll withdraw to Cuma's sacred cave,
Where I, Vesuvius-like, when years attire
My head with snow, shall still maintain my fire

In hatred of the World my days I'll spend,
Till with despite my wretched life shall end,
My haughty plumes I've clipp'd, I'll soar no more,
So the Fates cut what they had spun before

I was, when bad, of virtuous men despis'd,
And by the scourge vice brings with it, chastis'd, 10
That course I left, and turning good again,
Was hated, and oppress'd by wicked men

Thus seems the partial world on all sides bent,
Its utmost spite on wretched me to vent.
My sins were fruitless must, when life is done,
Virtue lie buried in oblivion?

A Contemplation on Man's Life Out of Spanish

VILE Composition, Earth inspir'd with breath,
Man, that at first wert made of dust and tears,
And then by law divine condemn'd to death,
When wilt thou check thy lusts in their careers?

Change all thy mirth to sorrow, and repent,
That thou so often didst just Heav'n offend,
Deplore thy precious hours so vainly spent,
If thou wilt 'scape such pains as have no end

The gaping grave expects thee as its right,
'Tis a strait place, but can contain with ease, 10
Honour, Command, Wealth, Beauty, and Delight,
And all that does our carnal senses please

Only th' immortal soul can never die,
Therefore on that thy utmost care employ

Upon a bough, hung trembling o'er a spring

The Nightingale that was drowned

UPON a bough, hung trembling o'er a spring,
Sate Philomel, to respite grief, and sing
Tuning such various notes, there seem'd to nest
A choir of little songsters in her breast,
Whilst Echo at the close of ev'ry strain,
Return'd her music, note for note again

The jealous bird, who ne'er had rival known,
Not thinking these sweet points were all her own ,
So fill'd with emulation was, that she
Express'd her utmost art and harmony , 10
Till as she eagerly for conquest tried,
Her shadow in the stream below she spied

Then heard the waters bubbling, but mistook,
And thought the nymphs were laughing in the brook ,
She then enrag'd, into the spring did fall,
And in sad accents thus upbraids them all
' Not Iereus self offer'd so great a wrong,
Nymphs, take my life, since you despise my song '

On a Child sleeping in Cynthia's Lap

SLEEP, happy boy, there sleep, and take thy rest,
Free from the passions which disturb my breast ,
Yet know 'tis Innocence that thee has freed,
And lets thee sleep so quiet on this bed

Thy wearied limbs have sweetly rested here,
If with less sun, in a more happy sphere ,
Whilst in despair my soul afflicted lies,
And of mere envy to behold thee, dies

Dream, thou enjoy'st more true felicity,
Than lavish fortune can bestow on thee , 10
That thou amidst such precious gems art hurl'd,
Are able to enrich th' insatiate world

That thou the Phoenix shalt transcend in fame,
Who sleep'st, and risest, in a purer flame ,
That thou'rt an Angel, Heav'n's that lap I view
Yet all this while, it is no dream, but true

Philip Ayres

Cure for Afflictions

A Hint from an imperfect Ode of ARCHILOCHUS, beginning

Θυμέ, θύμ' ἀμηχάνοισι κήδεσι[ν] κυκώμενε

Soul, rule thy passions, dry thy weeping eyes,
Thou, breath of Heav'n, should'st earthly cares despise
When fiercest troubles thus disturb thy rest,
To their assaults oppose a constant breast

O'er Fortune's pow'r then shalt thou have command
So rocks unmov'd 'gainst beating surges stand
Nor boast, if in this conflict thou o'ercome,
Or when subdu'd, poorly lament at home

Think, having cause to grieve, or to rejoice,
No course of human things is in thy choice

10

Cynthia Sporting

ALONG the river's side did Cynthia stray,
More like a Goddess, than a Nymph, at play,
The flood stopt to behold her, pleas'd to see 't,
She to its kisses yields her naked feet

Brisk air saluted her, ne'er stay'd to woo,
The very boughs reach'd to be toying too,
The little birds came thronging to admire,
And for her entertainment made a choir

The meadows smile, and joy surrounds the place,
As if all things were influenc'd by her face,
The grass and leaves take freshness from her eyes,
And as of lesser force Sol's beams despise

10

No herb press'd by her foot but blossoms straight,
Flowers, for her touch to ripen them, do wait,
They, from her hand, new fragrancy do yield,
Her presence fills with perfumes all the field

The Fly

Out of Spanish from DON FRANCISCO DI QUEVEDO

*Out of the wine pot cried the Fly,
Whilst the grave Frog sate croaking by,
Than live a wat'ry life like thine,
I'd rather choose to die in wine*

The Fly] This quite admirable song ought to be much better known than it is

The Fly

I

I never water could endure,
Though ne'er so crystalline and pure
Water s a murmurer, and they
Design more mischief than they say,
Where rivers smoothest are and clear
Oh there's the danger, there's the fear ,
But I'll not grieve to die in wine,
That name is sweet, that sound's divine

10

Thus from the wine-pot, &c

II

Dull fish in water live, we know,
And such insipid souls as thou ,
While to the wine do nimbly fly,
Many such pretty birds as I
With wine refresh'd, as flowers with rain,
My blood is clear'd, inspir'd my brain ,
That when the Tory boys do sing,
I buzz i' th' chorus for the king

20

Thus from the wine-pot, &c

III

I'm more belov'd than thou canst be,
Most creatures shun thy company
I go unbid to ev'ry feast,
Nor stay for grace, but fall o' th' best
There while I quaff in choicest wine,
Thou dost with puddle-water dine,
Which makes thee such a croaking thing
Learn to drink wine, thou fool, and sing ,

30

Thus from the wine-pot, &c

IV

In gardens I delight to stray,
And round the plants do sing and play
Thy tune no mortal does avail,
Thou art the Dutchman's nightingale
Would'st thou with wine but wet thy throat,
Sure thou would'st leave that dismal note ,
Lewd water spoils thy organs quite,
And wine alone can set them right

Thus from the wine-pot, &c

40

V

Thy comrades still are newts and frogs,
Thy dwelling saw-pits, holes, and bogs
In cities I, and courts am free,
An insect too of quality

Philip Ayres

What pleasures, ah¹ didst thou but know,
This heav'nly liquor can bestow
To drink, and drown thou'dst ne'er repine,
The great Anacreon died by wine

Thus from the wine pot, &c

50

On Gold

THIS glitt'ring metal, dazzler of the eyes,
In so small bulk, where so much mischief lies,
Disclaims the earth, when it has pass'd the fire,
And then no longer owns the rock for sire
When coin'd, it boasts of pow'r omnipotent,
Which monstrous birth the long-scorn'd mountains sent
'Tis bane of peace, 'tis nourisher of war,
And o'er the world does spread its venom far
With confidence this bold usurper can
Hold competition with its former, man
Man whose sublimer soul should upward soar,
Yet for a god can his own works adore
Laws are remiss when thou the pow'r dost git,
All vices thou unpunish'd dost permit,
Torrent of mischiefs, source of ills the worst¹
'The more we drink of thee, the more we thirst

10

To his Grace, George Duke of Northumberland¹

TH' unruly steed by laws to tame and ride,
With graceful course the well-poss'd lance to guide,
In martial sports ever to win the prize,
And troops with skill and judgement exercise
In a calm breast a warlike heart to show,
To glory friend, to wantonness a foe,
To keep on Passion, Reason's powerful hand,
Over his soul, and self, to have command
To sport with books, whilst arms aside he lays,
To interweave the olive with the bays,
When tir'd with arts, to tune Apollo's lyre,
To merit honours ere he them desire

10

These fruits which others bring with art and time,
Your blooming age does yield before your prime

¹³ 'Git' seems worth keeping

¹ It may be just as well to remind the reader that this was one of Charles the Second's natural sons (by Barbara Villiers), who (1665-1716) received the titles of Earl and Duke of Northumberland during the eclipse of the Percies

Whoe'er a lover is of art

Love's New Philosophy¹

I

WHOE'ER a lover is of art,
May come and learn of me
A new philosophy,
Such as no schools could e'er impart
Love all my other notions does control,
And reads these stranger lectures to my soul

II

This god who takes delight to lie,
Does sacred truths defame,
And Aristotle blame,
Concluding all by subtilty
His syllogisms with such art are made,
Not Solomon himself could them evade

10

III

So wondrous is his art and skill,
His reasons pierce, like darts,
Men's intellects and hearts,
Old maxims he destroys at will,
And blinded Plato so, he made him think,
'Twas water, when he gave him fire to drink

IV

That water can extinguish fire,
All ages did allow,
But Love denies it now,
And says it makes his flame rage higher
Which truth myself have prov'd for many years,
Wherein I've wept whole deluges of tears

20

V

At the sun's rays, you, Cynthia, know,
The ice no more can melt,
Nor can the fire be felt,
Or have its wonted influence on snow
By your relentless heart is this exprest,
Your eyes are suns, the fire is in my breast

30

VI

When soul and body separate,
That then the life must die
This too I must deny,
My soul's with her, who rules my fate

¹ This metaphysical *bravura*, whatever its originality of substance, is excellently hit off, and seems to me one of Ayres's claims to resuscitation

Philip Ayres

Yet still my organs move a proof to give,
That soul and body can divided live

VII

Remove the cause, th' effects will cease
This is an error too,
And found by me untrue,
My fair when near disturbs my peace,
But when she's furthest off, no tongue can tell
The raging pangs of Love my heart does feel

40

VIII

All creatures love not their own kind
I this new axiom try
And that all fear to die
By nature—a mistake I find
For I, a man, do a fierce creature love,
And such, I know, that will my murd'ress prove

IX

Here two extremes are eas'ly join'd,
Joy and grief in my breast,
Which give my soul no rest,
Both to torment me are combin'd
For when I view the source of all my wrong,
I sigh my music, mix with tears my song

50

X

That all things like effects produce
I readily can prove
A paradox in Love,
And my conclusion hence deduce,
Cold Cynthia to my zeal yields no return,
Though ice her heart, she makes my heart to burn

60

XI

Whilst in this torment I remain,
It is no mystery
To be, and not to be,
I die to joy, and live to pain
So that, my fair, I may be justly said,
To be, and not to be, alive and dead

XII

Now, go, my song, yet shun the eyes
Of those ne'er felt Love's flame,
And if my Cynthia blame
Thy arguments as sophistries,
Tell her, this is *Love's* New Philosophy,
Which none can understand, but such as try

70

Truth, Reason, Love, and Merit may endure

The Vanity of Unwarrantable Notions

Done out of Portuguese, from LEWIS¹ DE CAMOENS

TRUTH, Reason, Love, and Merit may endure
Some shocks, to make us think ourselves secure
But Fortune, Time, and Destiny, do still
Dispose all human matters at their will

What various strange effects perplex the mind,
For which we can no certain causes find?
We know we live, but what succeeds our end,
Man's understanding cannot comprehend

Yet doctors will their notions justify,
And vouch for truths what no man e'er could try, 10
Doubt real things, as if no such had been,
And things believe which never yet were seen

These men are proud to have their madness known,
Believe in *Christ*, and let the rest alone

To the Nightingale

*Why, little charmer of the air,
Dost thou in music spend the morn?
Whilst I thus languish in despair,
Opprest by Cynthia's hate and scorn
Why dost thou sing, and hear me cry,
Tell, wanton Songster, tell me why?*

I

WILT thou not cease at my desire?
Will those small organs never tire?
Nature did these close shades prepare,
Not for thy music, but my care 10
Then why wilt thou persist to sing,
Thou beautiful malicious thing?
When kind *Aurora* first appears,
She weeps, in pity to my tears,
If thus thou think'st to give relief,
Thou never knew'st a Lover's grief

*Then, little charmer, &c
That dost in music, &c*

II

Thou Feather'd Atom, where in thee
Can be compris'd such harmony? 20
In whose small fabric must remain,
What composition does contain

¹ In the Preface Ayres had spelt him 'Luis,' and so in the Table

Philip Ayres

All griefs but mine are at a stand,
When thy surprising tunes command
How can so small a tongue and throat
Express so loud, and sweet a note?
Thou hast more various points at will,
Than Orpheus had with all his skill

Then, little charmer, &c
That dost in music, &c

30

III

Great to the ear, though small to sight,
The happy Lover's dear delight,
Fly to the bow'r where such are laid,
And there bestow thy serenade
Haste from my sorrow, haste away,
Alas, there's danger in thy stay,
Lest hearing me so oft complain,
Should make thee change thy cheerful strain,
Thy songs cannot my grief remove,
Thou harmless syren of the grove

40

Then cease, thou charmer of the air,
No more in music spend the morn,
With me that languish in despair,
Opprest by Cynthia's hate and scorn,
And do not this poor boon deny,
I ask but silence whilst I die

Apollo and Daphne

PANTING for breath, towards her parent brook,
Like the tir'd deer before an eager chase,
Fair Daphne ran, nor durst behind her look
With wingèd feet, and with a blubb' red face

The beardless God, who, taken with her charms,
Had long pursu'd, by his hot passion led,
Straight saw her stop, and upward stretch her arms
On Peneus' banks, where she for aid had fled

He saw her nimble feet take root and grow,
And a rough bark her tender limbs enclose,
Her hair, which once like curls of gold did show,
Chang'd green, and in a shade of boughs arose

10

To the resistless tree he courtship makes,
And with vain kisses his fond love deceives,
Then of her bays by force a chaplet takes
So 'stead of fruit, he only gathers leaves

So many creatures live not in the sea

A Sestina, in Imitation of Sig. Fra. Petrarca

I

So many creatures live not in the sea,
Nor e'er above the circle of the Moon,
Did man behold so many stars at night,
Nor little birds do shelter in the woods,
Nor herbs, nor flow'rs e'er beautified the fields,
As anxious thoughts my heart feels ev'ry day

II

I, wishing Death, pray each may be the day,
And seek in vain for quiet in the fields,
My griefs succeed like waves upon the sea,
Such torments sure, no man beneath the Moon
E'er felt as I, 'tis known amongst the woods,
Where to complain I oft retire at night.

10

III

I never could enjoy a quiet night,
And do in pain and sorrow spend the day,
Since angry Cynthia drove me to the woods,
Yet e'er I quit my Love I'll weep a sea
The Sun his light shall borrow of the Moon,
And May with flowers refuse to deck the fields

IV

Restless I wander up and down the fields,
And scarce can close my eyes to sleep at night
So that my life's unstable as the moon,
The air I fill with sighs both night and day,
My show'rs of tears seem to augment the sea,
Make the herbs green, and to refresh the woods

20

V

I hating cities, ramble in the woods,
And thence I shift to solitary fields,
I rove and imitate the troubled sea,
And hope most quiet in the silent night.
So that I wish at the approach of day,
The Sun would set, and give his place to th' Moon

30

VI

Oh, that like him who long had lov'd the Moon,
I could in dreams be happy in the woods,
I'd wish an end to this most glorious day,
Then should I meet my Cynthia in the fields,
Court her, and entertain her all the night,
The day should stop, and Sol dwell in the sea

But day nor night, sea, moon, nor wood, nor field
Now Cynthia frowns, can ease or pleasure yield

Philip Ayres

A Sonnet of Sig Francesco Petrarca, giving an Account of the Time when he fell in Love with Madonna Laura

WILL spurs me on, Love wounds me with his dart,
Pleasure does draw me, Custom pulls me too,
Hope flatters, that I should my ends pursue,
And lends her right hand to my fainting heart

My wretched heart accepts, nor yet espies
The weakness of my blind disloyal guide,
My Passions rule, long since my Reason died,
And from one fond Desire, still others rise

Virtue and Wealth, Beauty and Graceful Mien,
Sweet Words, and Person fair as e'er was seen,
Were the allurements drew me to her net

10

'Twas Thirteen hundred twenty sev'n, the year,
April the sixth, this Nymph did first appear,
And tied me so, I ne'er shall Freedom get

A Sonnet, of Petrarc, showing how long he had lov'd Madonna Laura

PLEASURE in thought, in weeping ease I find,
I catch at shadows, grasp air with my hand,
On seas I float are bounded with no land,
Plough water, sow on rocks, and reap the wind

The sun I gaz'd so long at, I became
Struck with its dazzling rays, and lost my eyes,
I chase a nimble doe that always flies,
And hunt with a dull creature, weak and lame

Heartless I live to all things but my ill,
Which I'm solicitous to follow still,

10

And only call on Laura, Love and Death

Thus twenty years I've spent in misery,
Whilst only sighs, and tears, and sobs I buy,
Under such hard stars first I drew my breath

A Sonnet, of Petrarc, going to visit M Laura, remembers she is lately dead

OH eyes! Our Sun's extinct, and at an end,
Or rather glorified in Heav'n does shine,
There shall we see her, there does she attend,
And at our long delay perchance repine

A Sonnet

Alas, my ears, the voice you lov'd to hear,
Is now rais'd up to the celestial choir,
And you, my feet, she's gone that us'd to steer
Your course, where you till death can ne'er aspire
Cannot my soul nor body yet be free?
'Twas not my fault, you this occasion lost, 10
That seeing, hearing, finding her y' are crost
Blame Death, or rather blest be ever He,
Who binds and looses, makes and can destroy,
And, when Life's done, crowns with Eternal Joy

A Sonnet Petrarc laments for the Death of M. Laura

THIS Nightingale that does so much complain
Robb'd of her tender young, or dearest mate,
And to the fields and heav'ns her tale relate,
In such sad notes, but yet harmonious strain
Perhaps this station kindly does retain,
To join her griefs with my unhappy state,
'Twas my assurance did my woe create
I thought Death could not have a Goddess slain
How soon deceiv'd are those, who least mistrust!
I ne'er could think that face should turn to dust, 10
Which, than all human beauties seem'd more pure
But now I find that my malicious fate,
Will, to my sorrow, have me learn too late
Nothing that pleases here, can long endure

A Sonnet Petrarc on Laura's Death

HOLD, treacherous thoughts, that dare my rule despise,
Is't not enough 'gainst me in war are join'd
Love, Fortune, and grim Death, but I must find
Within me such domestic enemies?
And thou, my heart, that dost my peace oppose,
Disloyal thou wilt give my soul no rest,
But harb'ring still these thoughts within my breast,
Keep'st correspondence with my deadly foes,
To thee Love all his messages conveys,
Fortune my now departed pomp displays, 10
Death in my mind does all my griefs express,
That my remains fall by necessity,
My thoughts with errors arm themselves in thee
Thou art the cause of my unhappiness.

Philip Ayres

Constancy

PLACE me where Sol dries up the flow'ry fields,
Or where he to the frosty winter yields
Place me where he does mod'rate heat dispense,
And where his beams have a kind influence
Place me in humble state, or place me high,
In a dark clime, or a serener sky,
Place me where days or nights are short or long,
In age mature, or be it old or young
Place me in Heav'n, on earth, or in the main,
On a high hill, low vale, or level plain
Let me have vigorous parts, or dullness have,
Place me in liberty, or as a slave
Give me a black, or an illustrious fame
As I have liv'd, I'll ever live the same,
Where I at first did fix my constant love,
Nothing from Cynthia can it e'er remove

10

To his Viol

I TUN'D my viol, and have often strove,
In Mars's praise to raise his humble verse,
And in heroic strain his deeds rehearse,
But all my accents still resound of Love
In foreign countries, or on English ground,
Love for my theme does dictate Cynthia's charms,
Nor will he let me sing of other arms,
Than those with which he lovers' hearts does wound
This viol then, unfit for rougher notes,
My muse shall tune to its accustom'd way,
So shall it my harmonious points obey,
For it to Cynthia all its tunes devotes
Then to my soft and sweetest strokes I keep,
Whilst angry Mars his fury may lay by,
He list'ning to my song will quiet lie,
And in his Cytherea's bosom sleep

10

Hope Out of Italian, from Fra Abbati

I

GRIEVE no more, Mortals, dry your eyes,
And learn this truth of me,
Fate rolls, and round about us flies,
But for its ills carries a remedy

Hope

The leafless boughs on all those stocks,
With green shall beautify their locks,
And straight
Such store of various fruits shall yield,
That their tough backs shall truckle with the weight
For in a little space
Winter shall give to Spring its place,
And with fresh robes, Hope's Emblem, clothe the field

10

CHORUS

*He has no faith who sighs and whines,
And at his present ill repines
For we should strive
'Gainst all afflictions to apply
This Universal Remedy,
To hope and live*

II

Hope does our future joys anticipate,
It eases all our pains,
For in the present ill that reigns,
Endurance only triumphs over Fate
Young colts fierce and untaught,
In time submit,
For they to yield are brought,
Their backs to burdens, and their mouths to th' bit
With Patience also will the country swain
His conquest gain,
And make the stubborn heifer bow
Its neck to th' yoke, and labour at the plough

20

30

CHORUS

*Then he wants faith who sighs and whines,
And at his present ill repines
For Man should strive
'Gainst all afflictions to apply
This Universal Remedy,
To hope and live*

III

Thus sang a smiling Courtier t'other day,
Under the covert of a spreading tree,
And to his song upon his lute did play,
By whom an Ass you might attentive see
The Ass in scorn drew nearer him and bray'd,
And arguing thus, methought, in answer said
If this green grass on which I fed but now,
To be of Hope the symbol you allow,
And if the Ass's proper meat be grass,
Sure he that lives on Hope, feeds like an Ass

40

9 This 'truckle' looks as if the former (*v sup p 275*) were correct after all

Philip Ayres

Finding Cynthia in Pain, and crying

A SONNET

WHY, Idol of my Heart, these mournful cries,
And so much grief on those fair cheeks appears?
From whence proceed those envious showers of tears,
Dark'ning the lustre of thy beauteous eyes?
How dares bold Sorrow labour to remove
So many graces from their proper place?
Ah, Cynthia! Pain endeavours, in thy face,
To poison all the sweetest charms of Love
Sense of thy grief my soul with anguish fill,
Which out of pity into tears distills,
And for thy ease would fain endure thy woe!
But this affliction, sure thy heart sustains,
That, cruel Thou, being sensible of pains,
May'st to thy constant martyr pity show

10

Cynthia sleeping in a Garden

A SONNET

NEAR a cool fountain, on a rose-bed lay
My Cynthia, sleeping in the open air,
Whom Sol espied, and seeing her so fair,
Gaz'd, till his wanton coursers lost their way
The proudest flowers were not asham'd to find
Their scent and colour rivall'd in her face,
Her bright curl'd hairs were toss'd from place to place,
On neck and bosom by the amorous wind
Her smiles were animated by her breath,
Which still as soon as born receiv'd their death,
Being mortal made in pity to men's hearts
Poor Lovers then did lie and take their rest,
For the Blind Boy who does our peace molest,
Had in her sleeping eyes hid all his darts

10

Lesbia's Complaint against Thyrsis his Inconstancy

A SONNET

I LOV'D thee, faithless Man, and love thee still,
Thou fatal object of my fond desires,
And that which nourishes these amorous fires,
Is Hope, by which I love against my will
(310)

Lesbia's Complaint against Thyrsis

Great was the passion thou didst late express,
Yet scorn'st me now, whom long thou didst adore,
Sporting with others, her thou mind'st no more,
Whom thou hast call'd thy Heav'n and happiness

Think not by this, thy Lesbia thee invites,
To spend thy years in dalliance and delights,

10

'Tis but to keep her faith in memory,
But if to grieve my soul thou only strive,
To thy reproach, and to my boast I'll live,
A monument of thy INCONSTANCY

On Lydia Distracted

A SONNET

WITH hairs, which for the wind to play with, hung,
With her torn garments, and with naked feet,
Fair Lydia dancing went from street to street,
Singing with pleasant voice her foolish song

On her she drew all eyes in ev'ry place,
And them to pity by her pranks did move,
Which turn'd with gazing longer into I ove
By the rare beauty of her charming face

In all her frenzies, and her mimickries,
While she did Nature's richest gifts despise,
There active Love did subt'ly play his part

10

Her antic postures made her look more gay,
Her ragged clothes her treasures did display,
And with each motion she ensnar'd a heart

The Four Seasons

SPRING

WHEN Winter's past, then ev'ry field and hill,
The *SPRING* with flowers does fill,

Soft winds do cleanse the air,

Repel the fogs, and make the weather fair,

Cold frosts are gone away,

The rivers are at liberty,

And their just tribute pay,

Of liquid pearls, and crystal to the sea,

To whom each brook and fountain runs,

The stable mother of those straggling sons

10

1 With hairs] This quaint and fascinating vignette is another 'proof' for Ayres to put in. It is very likely borrowed to a more or less degree, but I do not know the original. As a pendant to 'The Fair Beggar' it will always hang, for some folk, in the 'chamber ruinous and old' of memory

Philip Ayres

CHORUS

*But then,
In a short space,
WINTER returns again,
Ere Sol has run his annual race :
But, Ah! When Death's keen arrow flies,
And hits poor MAN,
Do what he can,
He dies ,
Returns to dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies*

SUMMER

When flow'ry May is past, the Spring is o'er,
Then our cool breezes end ,
For Aeolus does send
His sultry blasts from off the southern shore ,
The Sun bows down his head,
And darts on us his fiery rays,
Plants droop, and seem as dead,
Most creatures seek for shade their diff'rent ways ,
All things as if for moisture cry,
Even rivers with the common thirst grow dry

20

CHORUS

*But then,
In a short space,
The SPRING returns again,
Ere Sol has run his annual race
But, Ah! When Death's keen arrow flies,
And hits poor MAN,
Do what he can,
He dies ,
Returns to dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies*

30

AUTUMN

When Summer's done, green trees begin to yield ,
Their leaves with age decay,
They're stript of their array ,
Scarce can the rains revive the russet field
The flowers run up to seed,
Orchards with choice of fruit abound,
Which sight and taste do feed
The grateful boughs even kiss their parent ground
The Elm's kind wife, the tender Vine,
Is pregnant with her heavenly burden, Wine

40

The Four Seasons

CHORUS

*But then,
In a short space,* 50
*SUMMER returns again,
Ere Sol has run his annual race
But, Ah! When Death's keen arrow flies,
And hits poor MAN,
Do what he can,
He dies,
Returns to dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies*

WINTER

When Autumn's past, sharp eastern winds do blow,
Thick clouds obscure the day,
Frost makes the currents stay, 60
The aged mountains hoary are with snow
Altho' the Winter rage,
The wronged trees revenge conspire,
Its fury they assuage,
Alive they serve for fence, when dead for fire,
All creatures from its outrage fly,
Those which want shelter or relief must die

CHORUS

*But then,
In a short space,* 70
*AUTUMN returns again,
Ere Sol has run his annual race
But, Ah! When Death's keen arrow flies,
And hits poor MAN,
Do what he can,
He dies,
Returns to dust, a Shadow, and a Nothing lies*

A Sonnet Translated out of Italian

Written by Sig FRA GORGIA, who was born as they were carrying
his Mother to her Grave

UNHAPPY I came from my Mother's womb,
As she, Oh blessed She! who gave me breath,
Having receiv'd the fatal stroke of Death,
By weeping friends was carried to her Tomb

Philip Ayres

The sorrow I exprest, and grievous cries,
Love's tribute were, for her to Heav'n was gone,
My coffin, and my cradle, both were one,
And at her sunset, mine began to rise
Wretch, how I quake to think on that sad day !
Which both for Life and Death at once made way , 10
Being gave the son, and mother turn'd to earth
Alas, I die ! Not that Life hastes so fast,
But that to me each minute seems the last,
For I, in Death's cold arms, receiv'd my Birth

The Scholar of his own Pupil

The Third Idyllum of BION Englished, beginning, 'Α μεγάλη
μοι Κίπρις—

I DREAMT, by me I saw fair Venus stand,
Holding young Cupid in her lovely hand,
And said, Kind Shepherd, I a Scholar bring,
My little son, to learn of you to sing
Then went away , and I to gain her praise,
Would fain have taught him all my rural lays,
How Pan found out the Pipe, Pallas the Flute,
Phoebus the Harp, and Mercury the Lute
These were my subjects, which he still would slight,
And fill my ears with Love-Songs, day and night , 10
Of mortals, and of Gods, what tricks they us'd,
And how his mother Venus them abus'd
So I forgot my pupil to improve,
And learn'd of him, by songs, the Art of Love

An Epitaph, on a Foolish Boaster

HERE to its pristine dust again is hurl'd,
Of an inconstant soul, the little world ,
He liv'd, as if to some great things design'd,
With substance small, boasting a princely mind
Of body crooked, and distorted face,
But manners that did much his form disgrace
In broils, his rage pusht him beyond his art,
Was kick'd, would face again, but wanted heart

6 Those who have forgotten the once free ellipse of the relative might take 'her' for the dialectic nominative But it is not so and 'for' is a preposition—'for her [who]'

8 A modern poet would no doubt think it necessary to write 'As her sun set' or 'At her sun's set' But whether his state would really be more gracious, ἀδελον πᾶσιν κτλ'

An Epitaph, on a Foolish Boaster

In his whole course of life so swell'd with Pride,
That, fail'd in all's intrigues, for grief he died 10
Thus with ambitious wings we strive to soar,
Flutter a while, fall, and are seen no more

The Danger of the Sea

From the Thirteenth Book of the *Macaronics* of MERLINUS COCCAIUS,
beginning, *Infidum arridet saepe imprudentibus Aequor*

THE treacherous seas unwary men betray,
Dissembling calms, but storms in ambush lay,
Such who in bounds of safety cannot keep,
Flock here to see the wonders of the deep

They hope they may some of the Sea-Gods spy,
With all their train of Nymphs, and Tritons by
But when their eyes lose the retiring shore,
Join Heaven with seas, and see the land no more

Then wretched they, with brains are swimming round,
Their undigested meats and choler drown 10
Nor yet their boiling stomachs can restrain
Till they the waters all pollute, and stain

When Aeolus enrag'd that human race,
Should his old friend the Ocean, thus disgrace,
To punish it, he from their hollow caves,
With rushing noise, lets loose the winds his slaves

Who up tow'rds Heav'n such mighty billows throw,
You'd think you saw from thence Hell's vaults below
Fools! To whom wrecks have of no caution been,
By other storms you might have this foreseen, 20

Here your bold sailors launch'd into the main,
Then y' had ne'er strove to reach the shore in vain

10 No such uncertainty about grammatical progress need be hinted here, as was ventured in the last note. The omission of 'he' before 'failed' [or foil'd], and the *nominativus pendens*, or awkwardly apposed, of 'swell'd' are not things to regret

Title] Orig. by a clerical or printer's error 'Cocalius.' I have not yet identified the passage. It certainly is not in the 13th *Maccheronica* of Signor Portoli's ed. of Folengo (Mantova 1882) nor in the 12th, which, as containing the famous passage of the storm, might seem likelier

22 The last line is an instance of the way in which the Alexandrine re-introduced itself. To get the exact decasyllable you force the elision of 'y' and the slui of 'ne'er'. Then it strikes you that

'Then ye / had ne'er ^{striven} strove / to reach / the shore / in vain'

would be much better

Philip Ayres

An Expostulation with Love

THEY laws are most severe, oh Wingèd Boy !

For us to love, and not enjoy

What reason is't we should this pain abide ?

If love we must, you might provide,

Either that our affections we restrain,

From her we're sure to love in vain

Or after our desires so guide our feet,

That where we love, we may an equal passion meet

On the Art of Writing

SURE 'twas some God, in kindness first to men,

Taught us the curious art to use the pen

'Tis strange the speaking quill should, without noise,

Express the various tones of human voice

Of loudest accents we no sound retain,

Voice to its native air resolves again ,

Yet tho' as wind words seem to pass away,

By pen we can their very echoes stay

When we from other converse are confin'd,

This can reveal the secrets of the mind

All authors must to it their praises own,

For 'twas the pen that made their labours known

Good acts with bad tradition would confound,

But what we writ is kept entire and sound

Of this ingenious art Fame loudly sings,

Which gives us lasting words, and lasting things

10

The Morn

WHEN Light begins the eastern Heav'n to grace,

And the night's torches to the Sun give place,

Diana leaves her Shepherd to his sleep,

Griev'd that her horns cannot their lustre keep

The boughs on which the wanton birds do throng,

Dance to the music of their chirping song,

Whilst they rejoice the dusky clouds are fled,

And bright Aurora rises from her bed

Then fools and flatterers to Courts resort,

Lovers of game up, and pursue their sport ,

With last night's sleep refresh'd, the lab'ring swain

Cheerfully settles to his work again

10

The Morn

Pleas'd Hobb unfolds his flocks, and whilst they feed,
Sits, and makes music on his oaten reed,
Then I wake too, and viewing Lesbia's charms,
Do glut myself with pleasure in her arms

To his Ingenious Friend, Mr N Tate

THRO' various paths, for pleasures have I sought,
Which short content, and lasting trouble brought,
These are the clouds obscure my reason's light,
And charge with grief, when I expect delight

Spite of all lets, thou Honour's hill dost climb,
Scorning to spend in empty joys thy time,
Thou in the foremost list of Fame dost strive,
Whose present virtues, future glories give

With myrtle I, with bays, thou crown'st thy head,
Thine still is verdant, but my wreath is dead
The trees I plant, and nurse with so much care,
Are barren, thine the glory of the year

10

I only tune my pipe to Cynthia's fame,
With verse confin'd, but constant as my flame,
In thousand streams thy plenteous numbers fall,
Thy muse attempts all strains, excels in all

Less Security at Sea than on Shore

An Idyllium of MOSCHUS Englished, beginning, Τὰν ἄλα
τὰν γλαυκάν—

WHEN seas are calm, tost by no angry wind,
What roving thoughts perplex my easy mind '
My Muse no more delights me, I would fain
Enjoy the tempting pleasures of the main

But when I see the blust'ring storms arise,
Heaving up waves, like mountains, to the skies,
The seas I dread, and all my fancy bend
To the firm land, my old and certain friend

In pleasant groves I there can shelter take,
'Mongst the tall pines the winds but music make
The fisher's boat's his house, on seas he strives
To cheat poor fish, but still in danger lives

10

16 If we read 'and fails' for 'excels' in the last couplet of this poem, it will not be inadequate to its subject

Philip Ayres

Sweetly does gentle sleep my eyes invade,
While free from fear, under the plane-trees' shade
I lie, and there the neighb'ring fountains hear,
Whose purling noise with pleasure charms the ear

A Sonnet Platonic Love

CHASTE Cynthia bids me love, but hope no more,
Ne'er with enjoyment,— which I still have strove
T' obey, and ev'ry looser thought reprove,
Without desiring her, I her adore

What human passion does with tears implore,
The intellect enjoys, when 'tis in love
With the eternal soul, which here does move
In mortal closet, where 'tis kept in store

Our souls are in one mutual knot combin'd,
Not common passion, dull and unrefin'd ,
Our flame ascends, that smothers here below

10

The body made of earth, turns to the same,
As Soul t' Eternity, from whence it came ,
My Love's immortal then, and mistress too

Praises the Fountain Casis

Translated from JOVIANUS PONTANUS

CASIS, where Nymphs, and where the Gods resort,
Thou art a friend to all their am'rous sport ,
Often does Pan from his Ilycaeus run,
In thy cool shades to 'scape the mid-day's Sun ,

With music he thy neighb'ring hills does fill,
On his sweet Syrinx, when he shows his skill ,
To which the Naidess hand in hand advance,
And in just measures tread their graceful dance

By thee the goats delight, and browsing stray,
Whilst on the rocks the kids do skip and play ,
Hither Diana, chasing deer, does hie,
For on thy banks her game will choose to die

10

Here tir'd and hot, she sits and takes the air,
Here bathes her limbs, and combs and dries her hair
The Muses in their songs thy praise express ,
Dryas by thee begins to trick and dress

Oft to thy streams Calliope retires,
And all the beauties of thy spring admires ,
In whose close walks, while she from heat does keep,
Charm'd with thy murmur'ing noise, she falls asleep.

20

Tho' the late parting was our joint desire

To Cynthia gone into the Country

Tho' the late parting was our joint desire,
It did with different passions us inspire,
Thou wert o'erjoy'd, oppress with sorrow I,
Thy thoughts did faster than thy footsteps fly

But tho' I strove and labour'd to depart,
Spite of my feet, I follow'd with my heart,
Since thus I griev'd my loss, it was unkind
Not once to sigh for what thou left'st behind

Soneto Español de Don Felipe Ayres

*En alabanza de su Ingenioso Amigo, Don Pedro Reggio, uno
de los mayores Musicos de su tiempo*

Si el Thebano Sabio, en dulce Canto
De su Tierra los Hechos escrivia,
Y en elegantes Versos los dezir,
Que viven y con embidia, con espanto,

Tu Reggio, ya con soberano encanto,
Del Pindaro Ingles, con Armonia,
Assi exprimes la dulce Melodia,
Que la admiration suspende el llanto

No es mucho pues, que vençes lo mas fuerte,
(Si ya tu voz merece eterna Palma)
Y tu Instrumento al mismo Apolo assombre,

10

Pues Logras dos Victorias en tu suerte,
Una de la Armonia para L'alma
Otra del Instrumento para el Nombre

A Sonnet. On Cynthia sick

HEIP! Help! Ye Nymphs, whilst on the neighb'ring plain
Your flocks do feed, come and assistance bring,
Alas! Fair Cynthia's sick and languishing,
For whom my heart endures a greater pain

Ye Syrens of the Thames, let all your train
Tune their shrill Instruments, and to them sing,
And let its flow'ry banks with echoes ring,
This may her wonted cheerful looks regain

Soneto] I print Don Felipe here exactly as in the original, having no title to treat him otherwise

Philip Ayres

Ye herbs, that richest med'cines can produce,
Come quickly and afford such sov'reign juice,
 As from her heart may all the pains remove
But in her face if death would paleness give,
And Fate ordain that she in torment live,
 Then let her suffer in the flames of Love.

10

The Turtle Doves

From JOVIANUS PONTANUS

YE happy pair of turtle doves,
Renewing still your former loves,
Who on one bough, both sing one song,
Have but one care, one heart, one tongue,
Whilst our Loves varying as our fate,
Can scarce sometimes be known from Hate,
You to your first amours are true,
Would we could pattern take by you
What force of love amongst us, tell,
Such opposition can compel?
If from some powerful fire it spring,
Whence all this cold and shivering?
From cold if Love's strange force arise
How are our hearts his sacrifice?
This myst'ry I can ne'er unfold,
Why Love is rul'd by heat and cold
 You might the scruple best remove
 That are the emblem of TRUE-LOVE

10

An Essay towards a Character of His Sacred Majesty King James the Second

I PAINT the Prince the World would surely crave,
Could they the sum of all their wishes have,
Pattern of goodness him on earth we see,
Who knows he bears the stamp of Deity,
He's made, by Nature, fit for sword or gown,
And with undoubted right enjoys his Crown,
As gold by fire, he's tried by suffering,
Preserv'd by miracles to be a King,
Troubles were foils to make his glories shine,
Through all conducted by a Hand Divine
Malice long strove his fortunes to defeat,
Now Earth and Heav'n conspire to make him great
(320)

10

An Essay towards a Character of James II

He of all temp'ral blessings is possest,
But in a Royal Consort doubly blest
His mind, as head, with princely virtue crown'd,
To him, no equal can on Earth be found
His ev'ry action has peculiar grace,
And MAJESTY appears in mien and face
In subjects' hearts, as on his throne he reigns ,
Himself the weight of all his realms sustains , 20
Of ablest statesmen ever seeks advice,
And of best councils knows to make his choice ,
Is taught by long obedience, to command ,
His own best gen'ral He for sea, and land
Loves Peace, whilst thus for War and Action fit,
And Arms and Hate lays down when foes submit
Not of too open, nor too frugal mind,
In all things to the Golden Mean inclin'd ,
Seems for himself not born, but people rather,
And shows by's care, that He's their common Father , 30
Lewdness expels both from his camp and Court ,
No flatterers please, nor fools can make him sport ,
Grave in discoursing, in his habit plain,
And all excess endeavours to restrain
As Fates decree, so stands his Royal word,
O'er all his passions governs as their lord ,
Nicely does he inspect each fair pretence,
Justice alike to friend and foe dispense ,
He's the retreat to which oppress do fly,
Extending help to those in misery 40
Gracious to good, to wicked men severe,
Supports the humble, makes the haughty fear ,
To true deserts in mercy unconfin'd,
His laws do more Himself than others bind,
At sea his naval power He stretches far,
In Europe holds the scales of Peace and War,
His actions lasting monuments shall frame,
None leave to future age so sweet a name
Add ten times more, the Royal Image must
Fall short of JAMES the Great, the Good, the Just 50

Sleeping Eyes

FAIR Eyes, ye mortal stars below,
Whose aspects do portend my ill !
That sleeping cannot choose but show
How wretched me you long to kill ,
If thus you can such pleasure take,
What would you, if you were awake ?

50 And the next year was 1688

Philip Ayres

To the Swallow

Eis Xελιδόνα

An Ode of ANACREON Englished

Beginning, Σὺ μὲν φίλη Xελιδών

I
DEAR Bird, thy tunes and sportings
here,
Dehght us all the day,
Who dwell'st amongst us half the
year,
And then art forc'd away

II
Thou canst not Winter's fury bear,
But, cross the Southern Main,
To warmer Afric dost repair,
Till Spring return again

III
But, ah! no force of storm, or art,
Drives Cupid from my breast, 10
He took possession of my heart,
And in it built his nest

IV
This Bird there hatches all his
young,
Where each by instinct led,
Learns of its sire his tricks and song,
With shell upon its head

V
And ere these Loves have plum'd
their wings,
They multiply apace,
For as one plays, or cries, or sings,
It propagates its race 20

VI
Now their confusion's grown so loud
It cannot be exprest
I've such disturbance with the crowd,
They give my soul no rest

Love so as to be belov'd again

An Idyllum of MOSCHUS

Beginning, Ἦρα Πὰν Ἀχῶς τὰς γείτονος

PAN lov'd his neighbour Echo, Echo strove
To gain a nimble Satyr to her Love,
This Satyr had on Lyda fixt his flame,
Who on another swain had done the same

As Echo Pan, did Satyr Echo hate,
And Lyda scorn'd the Satyr for her mate
Thus Love by contraneties did burn,
And each for Love and Hatred took the turn

For as these did the other's flame despise,
As little those their lovers' passions prize
Then learn all you who never felt the pain,
To love, as you may be belov'd again

10

Of loving Venus, O Celestial Light !

All things should contribute to the Lover's Assistance

An Idyllium of MOSCHUS Englished

Beginning, Ἑσπερε, τὰς ἑρατὰς .

OF loving Venus, O Celestial Light !
Hesperus, Usher of the sable Night,
Tho' paler than the Moon, thou dost as far
Transcend in brightness ev'ry other star
To my dear Shepherdess my steps befriend,
In Luna's stead do thou thy conduct lend,
With waning light, not long before the Sun,
She rose, and now by this her course has run.
No base intrigue this night I undertake,
No journey I for common bus'ness make
I love, and bear within me Cupid's Fire,
And all things should to lovers' aid conspire

10

Cupid turn'd Ploughman

An Idyllium of MOSCHUS

Λαμπάδα θεῖς καὶ τόξα

ONCE for his pleasure Love would go
Without his quiver, torch, or bow,
He took with him a ploughman's whip,
And corn as much as fill'd his scrip,
Upon his shoulders hung the load,
And thus equipp'd he went abroad,
With bulls that often yokes had worn,
He plough'd the ground, and sow'd his corn,
Then looking up to Heav'n with pride,
Thus mighty Jove he vilified
'Now scorch my field, and spoil my seed,
Do, and you shall repent the deed,
Europa's bull ! I'll make you bow
Your haughty neck, and draw my plough'

10

Love's Subtilty

An Idyllium of MOSCHUS

Beginning, Ἀλφειὸς μετὰ Πῖσαν

By Pisa's walls does old Alpheus flow
To Sea, and thence to's Arethusa go,
With waters bearing presents as they move,
Leaves, flowers, and olive-branches, to his Love

Philip Ayres

And of the sacred dust the heroes raise,
When at Olympic Games they strive for bays,
He sinks and dives with art beneath the sea,
And to Sicilia does his streams convey
But still will he his purity retain,
Nor is his course obstructed by the main
'Twas Love, whose subtil tricks will ne'er be done,
That taught the am'rous river thus to run

10

Love makes the best Poets

An Idyllum of BION

Beginning, Ταὶ Μοῖσαι τὸν Ἐρωτα τὸν ἄγριον

DARTS, Torch, or Bow, the Muses do not fear,
They love and follow Cupid ev'ry where,
And him whose breast his arrows cannot reach,
They all avoid, refusing him to teach

But if Love's fire begin to warm a heart,
They straight inspire it with their sacred art,
Let none with subtil logic this deny,
For I too well the truth can testify

If Men or Gods I strive to celebrate,
My music's discord, and my verse is flat
For Love, or Lycis, when my vein I show,
My viol's tun'd, and sweetest numbers flow

10

The Death of Adonis

Ἀδωνιν ἢ Κυθήρη

Of THEOCRITUS Englished

WHEN VENUS her ADONIS found,
Just slain, and welt'ring on the
ground,

With hair disorder'd, ghastly look,
And cheeks their roses had forsook,
She bad the Cupids fetch with speed,
The Boar that did this horrid deed
They, to revenge Adonis' blood,
As quick as birds search'd all the
wood,

And straight the murd'rous creature
found,

Whom they, with chains, securely
bound,

And whilst his net one o'er him flung,

To drag the captive Boar along
Another follow'd with his bow,
Pushing to make him faster go,
Who most unwillingly obey'd,
For he of VENUS was afraid

No sooner she the Boar espied,
But, 'Oh! Thou cruel beast,' she
cried,

'That hadst the heart to wound this
thigh,

How couldst thou kill so sweet a boy?'¹⁹

'Great Goddess' (said the Boar,
and stood

Trembling), 'I swear by all that's
good,

The Death of Adonis

By thy fair Self, by Him I've slain,
These pretty hunters, and this
chain,

I did no harm this youth intend,
Much less had thought to kill your
friend

I gaz'd, and with my passion strove,
For with his charms I fell in love
At last that naked thigh of his,
With lover's heat I ran to kiss, 30
Oh fatal cause of all my woe'

'I was then I gave the heedless
blow

'These tusks with utmost rigour draw,
Cut, break, or tear them from my jaw,

'Tis just I should these teeth re-
move,

Teeth that can have a sense of Love,
Or, this revenge if yet too small,
Cut off the kissing lips and all'

When Venus heard this humble
tale,

Pity did o'er her rage prevail, 40
She bad them straight his chains
untie,

And set the Boar at liberty,
Who ne'er to wood return'd again,
But follow'd Venus in her train,
And when by chance to fire he came,
His am'rous tusks sing'd in the flame

Love a Spirit

I TOLD Jacinta t'other day,

As in a pleasant bow'r we sat,
Sporting and chatting time away,
Of Love, and of I know not what,

That Love's a spirit, some maintain,
From whom (say they) we're seldom free,

He gives us both delight and pain,
Yet him we neither touch, nor see

But when I view (said I) your eyes,

I can perceive he thither skips,

He now about them hov'ring flies,

And I can feel him on your lips

10

Commends the Spring

A Paraphrase on an Idyllium of BION

Beginning, Εἶλαρος, ὦ Μύρσων, ἡ χεῖματος ἡ φθινοπώροι

CLEODEMUS and MYRSON

CLEODEMUS

WHICH season, Myrson, does most pleasure bring,

The Summer, Autumn, Winter, or the Spring?

Does not the SUMMER? When the joyful swain

Pays Ceres' rights, and fills his barns with grain

Or is the AUTUMN best in your esteem?

That drives no shepherd to the distant stream

To quench his thirst or wanting common food,

To range for nuts and acorns in the wood

4 rights] sic in orig It is often difficult to know whether to read 'rights' or
'rites,' and this is one of the cases

Philip Ayres

For then our vines their nectar juice afford
And orchards with ambrosian fruits are stor'd
Or can you the cold WINTER more admire?
When frost and snow confine you to the fire,
With wine and feasting, music and delights,
And pleasant tales, to shorten tedious nights
Or give you for the flow'ry SPRING your voice?
Pray tell me, for I long to hear your choice

10

MYRSON

Since God at first (as we from poets hear)
Distinguish'd these Four Seasons of the Year,
Sacred to Deities, to whom we bow,
Our judgement of them they will scarce allow
Yet, Cleodemus, ans'ring your request,
I'll tell my thoughts, which I esteem the best
SUMMER offends, when Sol with fiercest ray,
On my tir'd limbs, does fainting heats convey
And me as little can moist AUTUMN please,
Engend'ring fogs, that season's all disease,
Much less could I delight in WINTER's snow,
Its nipping frosts, or tempests when they blow
But, oh, the SPRING! whose name delights the ear,
Would a continual spring were all the year
If th' others brought no damage, yet the Spring,
With purer air, makes birds in concert sing
It clothes our fields, our gardens, and our bowers,
In fresh array, adorn'd with various flowers
It makes the fruitful Earth, when pregnant long,
Bring forth, and kindly nurse her tender young
Herds leave their fodder, and in pastures keep,
And day is equal to the time of sleep
When God from Nothing made the Heav'ns and Earth,
And first gave all his creatures life and birth
Sure it was Spring, and gentle winds did blow,
And all Earth's products full perfection show

20

30

40

To sweet Meat, sour Sauce

An Imitation of THEOCRITUS or ANACREON

As Cupid from the bees their honey stole,
Being stung, he in the anguish of his soul,
Fled with his dear-bought purchase, which he laid
On Cynthia's lips, and thus in anger said
'Here I'm resolv'd shall a memorial be,
Of this my sweet, but punish'd robbery
Let him endure as great a pain as this,
Who next presumes these nectar lips to kiss,
Their sweetness shall convey revenging smart,
Honey to's mouth, but torment to his heart'

10

A brisk young archer

The Young Fowler that mistook his Game

An Idyllium of BION

Ἰξευτὰς ἔτι κῶρος ἐν ἄλσει δενδράεντι
ὄρνεα θηρεύων

A BRISK young archer that had scarce his trade,
In search of game, alone his progress made
To a near wood, and as he there did rove,
Spied in a box-tree perch'd, the God of Love
For joy, did he his lucky stars adore,
Ne'er having seen so large a bird before,
Then in due order all his lime twigs set,
Prepar'd his arrows, and display'd his net,
Yet would the crafty bird no aim allow,
But flew from tree to tree, and bough to bough, 10
At which his strange success, for grief he cried,
In anger throwing bow and toils aside
And to the man that taught him, ran in haste,
To whom he gave account of all that past,
Making him leave his plough, to come and see,
And show'd him Cupid sitting in the tree.
The good man, when he saw it, shook his head,
'Leave off, fond boy, leave off,' he smiling said,
'Haste from this dang'rous fowl, that from you flies,
And follow other game, let me advise 20
For when to riper age you shall attain,
This bird that shuns you now, you'll find again,
Then use your skill, 'twill all your art abide,
Sit on your shoulders, and in triumph ride'

Cupid's Nest

ΑΗ! Tell me, Love, thy nesting place,
Is't in my heart, or Cynthia's face?
For when I see her graces shine,
There art thou perch'd with pow'r divine
Yet straight I feel thy pointed dart,
And find thee flutt'ring in my heart,
Then since amongst us thou wilt show,
The many tricks thou, Love, canst do,
Prithee for sport remove thy nest,
First to my face, and then to Cynthia's breast 10
(327)

Philip Ayres

To Himself

Eis 'Εαυτόν

An Ode of ANACREON

Beginning, "Ὅταν ὁ Βάκχος εἰσέλθῃ

WHEN fumes of Wine ascend into my brain,
Care sleeps, and I the bustling world disdain,
Nor all the wealth of Croesus I esteem,
I sing of mirth, for Jollity's my theme

With garlands, I my ruby temples crown,
Keeping rebellious thoughts of business down,
In broils, and wars, while others take delight,
I with choice friends indulge my appetite

Then fetch more bottles, Boy, and charge us round,
We'll fall to Bacchus, victims on the ground,
Nor value what dull moralists have said,
I'm sure 'tis better to be drunk, than dead

10

To his Mistress

Eis Κόρην

An Ode of ANACREON

Beginning, "Ἢ Ταντάλου ποτ' ἔστη

NEAR Troy, Latona's rival makes her moan,
Chang'd by the Gods, into a weeping stone,
And ravish'd Philomel (they say 'tis true)
Became a bird, stretch'd out her wings, and flew

But I could wish to be your looking glass,
Thence to admire the beauties of your face
Or *robe de chambre*, that each night and morn,
On those sweet limbs undrest, I might be worn

Or else a crystal spring for your delight,
And you to bathe in those cool streams invite
Or be some precious sweets to please the smell,
That in your hand, I near your lips might dwell

10

Or string of pearls, upon your neck to rest,
Or pendent gem, kissing your snowy breast,
E'en to your feet, would I my wish pursue,
A shoe I'd be, might I be worn by you

'Tis sad if Love should miss a heart

To Love

Eis Ἐρωτα

An Ode of ANACREON

Beginning, *Χαλεπὸν τὸ μὴ φιλῆσαι*

'Tis sad if Love should miss a heart, Yet sadder much to feel the smart, But who can Cupid's wounds endure, And have no prospect of a cure?	But doubly be the wretch accurst Who taught us to esteem it first This thirst of gold incites one brother
We Lovers are not look'd upon For what our ancestors have done Wit and good parts have slight re- gard,	to ruin or destroy another Our fathers we for gold despise Hence Envy, Strife, and Wars arise And Gold's the bane, as I could prove,
No Virtue can obtain reward They ask what coin our purses hold, No object's like a heap of gold	Of all that truly are in Love

10

On a Death's-Head, covered with Cobwebs,
kept in a Library, and said to be
the Skull of a King

A SONNET Out of Spanish, from DON LUIS DE GONGORA

THIS mortal spoil which so neglected lies,
Death's sad Memento, now where spiders weave
Their subtil webs, which innocence deceive,
Whose strength to break their toils cannot suffice

Saw itself crown'd, itself triumphant saw,
With mighty deeds proclaiming its renown,
Its smiles were favours, terror was its frown,
The World of its displeasure stood in awe

Where Pride ordaining laws did once preside,
Which land should peace enjoy, which wars abide,
There boldly now these little insects nest,

10

Then raise not, Kings, your haughty plumes so high,
For in Death's cold embraces when you lie,
Your bones with those of common subjects rest

Philip Ayres

From an Imperfect Ode of Hybrias the Cretan

Beginning, Ἔστι μοι πλοῦτος, μέγα δόρυ, καὶ ξίφος

My riches are a trusty sword, and spear,
And a tough shield, which I in battle wear,
This, as a rampart, its defence does lend,
Whilst with the others I my foes offend

With these I plough, with these my crops I reap,
With these, for wine, I press the juicy grape,
These are (unless I fall by fickle chance)
Machines which me to dignities advance

Oh thrice beloved Target, Spear, and Sword,
That all these heav'nly blessings can afford !
Those who the havoc of my weapons fear,
And tremble when of blood, and wounds they hear

10

They are the men which me my treasures bring,
Erect my trophies, style me Lord and King
And such, while I my conquests spread abroad,
Fall and adore me, as they do their God

Complaints of the Shortness of Life

An Idyllium of BION

Εἴ μοι καλὰ πέλει τὰ μελύδρια

THO' I had writ such poems, that my name
Deserv'd enrolment in the Book of Fame,
Or tho' my Muse could ne'er acquire the bays,
Why thus in drudging do I spend my days?
For should indulgent Heav'n prolong our date,
Doubling the term of life prescrib'd by Fate,
That we might half in care and toil employ,
And spend the other in delights and joy
We then this sweet assurance might retain,
To reap in time the fruits of all our pain
But since none can the bounds of life extend,
And all our troubles have a speedy end,
Why do we wrack our brains, and waste our health,
To study curious arts, or heap up wealth?
Sure we forget we came of mortal seed,
And the short time Fate has for us decreed

10

Casis, to craving fields thou lib'ral flood

Being sick of a Fever, complains of the Fountain
Casis

Out of Latin from JOVIANUS PONTANUS

CASIS, to craving fields thou lib'ral flood,
Why so remote when thou should'st cool my blood?
From mossy rocks thy silver streams do glide,
By which the sultry air is qualified,
Tall trees do kindly yield thy head their shade,
Where choirs of birds their sweet retreats have made,
But me a fever here in bed detains,
And heat dries up the moisture of my veins
For this, did I with flowers thy banks adorn?
And has, for this, thy head my garlands worn? 10
Ungrateful spring, 'tis I, thy tale have told,
And sang in verses, thy renown of old
How on a time, Jove made in Heav'n a feast,
To which each God and Goddess came a guest,
Young Ganymede was there to fill the bowl,
The boy, by's Eagle Jove from Ida stole
Who, proud the Gods admir'd his mien and face,
And active in the duty of his place
Turning in haste, he made a careless tread,
And from the goblet all the nectar shed, 20
Which pouring down from Heav'n upon the ground,
In a small pit, itself had forc'd, was found
At which Jove smil'd, and said, ' My lovely boy,
I'll make this keep thy chance in memory,
A brook shall flow where first thy liquor fell,
And Casis call'd, which of thy fame shall tell '
Then with a kiss he did his minion grace,
Making a crimson blush o'erspread his face
This flatt'ring tale I often us'd to sing,
To the soft music of thy bubbling spring, 30
But thou to distant Umbrians dost retire,
Forgetful grown of thy Aonian lyre,
No kindness now thou yield'st me as at first,
No cooling water to allay my thirst,
I have thy image in my troubled brain,
But to my palate no relief obtain
Whole vessels in my dreams I seem to drink,
And that I cool my raging fever think,
My sleep to me at least this comfort yields,
Whilst the fierce dog-star chaps the parchèd fields 40
Some help, ye Muses, to your Poet bring,
Let him not thirst that drinks your sacred spring,
Persephon's favour with your songs implore,
Orpheus appeas'd her with his harp before

Philip Ayres

His Heart, into a Bird

THE tears o'erflow'd fair Cynthia's eyes,
Her pretty bird away was flown,
For this great loss she made her moan,
And quarrell'd with her destinies

My Heart a secret joy exprest,
As hoping good from that escape,
Took wings, and in the fugitive's shape,
Got shelter in her snowy breast

Which prov'd a fatal resting-place,
For she, th' impostor when she found,
Gave it with spite a mortal wound,
Then pleas'd, she laugh'd, and dried her face

10

In Praise of a Country Life

THE bliss which souls enjoy above,
He seems on Earth to share,
Who does divine retirement love,
And frees himself from care,
Nor thought admits which may his peace control,
But in a quiet state contents his bounded soul

Faction and noisy routs he hates,
Fills not his head with news,
Waits at no state-man's crowded gates,
Nor servile phrase does use,
From all false meaning are his words refin'd,
His sober out-side is the index of his mind

10

In pleasant shades enjoys his ease,
No project spoils his sleep,
With rural pipe himself can please,
And charm his wand'ring sheep,
Till to his cottage in some quiet grove,
By dusky night's approach he's summon'd to remove

On tempting gold, and baits of gain,
With scorn he casts his eyes,
As Mischief's root, and Virtue's bane,
Can their assaults despise,
Riches he sees our liberty abuse,
And to their slavish yoke he does his neck refuse

20

9 The form 'state-man' is just worth notice

In Praise of a Country Life

Fruit-trees their loaded boughs extend,
For him to take his choice,
His wholesome drink the fountains lend,
With pleasant purling noise,
In notes untaught, birds that like him are free,
Strive which shall most delight him with their harmony 30
Th' industrious bee example shows,
And teaches him to live,
While she from woodbine, pink, and rose,
Flies loaded to her hive
Yet narrow bounds contain his winter's store,
Let Nature be supplied, and he desires no more
No misery this man attends,
Vice cannot him allure,
Each chance contributes to his ends,
Which makes his peace secure, 40
Others may boast of their luxurious strife,
But happy he possesses more of solid life

Mortal Jealousy

BEGONE, O thou distracting Care,
Partner of Sorrow, and Despair !
Thy poison spreads to ev'ry part
Of this my poor tormented heart
If it be false, with which of late
Thou hast disturb'd my quiet state,
Why, to affright me, would'st thou bring
So well compos'd a monstrous thing ?
But if with Truth thou would'st delight,
To clear my long deluded sight, 10
Under that veil does falsehood lie,
'Tis Death thou bring'st, not Jealousy

The Innocent Magician, or, A Charm against Love

A GREAT, but harmless conjurer am I,
That can Love's captives set at liberty,
Hearts led astray by his deluding flame,
I to their peaceful dwellings can reclaim,
Love's wings I clip, and take from him his arms,
By the sole virtue of my sacred charms
His empire shakes when I appear in sight,
My words the wing'd and quiver'd boys affright,
Their close retreats my boundless power invades,
Nor can they hide them in their myrtle shades, 10
Their Sun's bright rays, they now eclips'd shall find,
Whose fancied light strikes giddy Lovers blind,

Philip Ayres

Rays of fair eyes, which they proclaim divine,
And boast they can Sol's dazzling beams out-shine
The storms of sighs, and rivers of their eyes,
My skill allays, and their large current dries
Hearts that are dead, I from their graves retrieve,
And by my magic-spell can make them live

For know, they're only tricks, and subtil arts,
With which the Tyrant Love ensnares our hearts, 20
This traitor plants his toils to gain his prize,
In curls of flaxen hair, and sparkling eyes
In each soft look, and smile, he sets a gin,
White hands or snowy breasts can tempt us in.

Wholly on mischief is his mind employ'd,
His fairest shows do greatest dangers hide,
With charming sounds his vot'ries he beguiles,
Till he destroys them by his Syren's wiles,
His cunning Circes ev'rywhere deceive, 30
And men of souls and human shape bereave

A thousand other arts this treach'rous boy,
To heedless lovers' ruin does employ
Be watchful then, and his allurements shun
So ends my charm Run to your Freedom run

The Happy Nightingale

MELODIOUS creature, happy in thy choice !
That sitting on a bough
Dost sing, ' Dear mate, my dear, come to me now ',
And she obeys thy voice
Ah, could my songs such bliss procure !
For mine could Cynthia ne'er allure

Nor have I wings like thee to fly,
But must neglected lie,
I cannot her to pity move,
She scorns my songs, and me 10
While thou rejoicest all the grove
(As well thou may'st) with melody,
For thou art happy in thy love

No creature e'er could boast a perfect state,
Unless to thee it may belong,
Since Nature lib'rally supplies
All thy infirmities,
To thy weak organs gave a pow'rful song,
Tho' small in size, thou art in Fortune great,
Compar'd to mine, thy happiness is most complete 20

The Fame we covet is a wand'ring air

On Fame

THE Fame we covet is a wand'ring air,
Which against Silence wages constant war,
For to be mute does her so much displease,
That true, or false, she seldom holds her peace,
She but a while can in a place remain,
'Tis running up and down, does her sustain,
Tho' dead she seem, she quickly can revive,
And with a thousand tongues, a Hydra live

Leander Drowned

THO' winds and seas oppose their utmost spite,
Join'd with the horror of a dismal night,
To keep his word the brave Leander strove,
Honour his Convoy, and his Pilot Love,
He long resists the envious billows' rage,
Whose malice would his generous flame assuage

At last, his weary limbs o'ercome with pain,
No longer could the mighty force sustain,
Then thoughts of losing Hero made him grieve,
Only for Hero could he wish to live
With feeble voice, a while to respite Fate,
He with his foes would fain capitulate

10

Whilst they against him still their fury bend,
Nor these his dying accents would attend
'Since to your greater powers I must submit,
Ye Winds and Seas, at least, this prayer admit,
That with my faith I may to her comply,
And at return let me your Victim die'

To Sleep, when sick of a Fever

HAPPY are we who when our senses tire,
Can slack the chain of thought, and check Desire
Nature her works does in perfection frame,
Rarely producing any weak, or lame,
She looks on Man with kindest Influence,
Does for one ill a thousand goods dispence,
Sleep, blessed Sleep she gave our lab'ring eyes
Oh how I now those happy minutes prize'

This rest, our Life's cessation we may call,
The ease of Toil, of Care the interval
For such refreshment we from Sleep obtain,
That we with pleasure fall to work again

10

Philip Ayres

To minds afflicted, Sleep a cure imparts,
Pouring its sov'reign balsam on our hearts
When wounds or sharp distempers rage, and sting,
Kind slumbers then some welcome respites bring

But waking kept by an excess of grief,
We from Eternal Sleep expect relief
So wretched I, tormented to Despair,
With pain my body, and my soul with Care,

20

Implore thy comfort, gentle Deity,
Whom none could e'er but with clos'd eyelids see

An Epigram on Woman

SINCE Man's a Little World, to make it great
Add Woman, and the metaphor's complete,
Nature this piece with utmost skill design'd,
And made her of a substance more refin'd,
But wretched Man, compos'd of dust and clay,
Must like all earthly things, with Time decay,

While she may justly boast of what's eternal,
A Heav'nly Count'nance, and a Heart Infernal

Of Learning

Περὶ Γραμμάτων

A Paraphrase on CALLIMACHUS

Beginning, *Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ τὰ μὲν ὅσα*

THE rosy chaplets which my head adorn,
And richest garments on my body worn,
In beauty and in substance must decay,
And by degrees shall all consume away

The meats and drinks which do my life sustain,
Nature in certain hours expels again
We of no outward blessings are secure,
They cannot Time's nor Fortune's shocks endure

For all my worldly goods are subject still
To a thief's mercy, or oppressor's will
But Sacred Learning treasur'd in the mind,
When all things else forsake me, stays behind

10

Is Cynthia happily return'd

Cynthia returned from the Country

Is Cynthia happily return'd, Whose absence I so long have mourn'd? Or do I dream, or is it she? My life's restorer 'tis, I see Ah, Fugitive, that hadst the heart, Body and Soul so long to part! Thy presence is a sweet surprise, A welcome dream to waking eyes, Who can such joy in bounds contain, My Cynthia is come back again! ¹ 10	No notice of your coming? This Is just to surfeit me with bliss You are (as when you went) unkind, With such extremes to charge my mind, This sudden pleasure might destroy, E'er Sorrow could make way for Joy The eye is struck before the ear, We lightning see, e'er we the thunder hear
--	--

A Paean, or Song of Triumph, translated into a Pindaric,
supposed to be of Alcaeus, of Sappho,
or of Praxilla the Sicyonian¹

Beginning, *Ἐν μύρτου κλαδὶ τὸ ξίφος φορήσω*

THIS sword I'll carry in a myrtle bough,
It is my trophy now,
Aristogiton, and Harmodius,
They bare it thus,
When they the Tyrant had destroy'd,
Restoring Athens to those liberties,
Which she so much does prize,
And which she anciently enjoy'd

O dear Harmodius! Thou art not dead,
But in the Island of the Blest
Dost live in peace, and rest
For so, 'tis said,
Thou happy art in company
Of swift Achilles, and fierce Diomedé,
And dost Tydides see,

10

¹ Whence did Ayres get his idea of the authorship of this famous scolion? It has no ancient warranty that I know of. The curious thing is that there is a fragment ('*Ἀδμήτρου λόγον* &c) which Praxilla has the honour of contesting (successfully according to the Scholiast) with the two great lyrists. As both pieces are quoted in Aristophanes, and both are commented on by the Scholiasts there, the mistake is rather creditable to Ayres than the reverse. For he had pretty evidently read his Aristophanes, though his memory shuffled the words. But his apparent severance of 'Diomedé' and 'Tydides' is less excusable. In the Greek (see Bergk, iii 647, ed 4) there is no ambiguity (Collins, in the *Liberty Ode*, plumps for Alcaeus, of course)

Philip Ayres

Therefore this Sword in a green myrtle bough,
I carry as in triumph now
The brave Harmodius,
And fam'd Aristogiton bare it thus
For when they had perform'd the sacrifice, 20
To our great patroness, Minerva, due,
They, as he in his grandeur sate,
The tyrant, proud Hipparchus, slew,
Who o'er th' Athenian State,
Without pretence of right, did tyrannize
Eternal honours you on Earth shall gain,
Aristogiton and Harmodius !
You have the bloody tyrant slain,
By which you do restore
Your city to the laws which govern'd it before 30

Beauty makes us Happy

HAPPY's the man who does thy beauty see,
Yet happier he who sees and sighs for thee
But he does greatest happiness obtain,
Who sighs for thee, and makes thee sigh again,
Some powerful star did govern at his birth,
Who for the lov'liest creature upon earth,
Shall in content his eye and wishes join,
And safely say of thee, That heart is mine

To John Dryden, Esq , Poet Laureate and Historio- grapher Royal, his Honoured Friend

My Muse, when heated with poetic flame,
Longs to be singing thy exalted name,
The noble task she sets before my eyes,
And prompts me to begin the enterprise,
My eager hand no sooner takes the pen,
But seiz'd with trembling, lets it fall agen
My tim'rous heart bids stop, and whispering says,
What canst thou sing that may advance his praise?
His quill's immortal, and his flights are higher
Than eye of human fancy can aspire 10
A lasting fountain, from whose streams do flow
Eternal honours where his works shall go
From him the wits their vital humour bring
As brooks have their first currents from the Spring,
Could my unskilful pen augment his fame,
I should my own eternize with his name
(338)

To John Dryden

But hold, my Muse, thy theme too great decline,
Remember that the subject is divine
His works do more than pen or tongues can say,
Each line does Beauty, Grace, and Wit display

20

To a Singing Bird

DEAR prison'd Bird, how do the stars combine
To make my am'rous state resemble thine?
Thou, happy thou! dost sing, and so do I,
Yet both of us have lost our liberty,
For him thou sing'st who captive thee detains,
And I for her who makes me wear her chains
But I, alas, this disproportion find,
Thou for delight, I sing to ease my mind
Thy heart's exalted, mine depress'd does lie,
'Thou liv'st by singing, I by singing die

10

The Happy Lover

HARK Lovers, hark, and I shall tell
A wonder that will please you well,
She, whom I lov'd as my own heart,
For whom I sigh'd and suffer'd smart,
Whom I above the world admir'd
When I approach'd, who still retir'd
Was so reserv'd, but yet so fair,
An angel to what others are
Herself from Love escapes not free
The man belov'd? 'Tis happy I am He

10

On Peace

Περὶ εἰρήνης

The Paean of Bacchylides, beginning

Τίλκει δὲ θνατοῦσιν εἰρήνην μεγάλη
Πλούτων

GREAT Goddess Peace does Wealth on us bestow,
From her our Sciences and Learning flow,
Our Arts improve, and we the artists prize,
Our Altars fume with richest sacrifice

Youths mind their active sports—they often meet,
Revel, and dance with maidens in the street,
The useless shield serves to adorn the hall,
Whence spiders weave their nets against the wall,

Philip Ayres

Gauntlets and spears lie cover'd o'er with dust,
And slighted swords half eaten up with rust,
No trumpets sound, no rattling drums we hear,
No frightful clamours pierce the tim'rous ear,

10

Our weary eyes enjoying nat'ral rest,
Refresh the heart when 'tis with cares opprest,
Days steal away in feasting and delight,
And lovers spend in serenades the night

An Ode of Anacreon

Beginning Πολιοὶ μὲν ἡμῖν ἤδη κρόταφοι

My hairs are hoary, wrinkled is my Face,
I lose my strength, and all my manly grace,
My eyes grow dim, my teeth are broke or gone,
And the best part of all my life is done,

I'm drown'd in cares, and often sigh and weep,
My spirits fail me, broken is my sleep,
Thoughts of the gaping grave distract my head,
For in its paths, 'wake or asleep, we tread,

None can from it by art their feet restrain,
Nor back, tho' wide its gates, can come again
Then since these ills attend the life of man,
Let's make their burden easy as we can

10

Cares are no cares, but whilst on them we think,
To clear our minds of such dull thoughts, let's drink

The Musical Conqueress

LED by kind stars one ev'ning to the grove,
I spied my Cynthia in the Walk of Love,
Her heav'nly voice did soon salute my ears,
I heard, methought, the Music of the Spheres

Those notes on all the birds had laid a spell,
And list'ning 'mongst the rest was Philomel,
Who thinking she, in credit, suffer'd wrong,
Strove, tho' in vain, to equal Cynthia's song

But when herself, in voice, outdone she knew,
Being griev'd, she ceas'd, and from her rival flew,
I stay'd and saw my fair walk round the tree,
And sing her triumph for the victory

10

Thus whilst my ears were feasted with delight,
My eyes no less were charm'd at her angelic sight

Why dost thou fly me thus? Oh cruel boy!

A Nymph to a young Shepherd, insensible of Love

WHY dost thou fly me thus? Oh cruel boy!
I am no wolf that would thy life destroy
But a fond Nymph, admirer of thy face,
As Echo once of fair Narcissus was

Thou e'en in dangers dost thy fancy please,
Striving with toil the hunted game to seize
While wretched me, who languish for thy sake,
When in thy net thou dost refuse to take

But I, alas, in vain attempt to find
Effects of pity in a hard'ned mind
As soon the hare its hunters may pursue,
As I with prayers thy cruel heart subdue

10

My pow'r, I see, cannot thy steps retain,
Thus led by sports, and wing'd by thy disdain

Compares the Troubles which he has undergone
for Cynthia's Love, to the Labours of
Hercules

NOR Hercules himself did undertake
Such toilsome labours for his mistress' sake
As I for many years with endless pain,
The slave of Love, Love's fatigues sustain

Tho' he slew Hydra, from th' Infernal King,
Did the three-headed yelping porter bring,
Tyrants destroy'd, Nemaëan lion tare,
And Atlas' burden on his shoulders bare

To stand the scorns of an imperious brow,
Resist such hate as would no truce allow,
A stubborn heart by patient suffering, tame,
And with weak rhythms, exalt her glorious name,

10

Are acts shall more the world with wonder fill,
Than his who did so many monsters kill,
Conquer a crafty bull, disturb Hell's Court,
Th' Hesperian garden rob, and Heav'n support

Philip Ayres

The Trophy

Now, now, my heart's my own again,
The vict'ry's won, no more I'll grieve,
My mind's at peace, 'tis eased of pain
And now I shall with pleasure live
Lovers from your IDOL fly,
He's the common ENEMY,
Let him flatter, let him smile,
All his drifts are to beguile
His poison he distills,
By cunning ARTS,
Into our HEARTS
And then with torment kills
Trust not his deluding FACT,
Dang'rous is his kind embrace,
Believe not what you hear or see,
For He's made up of TREACHERY
Nor be by TRICKS into his ambush charm'd,
The more HE naked seems, the more He's arm'd

10

In Sphaeram Archimedis

CLAUDIAN, Englished

JOVE saw the sphere old Archimedes made,
And to the other Gods he laughing said,
'Such wondrous skill can crafty mortals get,
Of my great work to make the counterfeit?
Heav'n's and Earth's constitutions, fixt by Fate,
This Syracusan's art does imitate,
His various planets their just order have,
Keeping by springs the motions which he gave,
Thro' the twelve signs his Sun completes its years,
And each new month, his mock new-Moon appears,
Pleas'd with his World, this artist unconfined,
Boldly rules Heav'n in his aspiring mind
No more Salmoneus' thunder I admire,
Here's one has ap'd all Nature's works entire'

10

The Frailty of Man's Life

THE life we strive to lengthen out,
Is like a feather rais'd from ground,
Awhile in air 'tis tost about,
And almost lost as soon as found,

The Frailty of Man's Life

It it continue long in sight,
'Tis sometimes high and sometimes low,
Yet proudly aims a tow'ring flight,
To make the more conspicuous show

The air with ease its weight sustains,
Since 'tis by Nature light, and frail ,
Seldom in quiet state remains,
For troops of dangers it assail

10

And after various conflicts with its foes,
It drops to Earth, the Earth from whence it rose

Of the Miseries attending Mankind

POSIDIPPUS the Comic Poet

Beginning, *Ποίην τίς βióτοιo τάμοι τρίβoν* ,

OH mis'ry of Mankind ! For at the Bar
Are strifes and quarrels , at our houses, Care ,
In fields, hard labour , dangers, on the sea
Who travels rich, can ne'er from fears be free ,

Grievous is Want , Marriage, eternal strife
A single, is a solitary life ,
Children, bring Care and Trouble , to have none,
The happiness of wedlock is not known ,

Our Youth is Folly , e'er we can grow wise,
We're old, and loaded with infirmities
So we may wish, who have th' experience try'd,
That we had ne'er been born or soon as born had died

10

Of the Blessings attending Mankind

MEFRODORUS the Athenian Philosopher, contradicting the former

Beginning, *Παντοίην βióτοιo τάμοις τρίβoν*

HAPPY mankind ! For where we fix to live,
The Gods a blessing to that station give ,
If at the Bar it be our lot to plead,
There Wisdom reigns, and there is Justice weigh'd ,

Or if at home we would ourselves maintain,
We there by industry may riches gain,
Of Nature's bounty, fields the prospect show ,
From Sea the merchant knows his treasures flow ,

Philip Ayres

Who travels rich, with Honour does appear,
Who has least Wealth, hath still the less to fear, 10
If married, thou may'st rule as lord at home,
If single, hast the liberty to roam,
Children, the comfort of our lives procure,
If none, we are from thousand cares secure,
To exercise and sports is Youth inclin'd,
Old Age does ever veneration find
So we may those imprudent fools deride,
That wish they'd ne'er been born, or soon as born had died

To make a Married Life happy

From MENANDER the Athenian

Γυνή πολυτελής ἐστ' ὀχληρόν

A BRISK young wife, who did a fortune bring,
Proves to her husband a vexatious thing,
Yet these advantages to him she gives,
By her, in his posterity, he lives,
She takes of him, when sick, a prudent care,
In his misfortunes bears an equal share,
To her, for ease, he does his griefs impart,
Her pleasant converse often cheers his heart,
And when (if she survive) he ends his life,
She does the office of a pious wife 10
Set these against her ills, and you will find
Reasons to quiet your uneasy mind
But if you'll strive her temper to reclaim,
Slight these good things, the bad expose to shame,
And no compliance to her humour lend,
To your vexations ne'er shall be an end

On Man's Life

Simonides, *Εἰς τῶν θνητῶν βίον*

Beginning, Οὐδέν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι μένει χρόμ' ἔμπεδον αἰεὶ
No human thing in constancy will stay,
The learned Chian us'd of old to say,
Our life was frailer than the fading leaves,
Which Man forgets, and scarce its flight perceives
He harbours idle fancies in his brain,
Many which he from childhood did retain
And whilst his vigour lasts, he's still inclin'd
To fill with trifles his unsettled mind,
(344)

On Man's Life

On Age or Death ne'er thinks, nor takes he care
Health to preserve, or active limbs to spare 10
We to more serious things our minds should give,
Youth hastes, and we have little time to live
To weigh this well, is a material part,
This thought's of worth, record it in thy heart

The Contempt of Old Age

Ψόγος Γήρως

From two Elegies of MIMNERMUS, the first being imperfect begins

Ἄλλ' ὀλιγοχρόνιον γίγνεται

'Tis a short time our precious youth will stay
Like some delightful dream it steals away,
And then comes on us, creeping in its stead,
Benumbing Old Age, with its hoary head,
Which beauty spoils, our nerves with crampings binds,
It clouds our eyesight, and disturbs our minds
When Jove to Tithon endless old age gave,
'Twas sure of greater terror than the grave
Some have in youth been for their beauty priz'd,
Which when deform'd by age, become despis'd, 10
Then peevish grown, and vex'd at children's slight,
Take not abroad, nor at their homes, delight
Bed rid, and scorn'd, with pains, and rheums, they lie
The Gods on Age throw all this misery

In Praise of Old Age

From ANAXANDRIDES the Rhodian Poet, beginning

Οὔτοι τὸ γῆράς ἐστιν
τῶν φορτίων μέγιστον

OLD Age, which we both hope and fear to see,
Is no such burden as it seems to be
But it uneas'ly if we undergo,
'Tis then ourselves take pains to make it so
A yielding patience will create our ease,
So do the wise compound in youth for peace
Who thus complies, both to himself is kind,
Whilst he secures the quiet of his mind
And to his friends a just respect does show,
Which gains him love, and veneration too 10

Philip Ayres

From Crates the Philosopher, on the same

Beginning, Ὀνειδισὰς μοι γῆρας ὥς κακὸν μέγα

SOME giddy fools do rev'rend Age deride,
But who enjoy'd it not, untimely died,
We pray we may to good old age attain,
And then of its infirmities complain,
But their insatiate minds I must admire,
Who old, infirm, and poor, can longer life desire

The Timely Memento

THE shipwreck'd bark cannot more sure convey
Our human life into the raging sea
Nor darts to mark can more directly fly
Nor floods to th' ocean, than we post to die
Then happy thou, who dost so well begin,
And so thy race hold on, the palm to win '
Blest Runner ! that when tir'd, and lying down,
Dost rise possess'd of an Eternal Crown
Only by closing here thy mortal eyes,
Opens the passage to celestial joys
Then let him take the Earth who loves to reign,
Yet a small tract, e'er long, shall him contain,
Where he as monarch cannot be obey'd,
For saucy worms his limits shall invade
If all must die, why should we fear and grieve,
Since dying is the only way to live ?

10

On Good Friday, the Day of our Saviour's Passion

WEEP this great day ! Let tears o'erflow your eyes,
When Father gave his Son in sacrifice,
This day for us his precious Blood was spilt,
Whose dying made atonement for our guilt
He on a cross, with shame, gave up his breath,
E'en He who could not die, did suffer death
Closing his eyes, to Heav'n He op'd a way,
And gave those life who then expiring lay
Death did against our souls those arms prepare,
But He the fury of the conflict bare,
To guard our lives his body was the shield,
And by our Gen'ral's fall we gain the field
When graves shall open, Temple's Veil be torn,
The El'ments weep, and Heav'n's themselves shall mourn,
O hearts more hard than stones, not to relent !
May we shed pious tears, and of our sins repent

10

What is't that thus frail Men with Error blinds

Of Imprudence

Περὶ ἀφροσύνης

RHIANUS the Cretan

*Η ἄρα δὲ μάλα πάντες ἀμαρτίνοοι πελόμεσθα
*Ἀνθρώποι

WHAT is't that thus frail Men with Error blinds?
Who bear Heav'n's gifts in such imprudent minds
The Poor with eyes and hearts dejected go,
Charging the Gods as authors of their woe,
They suit their habit to their humble state,
And scarce their minds with virtues cultivate.
How they should speak, or move, they stand in fear,
When 'mongst the rich and pow'ful they appear,
They ev'ry gesture do to sadness frame,
And blushing faces show their inward shame

10

But he whom Heav'n has blest with lib'ral hand,
And giv'n him o'er his fellow men command,
Forgets he on the Earth his feet does place,
Or that his parents were of mortal race,
He, swell'd with Pride, in thunder speaks like Jove,
Does in a sphere above his betters move
But tho' so rich, so stately, and so grave,
Has not more stock of brains than others have
Yet would he climb to Heav'n to find a seat
Amongst the Gods, and at their banquets eat
'Till swift-wing'd Ate, Mischief's Deity,
Light on his head, e'er he her coming spy,
Who can herself in various shapes disguise,
When old or young, she would in snares surprise
She on poor fools, as well as those in height,
Does to great Jove, and to Astraea right

20

His Remedies against the Miseries of Man's Life

TIMOCLES the Athenian More at large exemplified

*Ω τῶν ἄκουσον ἦν τί σοι δοκῶ λέγειν

CONSIDER well this truth, for 'tis of use,
Nature did ne'er a thing like Man produce,
So charged with ills, from which so seldom free,
Sometimes his life's a scene of misery

Nor human industry can respite gain
For his soul's anguish, or his body's pain,
But by reflecting what some men endure,
Which to himself may present ease procure,
And tales of what in former times was done,
Laid in the scale, and weigh'd against his own

10

Philip Ayres

Art thou reduc'd to beg from door to door?
When Telephus was young he suffer'd more,
In woods expos'd, without relief he lay,
For some devouring beasts a royal prey,
If thou, with his, thy miseries compare,
Thou wilt confess he had the greatest share

Have troubles turn'd thy brain to make thee rage?
Thoughts of Alcmaeon may thy griefs assuage,
By furies scourg'd, he mad, in torments died,
Yet justly suffer'd for his parricide

20

Wert thou by chance, or made by others blind?
Call Œdipus the Theban King to mind,
Who quit his throne, himself of sight depriv'd,
Became more wretched still, the more he liv'd,
Till Sorrow brake his heart, which scarcely cou'd
Atone for incest, and his father's blood

Thy son if dead, or was in battle slain?
A greater loss did Niobe sustain,
She saw her fourteen children slaughter'd lie,
A punishment for her IMPIETY,
Who great Latona's offspring had defied,
By whom, thus childless, drown'd in tears, she died

30

On Philoctetes think, should'st thou be lame,
He, a most pow'rful Prince, endur'd the same,
To conquer Troy he show'd the Greeks a way,
To whom he did the fatal shafts betray,
His foot disclos'd the secret of his heart,
For which, that treach'rous foot endur'd the smart.

Hast thou thy life in ease and pleasure led,
Till Age contract thy nerves, and bow thy head?
Then, of thy greatest joy on earth, bereft,
O'erwhelm'd in Sorrow, and Despair, art left?

40

So old King Œneus lost his valiant son,
For slights himself had to Diana shown,
Slain by his mother when he had destroy'd
The Boar, which long his father's realm annoy'd
Which actress in this mischief felt her share,
Herself becoming her own murderer
The father, losing thus his son and wife,
Ended in cries and tears his wretched life

50

Are Kings thus forc'd to yield to rig'rous Fate?
It may thy lesser ills alleviate

FINIS

THE TABLE

[It will be observed that this 'Table'—the original one—does not exactly coincide with the titles to the pieces themselves—ED]

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Philip Ayres

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END OF TABLE

Emblems of Love

IN FOUR LANGUAGES.

Dedicated to the Ladys
by *P H. A T R E S*, Esq.

Printed and sold by *Hen Overton*,
at the *White Horse* without
Newgate, *London*

[The title on a scroll held by a Cupid—other figures beneath]

EMBLEMS OF LOVE

Cupid to Chloe Weeping

A SONNET

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee
The cheerful birds no longer sing,
Each drops his head and hangs his wing
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower,
The brooks beyond their limits flow,
And louder murmurs speak their woe
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares
They heave thy sighs and weep thy tears,
Fantastic nymph ! that Grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against Love
Strange tears ! whose power can soften all—
But that dear breast on which they fall

10

I

[Cupid sowing a crop of heads rising from the ground]

Amoris semen mirabile

INDOLIS eximiae quis semina nescit amoris?
Hinc gnarus Divae Pallados exit homo

The Marvellous Seed of Love

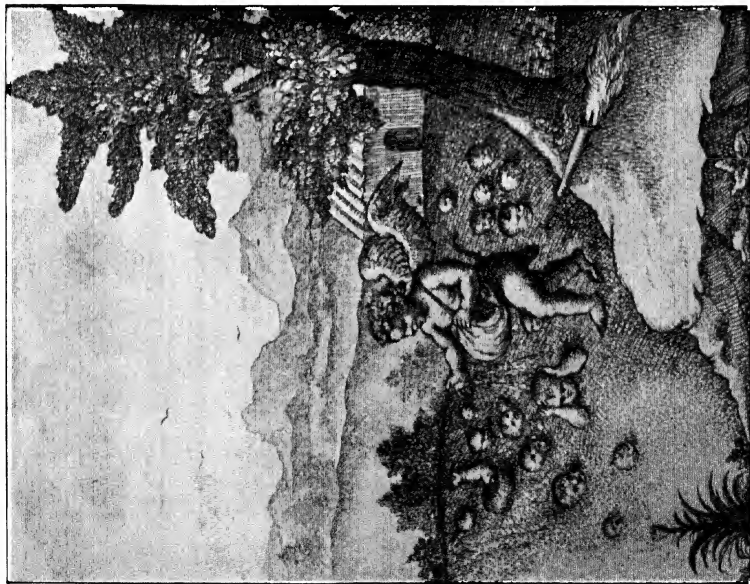
STRANGE power of Love thus to transform our parts !
It gives new souls, and does our wits improve,
Confess hereafter that the Queen of Arts
Sprung from Love's seed, not from the brain of Jove

Il seme d'Amore mirabile

Quanta tua forza, Amor, prevale al mondo !
Non humile pastor, non re potente
Resister puote al arco tuo pungente,
Di glorie di trofei sei sol fecondo

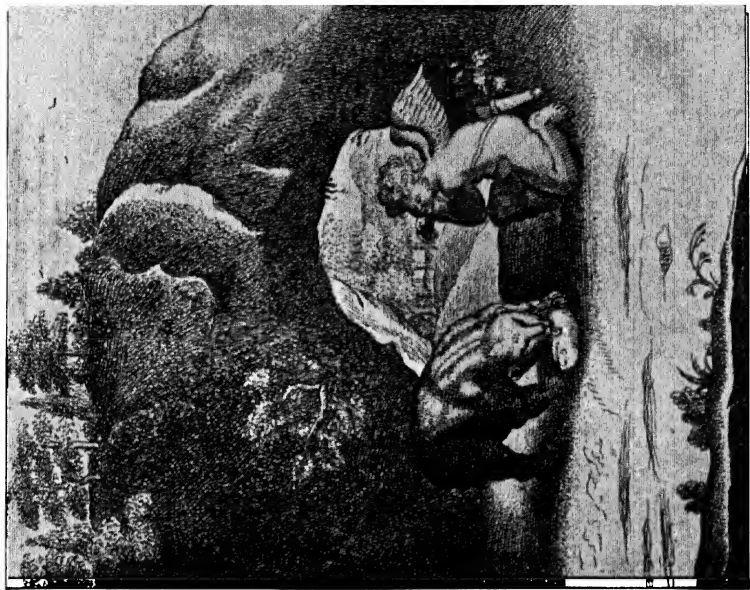
La semence d'amour merveilleuse

Que ta semence, Amour, est puissante et divine !
Depuis l'humble berger jusqu'au prince orgueilleux,
Depuis le simple enfant jusqu'au docteur fameux,
Tout de ton sein fécond tire son origine



I THE MARVELLOUS SEED OF LOVE

To face p 354]



V BY LITTLE AND LITTLE

Emblems of Love

II

[Two Cupids, each lighting his torch from the other's In the distance two couples making active love and a church in the corner to save the proprieties]

Mutual Love

LOVE requires love then let your busy fools
Pursue in haste what does as fast retire
Wisely we act by mother Nature's rules,
Our hearts, like torches, burn with equal fire

III

[Cupid sitting under a tree and holding the strings of entwined nets, with decoy-birds in cages]

The Voluntary Prisoner

UNTRAINED in all Love's subtle tricks and wiles,
I late was free and boasted of my state
Now willingly I'm taken in his toils
And feel those ills which I myself create

IV

[Cupid, his arm in a leash which a hare holds in its mouth, timidly approaches a house in the porch of which are two damsels, with another at the window]

The timorous¹ Adventurer

I'll on and venture to express my mind—
Both Love and Fortune to the bold are kind,
How oft do I my timorous¹ heart upbraid,
Abasht for fear and, 'cause abasht, afraid

V

[Cupid pensively watches a bear licking her cub A tree crowned rock arch behind with a vista]

By Little and Little

SEE how the bear industriously does frame,
And bring in time to form, her unshaped young
So may you mould the rough unpliant dame
With melting lips and with a soothing² tongue

¹ Orig 'timorous'

² Orig 'sooting.'

Philip Ayres

VI

[Cupid fixing the plough-yoke on a restive ox]

Fair and Softly

THE yoke uneasy on the ox doth sit
Till by degrees his stubborn neck does bow,
So Love's opposers do at last submit
And gladly drudge at the accustom'd plough

VII

[Two Cupids, with a tinder box, endeavour in vain to strike a light, while their bows and arrows lie broken on the ground In the distance, two couples not getting on well together]

The Impossibility

WHO warmly courts the cold and awkward dame,
Whose breast the living soul does scarce inspire,
With them an equal folly may proclaim,
Who without fuel strive to kindle fire

VIII

[Cupid, standing boldly in the foreground, has just loosed one shaft and is holding another ready to fit it to the string In the background a castle, with something hanging from the highest tower (a white flag? or a culprit's body?), and a couple of lovers, the lover hurrying the beloved onwards Cupid has on his right wrist an extra pair of winglets, and this peculiarity is referred to in the *Italian* motto *only*

Porta alata la destra Amor alato, &c

This may give a key to origins]

Be quick and Sure

ALL's fish that comes to net, whate'er she be,
Whom Love's blind god, or blinder chance shall send
Into thy arms, receive each deity¹
Will to the active Lover be a friend¹

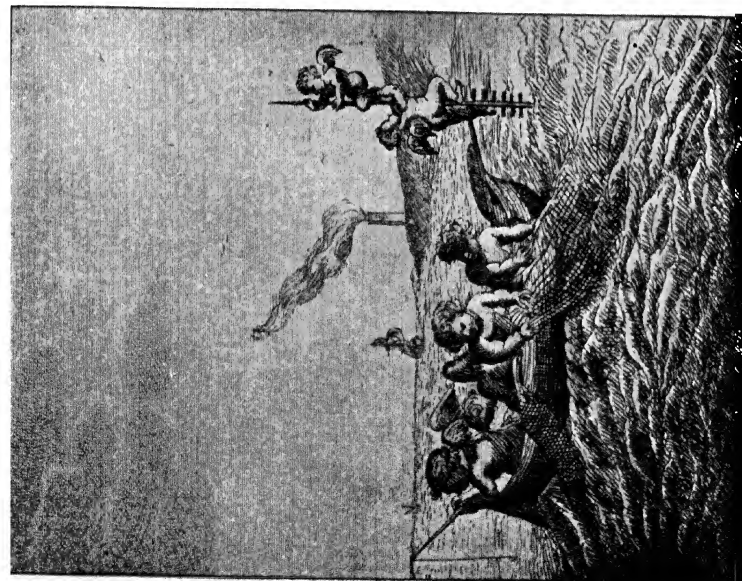
IX

[This is a curious contrast, for here the *Italian* motto has no obvious reference to the Emblem This is a spirited sea-piece—Cupids drawing their nets in a boat, two others climbing a stepped pole standing out of the sea, a beacon flaming and smoking on a tower in the distance, and a ship under full sail off the coast The Latin, English, and French mottoes deal only with the *fishing* The Italian, probably misplaced, is about Hope as the nurse of Love]

Love a Ticklish Game

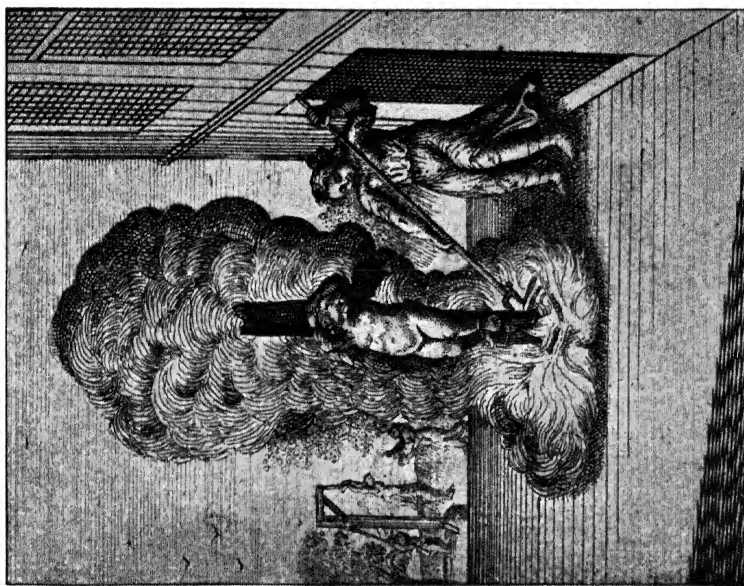
VIRGINS are like the silver finny race,
Of slippery kind, and fishes seem in part
Lovers' look to't, be sure to bait the place,
Lay well your hooks—and cast your nets with art

¹ The engraver, perhaps shocked at the poet, has made this 'Diety,' and 'freind'
The sense of this epigram depends on the punctuation



IX LOVE IS A TICKLISH GAME

To face p 356



XXII 'TIS HONOURABLE TO BE LOVE'S MARTYR

Emblems of Love

X

[Cupid gropes blindfold in a narrow town-street—girls stand at the house-doors but seem to be clapping their hands to confuse him]

Blind Love

LOVE is that childish play call'd Blind-man's buff
The fond youth gropes about till he is lost,
Too late convinced of Reason's wise reproof
When's little brains are dashed against a post

XI

[Cupid, in a dark cellar with one window, holds an empty barrel over a candle which pours its rays through the bung hole and out of the window itself]

Love will out

LONG think not to conceal thy amorous flame
In it thou canst thy ignorance discover,
See how the light confined with searching beam¹
Breaks through and so betrays the lurking lover¹

XII

[Cupid in a poultry-house, leaning on his bow and watching a cock-fight]

Life for Love

NOT the brave birds of Mars feel half that rage,
Though likewise spurr'd by Love and Victory,
Or can more freely bleed upon the stage,
Than rival lovers that dare fight and die

XIII

[A Cupid-Fight One blows the horn, two others wrestle fiercely, a fourth has a fifth by the throat, and a sixth has got the seventh down and is pummeling him, while apparently a dog is snapping at him likewise]

Cupid is a Warrior²

LOVERS are skilled in all the art of wars,
Sieges, alarms, ent'ring by storm the fort,
As if Love's mother, when she played with Mars,
Conceived his humour in her secret sport

¹ Engraved 'beames'

² Engraved 'Warrier'

Philip Ayres

XIV

[Cupid sits on a flower-plot, while a sunflower in the next bends itself towards him
Here the English motto rather diverges from the other three and, as will be seen,
does not mention the *grasol* The first line of the Latin is good and may serve to
identify it *Corpus ubi Dominae est, ibi cor reperitur amantis*]

The Powerful Attraction

WHERE'ER She be, the distance ne'er so great,
Mounted on sighs, thither my wingèd soul
Does take its flight, and on her motions wait,
True as magnetic needle to its pole

XV

[Cupid stands before a lady who sits, fan in hand, on a canopied sofa, and holds out to
her a scroll, or banneret, with a heart, arrow pierced, upon it]

Rather Deeds than Words

You say you love, but I had rather see 't
Show Love's impressions in a wounded heart,
Words are but wind, and strangers thus may greet
But doing, doing, that's the proving part

XVI

[Venus puts her hand on Cupid's bee stung forehead In the distance is the actual
scene of the stinging]

Cupid himself stung

DOES a bee's sting thus make thee cry and whine?
A small revenge for thy bold robbery!
Think on *thy* sting! The bee's compared to thine!
Comes as much short as that compared to thee

XVII

[Cupid gathering roses and flinching from the thorns In the distance a pair of lovers
rather dimly embracing under a palace wall]

The Difficult Adventure

WHILE wanton Love in gathering Roses strays,
Blood from his hands, and from his eyes drop tears
Let him poor Lovers pity who tread ways
Of bloody prickles where no Rose appears

¹ Engraved 'thyne'

Emblems of Love

XVIII

[A girl kneeling and gathering flowers into her lap Cupid, standing before her, appears to be holding forth]

Hard to be Pleased

SEL how she picks, and cuts, and casts aside,
Whilst the scorned flowers look pale at her disdain¹
This is the triumph of her nicer Pride,
And thus she does her lovers entertain

XIX

[A naked figure, with hands behind its back, leans against a wall nonchalantly, though with one arrow up to the feathers in its breast Cupid is discharging another almost *a bout portant*]

The Heart, Love's Butt

TEN thousand times I've felt the cruel smart
Of thy drawn bow, as often more I court
Till in thy quiver not one single dart
Be left for thee to prosecute thy sport

XX

[A study-bedroom with bookcase, a globe, a table with a violin, &c, and the poet in bed The 'Ghost' is very much materialized, and has one foot on the bed step]

Ever Present

HER name is at my tongue, whene'er I speak,
Her shape's before my eyes where'er I stir,
Both day and night, as if her ghost did walk,
And not she me, but I had murder'd her

XXI

[A tree bending but not breaking, under the combined efforts of Cupid, who has dropped his bow and is pushing it, and of two wind-heads blowing in the usual way from a cloud]

'Tis Constancy that gains the Prize

WHEN low'ring and when blustering winds¹ arise,
The weather-beaten Lover, tough as oak,
Endures the haughty storm, bends and complies,
Gets ground and grows the stronger for the shock

¹ 'Words in original and this obviously may be right, though the plate, and the occurrence of *procella*, *venti*, &c in the other mottoes, as obviously suggest 'winds'

Philip Ayres

XXII

[Cupid, bound to a stake, in the midst of a roaring fire, which a very cheerful maiden is poking with a two-pronged fork In the distance another Cupid has run a body (perhaps by its hands only) up to a gallows while a female figure in front either applauds or requests 'cutting-down'—it is not clear which None of the mottoes deals very directly with the plate]

'Tis honourable to be Love's Martyr

BEAR up against her scorns 'tis brave to die,
And on Love's altars lie, a pious load
Mount Oeta's top raised Hercules so high,
For 'twas Love's martyrdom made him a god

XXIII

[Cupid, holding his head in one hand and supporting himself with the other on a staff, his wings tied together and his right leg strapped upon a stump, is turning and looking back upon a house where a girl sits, apparently reading a letter¹]

Sooner wounded than cured

BRIGHTER than lightning shine her sparkling eyes,
And quicker far they penetrate my heart,
Tho' quick to take, yet slow to leave the prize,
Till they have made deep wounds and lasting smart

XXIV

[Cupid holding a chameleon (by courtesy) In the distance Europa and the Bull]

Compliance in Love

EACH passion of my soul is timed by you,
I seem your life, more than my own to live,
And change more shapes than ever Proteus knew,
Camelion-like the colour take, you give

XXV

[A street Cupid pointing to dogs over a bone]

Envy accompanies Love

I wo you may see like brothers sport and play
As if their souls did in one point unite
Throw but the bone call'd woeman² in the way,
How fiercely will they grin and snarl and bite !

¹ Here also the epigrams in the other languages are closer to the plate

² Though there are other slips in the engraving, this uncomplimentary spelling was probably intended

Emblems of Love

XXVI

[Cupid, neglecting one deer already pierced by his arrows, aims at another]

Platonic¹ Love

DULL fools that will begin a formal siege,
Intrench, attack, yet never wish to win,
And vainly thus to² linger out your age
When 'tis but 'knock at gate and enter in'

XXVII

[Cupid, approaching an unseen object with a caduceus in his hand]

The Power of Eloquence in Love

HE that's successful in his love ne'er knew
The strength of Eloquence, whose magic power
Can all the boasted force of arms outdo,
For golden words will storm the virgin tower

XXVIII

[Cupid a rod in his left hand, spurns and turns his back on arms, crowns, riches, &c
In the background a palace—in the middle distance a lady with train, &c, greets
a shepherd]

Love's Triumph over Riches

BENEFIT Love's feet are royal ensigns spread,
While fettered kings make up his pompous show,
Twice captive statues are in triumph led,
And sceptres do to rural shepherd's bow

XXIX

[No Cupid Three human persons, feeding, turning, and receiving the grist of a hand-
mill]

All not worth a Reward

WHAT means this worship? All this cringe and whine,
And this attendance dancing at her door?
Like slave that labours in a mill or mine
Toiling for others, thou thyself grow'st poor

¹ Platonique

² 'Do'

Philip Ayres

XXX

[Four Cupids trying to catch a hare]

The Hunter caught by his own game

THE busy youth pursue the timorous Puss
Whilst eager Hope makes pleasure of a toil,
But I must fly when I have beat the bush,
And to the hunted prey become a spoil

XXXI

[Cupid, his bow and quiver dropped, cooper's tools hanging on the wall on one hand
a cask sunk in the ground on the other, is diligently bending a hoop with feet and
hands]

'Tis Yielding gains the Lover Victory

THE yielding Rod, managed by cooper's trade,
In close embraces does the vessel bind
Wouldst thou hoop in the weaker vessel, Maid,
Bend to her humour with a pliant mind

XXXII

[Cupid shoots at a suit of armour fastened on a tree, and has already pierced the cuirass
(heart-marked) while shoulder piece and shield, also shot through, lie on the
ground]

There's no defence against Love

To sword and gun we steel oppose and buff,
To bearded shafts a trusty coat of mail,
But against Cupid's darts no armour's proof,
There is no fence against his Prot'stant flail¹

XXXIII

[Cupid, flying aloft in a cloud, discharges an arrow at a globe already studded with
others]

Love keeps all things in Order

How does this vast machine with order move
In comely dance to th' Music of the Spheres!
Did not wise nature cement all with love
The glorious frame would drop about our ears

¹ There is not and could not be much 'local colour' in these Emblems, so this touch is interesting. For this invention of the unlucky College see Scott's *Dryden* (my revision VII 18 sq) or Macaulay. There is probably also a play on the word—cf Herrick's famous 'Thy Protestant to be'

Emblems of Love

XXXIV

[Cupid hangs a ticket marked I on a tree, trampling other numbers under foot N B
The Latin Motto is here, by exception, partly quoted from Ovid]

True Love knows¹ but One

YOU live at large, abroad you range and roam,
At vizor-mask² and petticoat you run,
This you call Love True Love confines you home,
And gives you manna-taste of all in one

XXXV

[A more than usually plump Cupid hews sturdily at a tree]

Persevere

WHAT if her heart be found as hard as flint?
What if her cruel breast be turned to oak?³
Continu'd drops will make the stone relent,
And sturdy trees yield to repeated stroke

XXXVI

[On a terrace (below and behind which stretches a formal garden surrounded with
pleached walks in which pairs of lovers disport themselves) Venus, in something
like Medicean posture but with a [golden¹] apple in her right hand, and a fish lying
between her left arm and her breast, stands on a pedestal between two [golden¹]
apple trees, the fruit of which four Cupids are busily catching as it falls and packing
in baskets²]

Gold the Picklock

THE golden key unlocks the iron door,
Poor Danae is surprised, no thunder-clap
Forceth like gold, nor lightning pierceth more,
It proves like quicksilver in virgin-lap

XXXVII

[The Lady with the Fan (see 15) now sits under a tree, and Cupid, standing in front,
shows her a compass in a box from which a line leads up to a star]

Love's my Pole-star

OTHERS are led by tyranny of Fate,
But gentle love alone commands my soul
Upon his influence all my actions wait,
I am the Loadstone, he's my fixed Pole

¹ Orig 'knowe,' but this must be a slip of the graver

² 'Vizor-mask,' or 'vizard mask,' as Dryden usually writes it, was the sign of, and a by
name for, a courtesan

³ The connexion of plate and mottoes is rather general

Philip Ayres

XXXVIII

[Venus, one hand on a very inadequate car with sparrows, and a cloak so disposed on her shoulders as to cloak nothing, turns with a laugh and a deprecating gesture from her son, who is gravely reading an oath from a service-book with a pillar bearing the face of Jove for lectern]

No Perjury in Love

WHAT mortal lovers swear, protest and vow,
Heaven looks upon but just as common speech
'Refuse me if I don't'—'Confound me—now'
Do signify no more than 'kiss my br—ch'¹

XXXIX

[The race of Hippomenes and Atalanta She stops and stoops for the apple as he touches the post—the turning post apparently, for he has still one in reserve In the distance he is receiving the apples from Aphrodite]

Won by subtilty

LIFE and a dearer mistress is the prize,
For the swift fair had run great numbers dead
Hippomenes ventures, bribes her covetous eyes,
And a gold pippin² wins a maidenhead

XL

[Two Cupids, their bows and arrows dropped and broken, are busy with a box of coin, jewels, &c]

Love bought and sold

OF old the settlement that lovers made
Was firm affection jointure was a jest
But love is now become a Smithfield trade
And the same bargain serves for wife and beast

XLI

[One Cupid runs away, with gestures of refusal, from another who follows with the arrow in his own breast, and hands clasped in entreaty]

Love requires no Entreaties

WHEN parchèd fields deny the welcome floods,
When honey shall ungrateful be to drones,
When wanton kids refuse the tender buds,
Then Love shall yield to sighs, and tears and groans

¹ Ayres is not often thus 'Restoration'

² Although it is not necessary, Ayres may have used this particular phrase because of the old superstition that if you sleep with a Golden Pippin under your pillow you will dream of your future husband or wife

Emblems of Love

XLII

[Cupid drags with difficulty a huge faggot to a blazing fire, fanned by the usual wind puffed from a face in a cloud]

Augmented by favourable Blasts

As gentle flames fann'd by fresh gales of wind,
At once do widen, spread and mount up higher,
So would her breath, the glowing heat I find
Within me, kindle to a vestal fire

XLIII

[Cupid runs holding two dogs in leash while one is already slipped A hare is in front and another runs off to the left He is apparently, with outstretched hand, hallooing in the sense of the text]

All grasp, All lose

ONF at a time 's enough, one puss pursue
Some greedy silly coxcombs I have known
Bobb'd finely when they slip their dogs at two,
Then gape, and stare, and wonder where they're gone

XLIV

[Cupid, kneeling on one knee and supporting his cheek on his hands, his hands on his bow, watches pensively, and perhaps himself weeping, a furnace and still in operation before him A spring pouring from a rock, and a stream, probably also suggest tears The other mottoes are closer than is the English to the plate]

Tears the symptom of Love

THERE can be now no further cause of doubt,
In every tear my passion may be seen
Love makes wet eyes, this moisture that's without
Proceeds from pent up flames that scorch within

THE ALMA
AND *Lo. Grey*
Clearchus.

A
PASTORAL HISTORY,
In smooth and easie V E R S E.

Written long since,
By *JOHN CHALKHILL*, Esq;
An Acquaintant and Friend of
EDMUND SPENCER.

L O N D O N:
Printed for *Benj Tooke*, at the Ship in *S. Paul's*
Church-yard, 1683.

INTRODUCTION TO JOHN CHALKHILL (?)

THE authorship of *Thealma and Clearchus* used to be regarded—and perhaps some people may be allowed to see reasons for regarding it still—as one of the minor puzzles of English Literature. As all readers of Walton's *Angler* know, the revered Izaak included therein (A D 1653) two pieces of verse (which for completeness' sake are given here at the end of *Thealma*) attributing them (later?) to a certain Jo Chalkhill. The second of these he says he learnt many years since, and was obliged to patch of his own invention. Thirty years later again, being then a man of ninety, he issued *Thealma and Clearchus* with the same attribution, and the notable addition that 'Jo Chalkhill' was 'an acquaintant and friend' of Edmund Spenser. But nobody knew anything about this Jo Chalkhill and Singer, in the reprint which has been used for setting up this our text, went so far as to suggest that Walton may have written it himself. In 1860, however, a Mr Merryweather discovered that a certain John Chalkhill had been coroner of Middlesex 'towards the end of Elizabeth's reign,' which would suit well enough with the Spenser friendship. And it appears further that Walton's wife's stepmother was a Martha Chalkhill, daughter of John, which again fits, chronologically, well enough, and explains the access which the Angler, alone of men, seems to have had to the coroner's relics, if coroner there was. Nor, though the limits of literary make-believe need not be drawn with any too Puritanical strictness, is Walton at all the man whom, without any evidence, we should suspect of a deliberate and volunteered lie. Nor yet, once more, can we readily pay him the compliment of believing that he had poetry enough for *Thealma and Clearchus*.

The difficulty, however, is not, from the point of view of criticism, wholly or even to any great extent removed by these discoveries and considerations. A man who could be spoken of as a friend and acquaintant of Spenser (*ob* 1599) could hardly be in his very first youth at the end of the sixteenth century, a man who was coroner for so important and businessful a county as Middlesex would be still less likely to be a mere boy. Nor, in the third place, would any man be likely to write *Thealma and Clearchus* at a very advanced period of life, leaving no other poetical remains except a couple of occasional songs. Therefore, if all the tales are to be taken as true, we must suppose that *Thealma* itself was not composed much after

John Chalkhill

the beginning of the seventeenth century. And the *D N B* has as a matter of fact corrected its original rash 'fl 1678' to 'fl 1600'

Now if *Thealma and Clearchus* was written about 1600, it will follow almost inevitably that to it and to its author must be assigned the post of leading in respect of the breathless, enjambed, overlapping decasyllabic couplet. There are passages in the poem which, from this point of view, look as if they might have been written forty or fifty years later by Marmion, or even by Chamberlayne. It is quite true—the present writer has done what he could in his humble way to insist on the fact in divers places and at sundry times—that the common notion of the strict separation of the couplets is a mistake—that you find both 'stop' and 'overlap' in Chaucer, and that the true Elizabethan poets, especially Drayton, develop the form in both kinds with great industry and freedom. But, save as an exception, it will be difficult to find in any non-dramatic poet before Browne and Wither, in any dramatic poet before the third decade or thereabouts of the century, such constant breathlessness, such unbridled overlapping, as you find here. Moreover, the Caroline (and the rather late than early Caroline) volubleness of form is accompanied by a nonchalant disorder of matter which is also by no means strictly Elizabethan. I do not know any Elizabethan poem—plays are not here in question—which comes anywhere near Chalkhill (if Chalkhill it be) and Chamberlayne in bland indifference to clarity of plot and narration. *They* do not say 'The Devil take all order!' that would be far too violent and energetic a proceeding for them. They blandly ignore Order altogether, with its troublesome companions, Verisimilitude and Concatenation. No Aristotelian of the strictest sect can hold more stoutly and devoutly than I do to the Aristotelian 'probable-impossible'. But such incidents as the opening one, where Anaxus cannot or will not recognize his sister, and is converted not by herself but by a portrait which she produces, and which any counterfeit could have easily stolen or counterfeited, take no benefit from this licence at all. They are merely, at least to those who trouble themselves about such things, what the French, who laugh at and misspell our 'shocking,' themselves call *choquant*. So, towards the end, the imbroglio of Alexis-Anaxus-Thealma-Florimel-Clarinda is embroiled deeper in the same tactless way. Of course the piece is unfinished—indeed one may say that to finish it anyhow would have tasked any one out of a lunatic asylum. But if you take any account of plot at all, again it is surely a first principle in poetry itself, as well as in drama, not to entangle things clumsily and uselessly.

It will be observed that I have more than once coupled Chalkhill with Chamberlayne and it was not done without a purpose. The resemblance between the two is indeed so striking that, if I were a Biblical critic, I

Introduction

should at once declare confidently that either Chamberlayne wrote *Thealma and Clearchus* or Chalkhill wrote *Pharonnida*. And what is more, I could bring biblical-critical arguments, external as well as internal, of the purest water to support the contention. But I should not believe a word of them, and on the principles of *literary* criticism I am bound merely to leave the thing as the enigma that it really is. Yet it is strictly literary to say that the resemblances are extraordinary, and luckily they extend to the merits of the piece as well as to its defects. The enormous length which has hidden the beauties of *Pharonnida* from so many fainthearts cannot be urged here. Walton's pathetic and characteristic colophon appeals to me (I would willingly have a *Thealma* of the length of *Pharonnida*, and a *Pharonnida* at what I am given to understand is the length of *Shah Nameh*), but it cannot be expected to appeal to modern readers as a body. If, however, they have any fancy for poetry at all—I sometimes wonder what the results of a strict poetical census would be—they ought to be able to get through these few thousand lines. And I shall be surprised if, with the same proviso, they can get through them without enjoying them.

Here also, however, it may be desirable—may be even necessary—to repeat the apparently superfluous warning that neither this poet nor any other must be asked for anything more than, or anything other than, he can give. If people come to Chalkhill expecting the *δεινότης* of Dryden, the pungency of Pope, the majesty of Milton, &c.—if they will not be content with the Chalkhillity of Chalkhill—it cannot be helped. Perhaps they are not to blame—but certainly those are not to be blamed either who are prepared to test and accept this poetic variety also at its worth, and add it to the treasure-house which English poetry has for them. It is perhaps, as Thackeray was fond of saying, *ordinaire* only, but a fresh and pleasant tap with a flavour and little bouquet of its own. A certain quality of engagingness which it has, may have been one of the things which made Singer think that it might be very Walton. It is Spenserian—but without the Spenserian height. It never soars—but always floats along on an easy wing. The minor blemishes, which are somewhat numerous, hardly require excuse, because of the obvious absence of revision: the major involution, want of verisimilitude and character, breathlessness, and so forth are the fault of the 'heroic' kind, and not to be visited too heavily on the individual example. And it has abundant compensations. Hardly an English poet has given the difficult, artificial, and generally questionable 'pastoral' tone better than Chalkhill. Even his probable contemporaries and certain fellow-disciples, Wither and Browne, though at their best they are better poets, do not beat him here—and he entirely avoids the dissonant and discordant admixtures that his master Spenser and his other contemporary Milton allow themselves. That inoffensive,

John Chalkhill

not in the least pert or meretricious, but fascinating, *prettiness*, which is so characteristic of our group, abounds in him, he is master now and then of phrases and passages which transcend the merely pretty, and he exhibits the Battle of the Couplets—the enjambed and serpentine on the one hand, the sententious and tightly girt on the other—in a new and interesting manner. Add that *Thealma and Clearchus* is very rare in the original and has become one of the most expensive of Singer's reprints (on the general principle which tends to absorb into collections any book that has a connexion with a greater) and the justifications of this new appearance will be fairly sufficient.

I have added the two lyrics from the *Angler* itself, though part of one—an uncertain part—is admittedly not Chalkhill's, for completeness' sake. They resemble the larger piece in being obvious harvests of a quiet lyre and mind, nor are they untuneful. So I hope the reader, to vary Walton's words, will *not* be sorry to have them, even if he may possess them, as most should, in their original context.

The Preface

THE Reader will find in this book what the title declares, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse, and will in it find many hopes and fears finely painted, and feelingly expressed. And he will find the first so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation, and the latter, so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly relieved, by an unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement.

And the Reader will here also meet with passions heightened by easy and fit descriptions of Joy and Sorrow, and find also such various events and rewards of innocent Truth and undis-

sembled Honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good-natured reader) more sympathizing and virtuous impressions, than ten times so much time spent in impertinent, critical, and needless disputes about religion and I heartily wish it may do so.

And, I have also this truth to say of the author, that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved, for he was humble, and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous. God send the Story may meet with, or make all readers like him.

May 7, 1678

I W

To my worthy friend Mr. Isaac Walton, on the publication of this Poem

LONG had the bright Thealma lain
obscure,
Her beauteous charms that might the
world allure
Lay, like rough diamonds in the mine
unknown,
By all the sons of Folly trampled on,
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely
face,
And gave her vigour to exert her rays
Happy old man!—whose worth all
mankind knows,
Except himself, who charitably shows
The ready road to virtue, and to
praise,
The road to many long and happy
days,
The noble arts of generous piety,
And how to compass true felicity,
Hence did he learn the art of living
well,
The bright Thealma was his Oracle

Inspir'd by her, he knows no anxious
cares,
Through near a century of pleasant
years,
Easy he lives, and cheerful shall
he die,
Well spoken of by late posterity
As long as Spenser's noble flames shall
burn,
And deep devotions throng about his
urn,
As long as Chalkhill's venerable name,
With humble emulation shall inflame
Ages to come, and swell the floods of
Fame
Your memory shall ever be secure,
And long beyond our short-liv'd praise
endure,
As Phidias in Minerva's shield did
live,
And shar'd that immortality he alone
could give

June 5, 1683

THO. FLATMAN

THEALMA AND CLEARCHUS

SCARCE had the ploughman yoked his hornèd team,
 And lock'd their traces to the crooked beam,
 When fair Thealma with a maiden scorn,
 That day before her rise, out-blush'd the morn
 Scarce had the sun gilded the mountain tops,
 When forth she leads her tender ewes, and hopes
 The day would recompense the sad affrights
 Her love-sick heart did struggle with a-nights
 Down to the plains the poor Thealma wends, 10
 Full of sad thoughts, and many a sigh she sends
 Before her, which the air stores up in vain
 She sucks them back, to breathe them out again
 The airy choir salute the welcome day,
 And with new carols sing their cares away,
 Yet move not her, she minds not what she hears
 Their sweeter accents grate her tender ears,
 That relish nought but sadness Joy and she
 Were not so well acquainted, one might see,
 E'en in her very looks, a stock of sorrow
 So much improv'd, 'twould prove despair to-morrow 20
 Down in a valley 'twixt two rising hills,
 From whence the dew in silver drops distils
 T' enrich the lowly plain, a river ran
 Hight Cygnus (as some think from Leda's swan
 That there frequented), gently on it glides
 And makes indentures in her crooked sides,
 And with her silent murmurs, rocks asleep
 Her wat'ry inmates 'twas not very deep,
 But clear as that Narcissus look'd in, when
 His self-love made him cease to live with men 30
 Close by the river was a thick-leav'd grove,
 Where swains of old sang stories of their love,
 But unfrequented now since Colin died,
 Colin, that king of shepherds and the pride
 Of all Arcadia —here Thealma used
 To feed her milky droves, and as they brows'd
 Under the friendly shadow of a beech
 She sate her down, grief had tongue-tied her speech,
 Her words were sighs and tears, dumb eloquence
 Heard only by the sobs, and not the sense 40

33 A certain class of editor would be confident of a reference to Spenser in 'Colin' I am not so sure but it may be so and if so it postdates *Thealma* at least to the beginning of the seventeenth century

Thealma and Clearchus

With folded arms she sate, as if she meant
To hug those woes which in her breast were pent
Her looks were nail'd unto the Earth, that drank
Her tears with greediness, and seem'd to thank
Her for those briny showers, and in lieu
Returns her flow'ry sweetness for her dew
At length her sorrows wax'd so big within her,
They strove for greater vent Oh ' had you seen her,
How fain she would have hid her grief, and stay'd
The swelling current of her woes, and made 50
Her grief, though with unwillingness, to set
Open the floodgates of her speech, and let
Out that which else had drown'd her, you'd have deem'd
Her rather Niobe than what she seem'd
So like a weeping rock wash'd with a sea
Of briny waters, she appear'd to be
So have I seen a headlong torrent run
Scouring along the valley, till anon
It meeting with some dam that checks his course,
Swells high with rage, and doubling of its force 60
Lays siege to his opposer first he tries
To undermine it, still his waters rise,
And with its weight steals through some narrow pores,
And weeps itself a vent at those small doors,
But finding that too little for its weight,
It breaks through all — Such was Thealma's state,
When tears would give her heart no ease, her grief
Broke into speech to give her some relief
'Oh, my Clearchus,' said she, and with tears
Embalms his name — 'Oh ' if the ghosts have ears, 70
Or souls departed condescend so low,
To sympathize with mortals in their woe,
Vouchsafe to lend a gentle ear to me,
Whose life is worse than death, since not with thee
What privilege have they that are born great
More than the meanest swain? The proud waves beat
With more impetuousness upon high lands,
Than on the flat and less resisting strands
The lofty cedar and the knotty oak
Are subject more unto the thunder-stroke, 80
Than the low shrubs, that no such shocks endure,
Ev'n their contempt doth make them live secure
Had I been born the child of some poor swain,
Whose thoughts aspire no higher than the plain,
I had been happy then, t' have kept these sheep,

43 unto the Earth] S, by a singular oversight, 'nail'd to earth' which lops the metre

57 The 'So have I seen,' which was such a snare to Jeremy Taylor, is interesting

63 its] S conjectures 'their' but 'it' has been confused with 'he' before, and 'itself' in the next line can hardly be neglected

John Chalkhill

Had been a princely pleasure, quiet sleep
 Had drown'd my cares, or sweeten'd them with dreams
 Love and content had been my music's themes,
 Or had Clearchus liv'd the life I lead,
 I had been blest '—And then a tear she shed, 90
 That was forerunner to so great a shower,
 It drown'd her speech such a commanding power
 That lov'd name had when beating of her breast
 In a sad silence she sigh'd out the rest
 By this time it was noon, and Sol had got
 Half to his journey's ending 'twas so hot,
 The sheep drew near the shade, and by their dam
 Lay chewing of their cuds —at the length came
 Caretta with her dinner, where she found
 Her love-sick mistress courting of the ground, 100
 Moist with the tears she shed she lifts her up,
 And pouring out some beverage in a cup,
 She gave it her to drink —hardly she sips,
 When a deep sigh again lock'd up her lips
 Caretta woos and prays (poor country girl),
 And every sigh she spent cost her a pearl,
 'Pray, come to dinner,' said she, 'see, here's bread,
 Here's curds and cream, and cheesecake, sweet, now feed,
 Do you not love me? once you said you did
 Do you not care for me? If you had bid 110
 Me do a thing, though I with death had met
 I would have done it —honey mistress, eat
 I would your grief were mine, so you were well,
 What is 't that troubles you? would I could tell
 Dare you not trust me? I was ne'er no blab,
 If I do tell 't to any, call me drab
 But you are angry with me,—chide me then,—
 Beat me,—forgive,—I'll ne'er offend again '
 With that she kiss'd her, and with lukewarm tears,
 Call'd back her colour worn away with cares 120
 'Oh, my poor girl,' said she, '*sweet innocence,*
What a controlling winning eloquence
Hath loving honesty, were't not to give
 Thy love a thanks, Thealma would not live
 I cannot eat,—nay, weep not,—I am well,
 Only I have no stomach, thou canst tell
 How long it is since good Menippus found
 Me shipwreck'd in the sea, e'en well-nigh drown'd,
 And happy had it been, if my stern fate
 Had prov'd to me so cruel fortunate 130
 To have unliv'd me then '—'Ah, wish not so '
 Answer'd Caretta, 'little do you know,

98 at the length] While 'at last' and 'at the last' have survived almost equally,
 'at the length' strikes the ear oddly, but without reason

121-3 Italics are used in a somewhat puzzling manner by many writers (or printers)

Thealma and Clearchus

What end the fates have in preserving you
I hope a good one, and to tell you true,
You do not well to question those blest powes,
That long ago have number'd out our hours,
And, as some say, spin out our threads of life,
Some short, some longer, they command the knife
That cuts them off, and till that time be come
We seek in vain to shroud us in a tomb 140
But I have done,—and fear I've done amiss,
I ask forgiveness—As I guess it is
Some three years since my master sav'd your life,
'Twas much about the time he lost his wife,
And that's three years come Autumn, my good dame
Then lost her life, yet lives in her good name
I cannot choose but weep to think on her
'Mongst women kind, was not a loving
She bred me up e'en from my infancy,
And lov'd me as her own, her piety 150
And love to virtue made me love it too,
But she is dead, and I have found in you
What I have lost in her my good old master
Follow'd her soon, he could not long outlast her,
They lov'd so well together heav'n did lend
Him longer life, only to prove your friend,
To save your life, and he was therein blest,
That happy action crown'd all the rest
Of his good deeds since heav'n hath such a care
To preserve good ones, why should you despair? 160
The man you grieve for so, there's none can tell
But if heav'n be so pleas'd, may speed as well
Some lucky hand Fate may, for aught you know,
Send to save him from death as well as you
And so I hope it hath take comfort then,
You may, I trust, see happy days again'
Thealma all this while with serious eye,
Ey'd the poor wench, unwilling to reply,
For in her looks she read some true presage,
That gave her comfort, and somewhat assuage 170
The fury of her passions, with desire
Her ears suck'd in her speech, to quench her fire
She could have heard her speak an age, sweet soul,
So pretty loud she chud her, and condole
With her in her misfortunes 'Oh,' said she,
'What wisdom dwells in plain simplicity'

of this period As I notice on Hannay (1 626) they seem sometimes to serve as vehicles for 'asides' or parenthetical remarks of the author to the reader It will be seen that this *might* be such, and might indeed be lifted bodily out, without injury to verse or speech

174 chud] One would expect 'chode' if anything, but I do not remember any strong form in Middle English

John Chalkhill

Prithee (my dear Caretta) why dost cry?
 I am not angry, good girl, dry thine eye,
 Or I shall turn child too my tide's not spent,
 'Twill flow again, if thou art discontent 180
 For I will eat if thou'lt be merry, say,
 Wilt thou, Caretta? shall thy mistress pray,
 And thou deny her?—Still Caretta wept,
 Sorrow and gladness such a struggling kept
 Within her for the mastery, at the length
 Joy overcame, and speech recovered strength
 'Sweet mistress,' said she, 'pardon your handmaid,
 Unworthy of the wages your love paid
 Me, for my over-boldness, think't not strange,
 I was struck dumb at this so sweet a change 190
 I could not choose but weep, if you'd have kill'd me,
 With such an overplus of joy it fill'd me
 I will be merry, if you can forgive,
 Wanting your love, it is a hell to live
 I was to blame, but I'll do so no more'
 Scarce had she spoke the word, but a fell boar
 Rush'd from the wood, enrag'd by a deep wound
 Some huntsman gave him up he ploughs the ground,
 And whetting of his tusks, about 'gan roam,
 Champing his venom's moisture into foam 200
 Thealma and her maid, half dead with fear,
 Cried out for help, their cry soon reach'd his ear,
 And he came snuffling tow'rd them—still they cry,
 And fear gave wings unto them as they fly
 The sheep ran bleating o'er the pleasant plain,
 And airy Echo answers them again,
 Redoubling of their cries to fetch in aid,
 Whilst to the wood the fearful virgins made,
 Where a new fear assay'd them 'twas their hap
 To meet the boar's pursuer in the gap 210
 With his sword drawn, and all besmear'd with gore,
 Which made their case more desp'rate than before,
 As they imagin'd, yet so well as fear
 And doubt would let them, as the man drew near
 They 'mplor'd his help—he minds them not, but spying
 The chafed boar in a thick puddle lying,
 Tow'rd him he makes, the boar was soon aware,
 And with a hideous noise sucks in the air
 Upon his guard he stands, his tusks new whets,
 And up on end his gnsly bristles sets 220
 His wary foe went traversing his ground,
 Spying out where was best to give a wound

189 Mc] This is almost as bold a partition as the first Lord Lytton's parody of
 Mr William Morris in (I think) *Keenelm Chillingly*
 Sophronia was a nice

Girl

Thealma and Clearchus

And now Thealma's fears afresh began
To seize on her, her care's now for the man,
Lest the adventurous youth should get some hurt,
Or die untimely —up th' boar flings the dirt
Dy'd crimson with his blood his foe at length
Watching his time, and doubling of his strength,
Gave him a wound so deep, it let out life,
And set a bloody period to their strife 230
But he bled too, a little gash he got,
As he clos'd with him, which he minded not,
Only Thealma's fears made it appear
More dangerous than it was,—longing to hear
Her life's preserver speak then down she falls,
And on the gods, in thanks, for blessing calls,
To recompense his valour—He drew near,
And smiling lifts her up, whenas a tear
Dropping into his wound, he gave a start
Love in that pearl stole down into his heart 240
He was but young, scarce did the hair begin
In shadows to write man upon his chin
Tall and well set, his hair a chestnut brown,
His looks majestic, 'twixt a smile and frown,
Yet smear'd with blood, and all bedew'd with sweat,
One could not know him —by this time the heat
Was well-nigh slak'd, and Sol's unwearied team
Hies to refresh them in the briny stream
The stranger ey'd her earnestly, and she
As earnestly desir'd that she might see 250
His perfect visage —lo the river side
She toles him on, still he Thealma eyed,
But not a word he spake, which she desir'd
The more he look'd, the more his heart was fir'd
Down both together sate, and while he wash'd,
She dress'd his wound which the boar lately gash'd,
And having wip'd, he kiss'd her for her care,
Whenas a blush begot 'twixt joy and fear
Made her seem what he took her for—his love,
And this inventiòn he had to prove, 260
Whether she was Clarinda, aye or no
For so his mistress hight —'Did not you know
The Prince Anaxus?'—Now Thealma knew
Not whether it were best speak false or true
She knew he was Anaxus, and her brother,
And from a child she took him for no other,
Yet knew she not what danger might ensue,

226-7 th'—Dy'd] S prints 'the,' removing an awful example of apostrophation, and 'died,' which is clearly wrong

252 toles] This, the same word as 'toll,' means to 'draw on,' 'entice,' 'allure'

257 having wip'd] The most indulgent critic of the syntax of the period must admit that this is unlucky

John Chalkhill

If she disclos'd herself her telling true
Perhaps might work her ruin, and a lie
Might rend her from his heart, worse than to die 270
But she, being unwilling to be known,
Answer'd his quere with this question
'Did not you know Thealma?'—At the name
Amaz'd he started, 'What then, lovely dame?
Suppose I did? would I could say I do',
With that he wept, she fell a melting too,
And with a flood of tears she thanks her brother
No danger can a true affection smother
He wipes her eyes, she weeps again afresh,
And sheds more tears t'enrich her thankfulness 280
Sorrow had tied up both their tongues so fast,
Love found no vent, but through their eyes, at last,
Anaxus blushing at his childish tears,
Rous'd up himself, and the sad virgin cheers
'And knew you that Thealma, sweet?' said he
'I did,' replied Thealma, 'I am she —
Look well upon me,—sorrow's not so unkind
So to transform me, but your eye may find
A sister's stamp upon me'—'Lovely maid,
How fain I would believe thee' the youth said, 290
'But she was long since drown'd in the proud deep,
She and her bold Clearchus sweetly sleep,
In those soft beds of darkness, and in dreams
Embrace each other, spite of churlish streams'
The very name Clearchus chill'd her veins,
And like an unmov'd statue she remains,
Pale as Death's self, till with a warm love-kiss,
He thaw'd her icy coldness, such power is
In the sweet touch of love—'Sweet soul,' said he,
'Be comforted, the sorrow 'longs to me 300
Why should the sad relation of a woe
You have no interest in, make you grieve so?
'No interest,' said she, 'yes, Anaxus, know
I am a greater sharer in't than you
Have you forgot your sister? I am she,
The helpless poor Thealma, and to me
Belongs the sorrow, you but grieve in vain
If't be for her, since she is found again'
'Are you not then Clarinda?' said the youth,
'Twere cruelty to mock me with untruth 310
Your speech is hers, and in your looks I read
Her lovely character sweet virgin, lead
Me from this labyrinth of doubts, whate'er
You are, there is in you so much of her
That I both love and honour you'—'Fair sir,'

272 quere] S 'query,' which seems a pity

Thealma and Clearchus

Answer'd Thealma, smiling, 'why of her
Make you so strict inquiry? is your eye
So dazzled with her beauty, that poor I
Must lose the name of sister?—say you love her,
Can your love make you cease to be a brother?' 320
Whereat from forth her bosom, next the heart,
She pluck'd a little tablet, whereon Art
Had wrought her skill, and opening it, said she,
'Do you not know this picture? let that be
The witness of the truth which I have told'
With that Anaxus could no longer hold,
But falling on her neck, with joy he kiss'd her,
Saying, 'Thanks, Heaven, liv'st thou then, my dear sister
My lov'd Thealma! wert not thou cast away?
What happy hand hath sav'd thee?'—But the day 330
Was then far spent, 'twas time to think on home,
And her Caretta, all amaz'd, was come,
And waited her commands the fiery sun
Went blushing down at the short race he run,
The marigold shuts up her golden flowers,
And the sweet song-birds hied unto their bowers
Night swaying Morpheus clothes the east in black,
And Cynthia following her brother's track
With new and brighter rays, her self adorns,
Lighting the starry tapers at her horns 340
Homeward Anaxus and Thealma wend,
Where we must leave them for a while, to end
The story of their sorrows —

Night being come,
A time when all repair unto some home,
Save the poor fisherman, that still abides
Out-watching care in tending on the tides
Rhotus was yet at sea, and as his ketch
Tack'd to and fro, the scanty wind to snatch,
He spied a frigate, and as night gave leave
Through Cynthia's brightness he might well perceive 350
It was of Lemnos, and as it drew near,
From the becalm'd bark he well might hear
A voice that hail'd him, asking whence he was?
He answer'd, from Arcadia In that place
Were many little islands, call'd of old
Rupillas, from the many rocks they hold,
A most frequented place for fish, in vain
They trimm'd their flagging sails to stem the main
But scarce a breath of wind was stirring, when
The master hail'd the fisherman again 360
And letting fall an anchor, beckon'd him
To come aboard Rhotus delay'd no time,

356 *Rupillas*] These Greek islands with a Latin name are quite Chamberlaynian

John Chalkhill

But makes unto the ship, he soon got thither,
 Using his oars to outdo the weather
 His ketch he hooks unto the frigate's stern,
 And up the ship he climbs, he might discern
 At his first entry such a sad aspect
 In all the passengers, he might collect
 Out of their looks, that some misfortune had
 Lately befall'n them, they were all so sad 370
 One 'mongst the rest there was, a grave old man,
 (To whom they all stood bare) that thus began
 'Welcome, kind friend, nay sit What bark? with fish?
 Canst thou afford for Lemnian coin a dish?'
 'Yes, master, that I can, a good dish too,
 And as they like you, pay me, I will go
 And fetch them straight' He did so, and was paid
 To his content the fish were ready made,
 And down they sate, the better sort and worse
 Far'd all alike, it was their constant course, 380
 Four to a mess, and to augment their fare,
 The second courses good discourses were
 Amongst their various talk, the grave old lord
 (For so he was) that hail'd the ketch aboard,
 Thus question'd Rhotus — 'Honest fisher, tell
 What news affords Arcadia, thou knowest well
 Who rules that free-born state, under what laws,
 Or civil government remain they? what's the cause
 Of their late falling out?' Rhotus replies,
 And as he spake the tears stood in his eyes 390
 'As well as grief will let me, worthy sir,
 Though I shall prove but a bad chronicler
 Of state affairs, yet with your gentle leave
 I'll tell you all I know, nor will I weave
 Any untruths in my discourse, or raise,
 By flattering mine own countrymen, a praise
 Their worth ne'er merited, what I shall tell
 Is nothing but the truth, then mark me well'
 Then quiet silence shut up their discourse,
 Scarce was a whisper heard,—'such a strange force 400
 Hath novelty, it makes us swift to hear,
 And to the speaker chains the greedy ear'
 'Arcadia was of old,' said he, 'a state
 Subject to none but their own laws and fate
 Superior there was none, but what old age
 And hoary hairs had rais'd, the wise and sage,

364 oars] The disyllabic value is worthy of note

377 straight] Orig., as so often, 'strait'

388 Note the Alexandrine

400-2 The quotes are orig S, with some justification on the principle noted on lines 121-3, changes to italics

Thealma and Clearchus

Whose gravity, when they are rich in years,
Begot a civil reverence more than fears
In the well-manner'd people, at that day
All was in common, every man bare sway 410
O'er his own family, the jars that rose
Were soon appeas'd by such grave men as those
This mine and thine, that we so cavil for,
Was then not heard of, he that was most poor
Was rich in his content, and liv'd as free
As they whose flocks were greatest, nor did he
Envy his great abundance, nor the other
Disdain the low condition of his brother,
But lent him from his store to mend his state
And with his love he quits him, thanks his fate, 420
And taught by his example, seeks out such
As want his help, that they may do as much
Their laws, e'en from their childhood, rich and poor
Had written in their hearts by conning o'er
The legacies of good old men, whose memories
Outlive their monuments, the grave advice
They left behind in writing —this was that
That made Arcadia then so blest a state,
Their wholesome laws had link'd them so in one,
They liv'd in peace and sweet communion 430
Peace brought forth plenty, plenty bred content,
And that crown'd all their pains with merriment
They had no foe, secure they liv'd in tents,
All was their own they had, they paid no rents,
Their sheep found clothing, earth provided food,
And labour drest them as their wills thought good,
On unbought delicates their hunger fed,
And for their drink the swelling clusters bled
The valleys rang with their delicious strains,
And Pleasure revell'd on those happy plains 440
Content and Labour gave them length of days,
And Peace serv'd in delight a thousand ways
The golden age before Deucalion's flood
Was not more happy, nor the folk more good
But Time, that eats the children he begets,
And is less satisfied the more he eats,
Led on by Fate that terminates all things,
Ruin'd our state by sending of us kings
Ambition (Sin's first born), the bane of state,
Stole into men, puffing them up with hate 450
And emulous desires, love wax'd cold,
And into iron froze the age of gold
The law's contempt made cruelty step in,

420-1 I have altered the punctuation here to bring out what seems to me to be the sense, i.e. that 'he' is the beneficiary and that 'quits' - 'requires'

425 Alexandrine again

John Chalkhill

And 'stead of curbing, animated sin,
 The rich man tramples on the poor man's back,
 Raising his fortunes by his brother's wrack
 The wrong'd poor necessity 'gan teach
 To live by rapine, stealing from the rich
 The temples, which devotion had erected
 In honour of the gods, were now neglected, 460
 No altar smokes with sacrific'd beasts,
 No incense offer'd, no love-strength'ning feasts
 Men's greedy avarice made gods of clay,
 Their gold and silver — field to field they lay,
 And house to house, no matter how 'twas got,
 The hands of justice they regarded not
 Like a distemper'd body fever-shaken,
 When with combustion every limb is taken
 The head wants ease, the heavy eyes want sleep,
 The beating pulse no just proportion keep, 470
 The tongue talks idly, reason cannot rule it,
 And the heart fires the air drawn in to cool it
 The palate relisheth no meat, the ear's
 But ill affected with the sweets it hears
 The hands deny their aid to help him up,
 And fall, as to his lips they lift the cup
 The legs and feet disjointed, and useless,
 Shrinking beneath the burthen of the flesh
 Such was Arcadia then, till Clitus reign'd,
 The first and best of kings that e'er obtain'd 480
 Th' Arcadian sceptre he piec'd up the state,
 And made it somewhat like to fortunate
 He dying without issue on the sudden,
 Heav'n nipp'd their growing glory in the budding
 They choose Philemon, one of Clitus' race,
 To sway the sceptre, a brave youth he was,
 As wise as valiant Had he been as chaste,
 Arcadia had been happy, but his lust
 Levell'd Arcadia's glory with the dust
 There was a noble shepherd, Stremon hight, 490
 As good as great, whose virtues had of right
 Better deserv'd a crown, had severe fate
 But pleas'd to smile so then upon our state
 He had one only daughter, young and fair,
 Most richly qualittied, and which was rare,

454 animated sin] In orig there is no comma and it was only after imagining and considering one or two more far fetched interpretations for this phrase, as it stood, that I received from the reader, with gratitude and some shame, this obvious emendation

470 pulse] The plural, in this sense, is not uninteresting

477 useless] The combined wrench of accent and forcing of rhyme may be noteworthy 'Guess,' by the way, appears (I think) in Scott, or in the Shepherd's talk in the *Noctes*, as 'guesh,' which is wanted *infra*, l 649

Thealma and Clearchus

In the same looser age divinely chaste,
 Though sued to by no mean ones, yet at last
 Her father match'd her to a shepherd's son,
 Equal in birth and fortune, such a one
 As merited the double dower she brought, 500
 Both of her wealth and virtue heav'n had wrought
 Their minds so both alike —his noble sire
 Was Clitus namèd, to whose Thracian lyre
 The shepherds wont to tune their pipes, and frame
 Their curious madrigals The virgin's name
 Was Castabella, Clitus his brave son
 Lysander hight The nuptials being done,
 To which the king came willingly a guess,
 Each one repair'd unto their business,
 The charge of their own flocks, the nobler sort 510
 Accompanied the king unto the court
 The meaner rout of shepherds and their swains,
 With hook and scrip went jogging to the plains
 Scarce had the sun (that then at Cancer in'd)
 Twice measurèd the earth, when I ove struck blind
 The lustful king, whose amorous desires
 Grew into lawless passions, and strange fires,
 That none but Castabella would serve turn
 To quench his flames, though she had made them burn
 He had the choice of many fair ones too, 520
 And well descended kings need not to woo,
 The very name will bring a nun to bed,
 Ambition values not a maidenhead
 But he likes none, none but the new wed wife
 Must be the umpire to decide the strife
 He casts about to get what he desir'd,
 The more he plots, the more his heart is fir'd,
 He knew her chaste and virtuous, no weak bars
 I' oppose the strongest soldier in Love's wars
 He knew her father powerful, well-beloved, 530
 Both for his wisdom and good deeds approved,
 Among the giddy rout,—as for his son,
 His own demerit spake him such a one
 As durst revenge, nor could he want for friends
 To second his attempts in noble ends
 Still the king burns, and still his working brain
 Plots and displots, thinks and unthinks again
 At length his will resolv'd him in this sort,

508 And here, as not unfrequently, 'guest' becomes 'guess' The s sound may have overpowered its companions in both cases perhaps, so that 'flesh' *supra* became 'fless'

514 in'd] This, which is orig., S altered to 'inn'd' But the other is worth keeping because it probably exemplifies that superstition of the eye-rhyme which Spenser did not often allow to offend the ear With the alteration, Spenser's 'friend and acquaintant' would here offend both ear and eye

John Chalkhill

Stremon and Clitus both were yet at court,
 Busied in state affairs, Lysander he 540
 Was where a husband lately wed should be,
 At home a-weaning of his wife's desires,
 From her old sire, to warm her at his fires
 As hapless hap would have it, it fell out
 That at that time a rude uncivil rout
 Of outlaw'd mutineers had gather'd head
 Upon the frontiers, as their fury led,
 Burning and spoiling all, the council sit
 Advising to suppress them, 'twas thought fit
 Some strength should go against them All this made 550
 For the king's purpose Then a care was had
 Who should conduct those forces some were nam'd,
 The choice one likes is by another blam'd
 Philemon gives them line enough, for he
 Had 'fore projected who the man should be,
 Yet held his peace, 'twas not his cue as yet
 To speak his mind, at length they do entreat
 That he would name the man the king did so,
 Lysander was the man, he nam'd to go
 His judgement was agreed on, th' two old men, 560
 Stremon and Clitus, thought them honour'd when
 They heard him name Lysander, and with glad ears
 Welcome his killing favour without fears
 He makes him captain of his strongest fort,
 Thus wolf-like he did welcome him to court
 The days were set for his dispatch, mean space
 He takes his leave of his wife's chaste embrace
 It little boots her love to weep him back,
 Nor stood it with his honour to be slack
 In such a noble enterprise,—he went 570
 Arm'd with strong hopes, and the king's blandishment
 No sooner was he gone, but the sly king,
 Rid of his chiefest fears, began to sing
 A *requiem* to his thoughts th' affairs of state
 He left unto his nobles to debate,
 And minds his sport, the hunting of the hare,
 The fox and wolf, this took up all his care
 Upon a day, as in a tedious chase,
 He lost his train that did out-ride his race,
 Or rather of set purpose slack'd his course, 580
 Intending to excuse it on his horse,
 He stole to Stremon's lodge, the day was spent,
 The fittest time to act his foul intent
 He knocks at Stremon's lodge, but no man hears,
 All were abed, and sleep had charm'd their ears

562 Lysander, and with] This is a franker trisyllabic foot than usual, and it is almost
 odd that the 'apostrophation'-maniacs did not print it 'Lysand'r'

579 The whirlingig of time has affected the meaning of this line curiously

Thealma and Clearchus

He knocks again , with that he heard a groan,
Pow'rful enough t' have turn'd a cruel one
From his bad purpose "Who's within?" said he,
"If you be good folks, rise and pity me " 590
But none replied —another groan he hears,
And cruel Fortune drew him by the ears
To what he wish'd for Castabella yet
Was not in bed , sorrow denied to let
Her moist eyes sleep, for her increasing fears
Conspir'd to keep them open, with her tears
A little from the lodge, on the descent
Of the small hill it stood on, a way bent
Unto an orchard thick with trees beset ,
Through which there ran a crystal rivelet,
Whose purling streams that wrangled with the stones, 600
In trembling accents, echo'd back her groans
Here in an arbour Castabella sate,
Full of sad thoughts, and most disconsolate ,
The door was ope, and in Philemon steals,
But in a bush a while himself conceals,
Till he the voice might more distinctly hear,
And better be resolv'd that she was there ,
And so he did Fortune his bawd became,
And led him on to lust —The fearless dame,
After a deep-fetch'd sigh, thus faintly spake, 610
"O my Lysander, why would'st thou not take
Me along with thee?" then a flood of tears
Clos'd up her lips , when this had reach'd his ears,
Like a fell wolf he rush'd upon his prey,
Stopping her cries with kisses weep she may,
And lift her hands to heaven, but in vain,
It was too late for help t'undo again
What he had done Her honour, more to her
Than was her life, the cruel murderer
Had robb'd her of, and glories in his prize 620
It is no news for lust to tyrannize
He thank'd his fortune that did so prevent
His first design by shortening his intent
The black deed done, the ravisher hies thence,
Leaving his shame to murder innocence
He had his wish, and that which gilt his sin,
He knew suspicion could not suspect him
Report, the blab-tongue of those tell tale times,
That rather magnifies than lessens crimes,
Slept when this act was done such thoughts as these 630
Sear'd up his conscience with a carelessness

599 crystal rivelet] S has inserted an unnecessary and unoriginal *h* in 'crystal' and has altered 'rivelet,' a form worth keeping, to 'rivulet.'

626 7 Another loose rhyme

John Chalkhill

Poor Castabella having now lost all
That she thought worth the losing, would not call
For help to be a witness of her shame
It was too late, nor did she know his name
That had undone her cruel thoughts arise,
And wanting other vent, break through her eyes
Shame prompts [her] to despair and let out life,
Revenge advised her to conceal her grief
Fear checks revenge, and Honour chides her fear, 640
Within her breast such mutinous thoughts there were
She could resolve on nothing day then breaks,
And shame in blushes rose upon her cheeks
With that she spies a ring lie at her feet,
She took it up, and glad she was to see't
By this she thought, if Fate so pitied her,
In time she might find out the ravisher
Revenge then whispers in her ear afresh,
Be bold, she look'd upon't, but could not guess
Whose it might be, yet she remember'd well 650
She'd seen't before, but where she could not tell
With that she threw it from her in disdain,
Yet thought wrought so she took it up again,
And looking better on't, within the ring
She spied the name and motto of the king
Whereat she starts,—“O ye blest powers!” said she,
“Thanks for this happy strange discovery”
She wrapp'd it up, and to the lodge she went
To study some revenge, 'twas her intent
By some device to 'tice Philemon thither, 660
And there to end his life and hers together
But that was cross'd, Lysander back returns
Crown'd with a noble victory,—and horns
That he ne'er dream'd of to his wife he goes,
And finds her weeping no content she shows
At his safe coming back, but speaks in tears
He lov'd too well to harbour jealous fears
He wip'd her eyes, and kiss'd her to invite
A gentle welcome from her if he might
But 'twould not be, he ask'd her why she wept, 670
And who had wrong'd her, still she silence kept,
And turns away then he began to doubt
All was not well, to find the matter out
He tries all means, and first with mild entreats
He woos her to disclose it then with threats
He seeks to wring it from her Much ado
She told him the sad story of her woe
The ring confirm'd the truth of her report
And he believ'd her,—Straight he hies to court

649 guess] Here 'guesh' itself (*v supra*, l 477) is needed
676 'Much ado' as an adverb is noteworthy

Thealma and Clearchus

T'acquaint his fathers with it All three vow 680
 To be reveng'd, but first they study how
 Well, to be brief, they muster up their friends,
 And now Philemon 'gan to guess their ends,
 And counter-works t' oppose them, gathers strength,
 And boldly goes to meet them, at the length
 They battle join Philemon put to flight,
 And many thousands butcher'd in the fight,
 'Mongst whom old Stremon fell, whose noble spirit
 Outdid his age, and by his brave merit
 Did gain himself so glorious a name, 690
 Arcadia to this day adores the same
 Lysander's wrongs spurr'd on his swift pursuit
 After Philemon, when a sudden shout
 Amongst his soldiers caus'd him sound retreat,
 Fearing some mutiny—all in a sweat
 A messenger ran tow'rd him, crying out,
 "Return, my lord, the cunning wolf's found out,
 Philemon's slain, and you proclaimèd king".
 With that again the echoing valleys ring
 The foe, it seems, had wheel'd about a mere 700
 In policy to set upon the rear
 Of bold Lysander's troops, they fac'd about
 And met his charge, when a brave youth stepp'd out
 And singles forth the king they used no words,
 The cause was to be pleaded with their swords,
 Which anger whet no blow was giv'n in vain,
 Now they retire, and then come on again,
 Like two wild boars for mastery they strive,
 And many wounds on either side they give
 Then grappling both together, both fell down, 710
 Fainting for want of blood, when with a frown
 As killing as his sword the brave youth gave
 His foe a wound that sent him to his grave
 "Take that, thou murderer of my honour's name,"
 Said the brave youth, or rather the brave dame,
 For so it prov'd yet her disguise was such,
 The sharpest eye could not discern so much,
 Until Lysander came his piercing eye
 Soon found who 'twas, he knew her presently,
 'Twas Castabella, his unhappy wife, 720
 Who losing honour, would not keep her life,
 But thrusts herself into the midst of danger
 To seek out death, and would have died a stranger

686 Philemon put] The omission of 'was' before 'put' is not so much an isolated carelessness as characteristic of the odd shorthand breathlessness of the piece

689 It is by no means certain that the apparently missing syllable here is not due to that system of *misrhyming* which is frequent in Wyatt and not unknown down to Spenser

700 mere] Orig 'meer'

John Chalkhill

Unto Lysander's knowledge, had not he
Inform'd the world it could be none but she
That durst win honour so The noble dame
Was not quite dead whenas Lysander came,
Who stooping down to kiss her, with his tears
T'embalm her for a grave, herself she rears,
And meeting his embrace, "Welcome," said she, 730
"Welcome, Lysander, since I have seen thee,
I dare Death's worst", then sinking down she died,
The honour of her sex —all means were tried
To call back life, but medicines came late,
Her blood was spent, and she subscribes to fate
Lysander was about to sacrifice
Himself t'appease th' incensed destinies,
And had not one stepp'd in and held his hand,
He'd done the deed, and so undone the land
Peace was proclaim'd to all that would submit 740
On the foe's side the soldiers dig a pit
And tumble in Philemon, none there were,
Or friend or foe, that seem'd to shed a tear
To deck his hearse withal Thus his base lust
Untimely laid his glory in the dust,
But Castabella she outliv'd her shame,
And shepherd swains still carol out her fame
She needs no poet's pen to mount it high,
Lysander wept her out an elegy
Her obsequies once o'er, the king was crown'd, 750
And war's loud noise with peals of joy was drown'd
Janus's temple was shut up, and Peace
Usher'd in Plenty by their flocks' increase,
But long it lasted not, Philemon's friends
Soon gather'd head again Lysander sends
Some force against them, but with bad success,
The foe prevails, and seales their hardness
Lysander goes in person and is slain,
Philemon's friends then make a king again,
A hot-spur'd youth, hight Hylas, such a one 760
As pride had fitted for commotion
About that time, in a tempestuous night,
A ship that by misfortune chanc'd to light
Upon the rocks that are upon our coast,
Was split to pieces, all the lading lost,
And all the passengers, save a young man
That Fortune rescued from the ocean
When day was broke, and I put out to sea,
To fish out a poor living, by the lea
As I was coasting, I might well espy 770
The carcass of a ship —my man and I

757 seales] sic in orig, with the long f It may be nothing more than 'seals,'
'puts force into'

Thealma and Clearchus

Made straightway tow'rd it, and with wind and oar
We quickly reach'd it, 'twas not far from shore,
About some half a league, we view'd the wrack
But found no people in't, when looking back,
Upon a shelving rock, a man we spied,
As we thought, dead, and cast up by the tide
But by good hap he was not, yet wellnigh
Starv'd with the cold, and the sea's cruelty
We thaw'd him into life again, but he, 780
As if he relish'd not our charity,
Seem'd to be angry, and had we not been,
The youth had leap'd into the sea again
Perforce we brought him home, where with warm potions
We thaw'd his numb'd joints into their motions,
And chiding his despair, with good advice
I warm'd his hopes that else had froze to ice
A braver youth mine eye ne'er look'd upon,
Nor of a sweeter disposition'
Old Cleon could no longer silence keep, 790
But ask'd his name, and as he ask'd did weep
'Was he your friend?' quoth Rhotus, 'he's alive,
Knew you as much as I, you would not grieve
He calls himself Alexis, now our king,
And long may we enjoy his governing
But he forgets who sav'd his life, great men
Seldom remember to look down again
There was a time when I'd have scorn'd to crave
A thanks from any, till a churlish wave
Wash'd off my friends and thrust me from the court, 800
To dwell with labour, but I thank them for't
Content dwells not at court, but I have done,
And if you please, my lord, I will go on
Where I left off a while —Hylas being king,
Puff'd up with pride, by often conquering,
He fell to riot, king and people both
Laid arms aside to fall in love with sloth
The downs were unfrequented, shepherd swains
Were very rarely seen to haunt the plains
The plough lay still, the earth manuring needs, 810
And 'stead of corn brought forth a crop of weeds
No courts of justice kept, no law observ'd,
No hand to punish such as ill deserv'd
Their will was then their law, who durst resist,
Hylas connives, and all did what they list
Lysander's friends were scatter'd here and there,
And liv'd obscurely circled in with fear
Some till'd the ground, whilst others fed their flocks,
Under the covert of some hanging rocks
Others fell'd wood, and some dye weavy yarn 820
The women spun, thus all were forc'd to earn
(391)

John Chalkhill

Their bread by sweaty labour 'mongst the many,
I and some others fish'd to get a penny
And had I but my daughter, which I lost
In the foe's hot pursuit (for without boast,
She was a good one), I should think me blest,
Nor would I change my calling with the best
She was my only comfort, but she's dead,
Or, which is worse, I fear me ravish'd
But I digress too much —upon a day 830
When Care's triumphs gave us leave to play,
We all assembled on a spacious green,
To tell old tales, and choose our Summer's queen
Thither Alexis, my late shipwreck'd guest,
At my entreaty came, and 'mongst the rest,
In their disports made one, no exercise
Did come amiss to him, for all he tries,
And won the prize in all the graver sort
That minded more their safety than their sport,
'Gan to bethink them on their former state, 840
And on their country's factions ruminate
They had intelligence how matters went
In Hylas' court, whose people's minds were bent
To nought but idleness, that fruitful sin
That never bears a child that's not a twin
They heard they had unmann'd themselves by ease,
And how security like a disease
Spread o'er their dwellings, how their profus'd hand
Squander'd away the plenty of the land
How civil discords sprang up ev'ry hour, 850
And quench'd themselves in blood, how the law's power
Was wholly slighted, Justice made a jeer,
And sins unheard-of practis'd without fear
The state was sick at heart, and now or never
Was time to cure it all consult together,
How to recover what they lost of late,
Their liberty and means, long they debate
About the matter all resolve to fight,
And by the law of arms to plead their right
But now they want a head, and whom to trust 860
They could not well resolve on, choose they must
One of necessity —the civil wars
Had scarce left any that durst trade for scars
The flower of youth was gone, save four or five
Were left to keep Arcadia's fame alive,
Yet all too young to govern, all about
They view the youth, to single some one out

831 Care s] This seems to be made = 'Ca-ers' *met grat*

848 profus'd] This for 'profuse' is noteworthy—the participial form of *profusus* kept in the adjectival sense

Thealma and Clearchus

By this time they had crown'd Alexis' brow
With wreaths of bays, and all the youth allow
Of him a victor, many odes they sing 870
In praise of him, then to the bower they bring
Their noble champion, whereas they were wont,
They lead him to a little turfy mount
Erected for that purpose, where all might
Both hear and see the victor with delight
He had a man-like look, and sparkling eye,
A front whereon sate such a majesty
As awed all his beholders, his long hair,
After the Grecian fashion, without care
Hung loosely on his shoulders, black as jet, 880
And shining with his oily honour'd sweat,
His body straight, and well-proportion'd, tall,
Well limb'd, well-set, long-arm'd,—one hardly shall
Among a thousand find one in all points
So well compact, and sinew'd in his joints
But that which crown'd the rest, he had a tongue
Whose sweetness toald unwillingness along,
And drew attention from the dullest ear,
His words so oily smooth and winning were'

Rhotus was going on when day appear'd, 890
And with its light the cloudy welkin clear'd
They heard the milkmaids halloo home their kine,
And to their troughs knock in their straggling swine
The birds 'gan sing, the calves and lambkins bleat,
Wanting the milky breakfast of a teat
With that he brake off his discourse, intending
Some fitter time to give his story ending
Some household bus'ness call'd his care ashore,
And Cleon thought on what concern'd him more
His men weigh anchor, and with Rhotus sail 900
Toward the land, they had so strong a gale,
They quickly reach'd the port where Rhotus dwelt,
Who with old Cleon with fair words so dealt,
He won him to his cell, where as his guest
We'll leave him, earnest to hear out the rest

By this time had Anaxus ta'en his leave
Of his kind sister, that afresh can grieve
For his departure, she entreats in vain,
And spends her tears to wash him back again,
But 'twould not be, he leaves her to her woes, 910
And in the search of his Clarinda goes
He scarce had travell'd two days' journey thence,
When hieing to a shade, for his defence
'Gainst the Sun's scorching heat, who then began
T' approach the point of the meridian

887 toald] This (= 'drew') we had above (l. 252) as 'toled'
893 their troughs] S 'the,' to avoid repetition of 'their,' I suppose

John Chalkhill

Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent, he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about
And ever and anon he might well hear 920
A sound of music steal in at his ear
As the wind gave it being —so sweet an air
Would strike a syren mute and ravish her
He sees no creature that might cause the same,
But he was sure that from the grove it came
And to the grove he goes to satisfy
The curiosity of ear and eye
Thorough the thick-leav'd boughs he makes a way,
Nor could the scratching brambles make him stay
But on he rushes, and climbs up the hill, 930
Thorough a glade he saw and heard his fill
A hundred virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appear'd to be
The image of Diana —on their knee
They tender'd their devotions with sweet airs,
Offering the incense of their praise and prayers
Their garments all alike, beneath their paps
Buckled together with a silver claps,
And 'cross their snowy silken robes, they wore 940
An azure scarf, with stars embroider'd o'er
Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
Crown'd with a silver crescent on the top
A silver bow their left hand held, their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight
Drawn from their broid'ed quiver, neatly tied
In silken cords, and fasten'd to their side
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, lac'd with ribbanding, they wore
It was a catching sight for a young eye, 950
That Love had fir'd before —he might espy
One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crown'd
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her
He was about removing, when a crew
Of lawless thieves their horny trumpets blew,
And from behind the temple unawares
Rush'd in upon them, busy at their prayers
The virgins to their weak resistance fly, 960
And made a show as if they meant to try

939 claps] This word, like its companion 'vulgarisms' 'hapse,' 'wapse,' 'graps,'
and even 'crisp,' which as a Latin word hardly deserves it, has ample M E
justification

945 flight] For 'arrow,' not uncommon

Thealma and Clearchus

The mastery by opposing, but, poor souls,
 They soon gave back, and ran away in shoals
 Yet some were taken, such as scorn of fear
 Had left behind to fortify the rear
 'Mongst whom their queen was one, a braver maid
 Anaxus ne'er beheld, she sued and pray'd
 For life, to those that had no pity left,
 Unless in murdering those they had bereft
 Of honour—This incens'd Anaxus' rage, 970
 And in he rush'd, unlook'd-for on that stage
 Then out his sword he draws, and dealt such blows
 That struck amazement in his numerous foes
 Twenty to one there were, too great an odds,
 Had not his cause drawn succour from the gods
 The first he coped with was their captain, whom
 His sword sent headless to seek out a tomb
 This cowarded the valour of the rest,
 A second drops to make the worms a feast
 A third and fourth soon follow'd, six he slew, 980
 And so dismay'd the fearful residue,
 That down the hill they fled, he after hies,
 And fells another villain, as he flies
 To the thick wood he chas'd them 'twas in vain
 To follow further,—up the hill again
 Weary Anaxus climbs, in hope to find
 The rescued virgins he had left behind
 But all were gone, fear lent them wings, and they
 Fleed to their home affrighted any way
 They durst not stay to hazard the event 990
 Of such a doubtful combat, yet they lent
 Him many a pray'r to bring on good success,
 And thank'd him for his noble hardiness
 That freed them from the danger they were in,
 And met the shock himself The virgin queen
 Full little dreamt, what champion Love had brought
 To rescue her bright honour, had she thought
 It had Anaxus been, she would have shared
 In the adventure howsoe'er she fared,
 But Fate was not so pleased The youth was sad 1000
 To see all gone the many wounds he had
 Griev'd him not so, as that he did not know
 Her for whose sake he had adventur'd so
 Yet was he glad whoe'er she was, that he
 Had come so luckily to set them free
 From such a certain thraldom Night drew on

983 fells] S 'fell'

995 himself] Not strictly grammatical, but good enough

1002 not so] Here 'tis not so good The poet says that Anaxus was not prevented
 by his wounds from knowing who she was i.e. that he *did* know It is clear from
 (and necessary to) what follows that he did *not*

John Chalkhill

And his wounds smarted no chirurgèon
Was near at hand to bind them up, and pour
His balmy medicines into his sore
And surely he had died, but that his heart 1010
Was yet too stout to yield for want of art
Looking about, upon a small ascent
He spied an old thatch'd house, all to berent
And eaten out by time, and the foul weather,
Or rather seem'd a piece of ruin, thither
Anaxus faintly hies, and in the way
He meets with old Sylvanus, who they say
Had skill in augury, and could foretell
Th' event of things he came then from his cell
To gather a few herbs and roots—the cates 1020
He fed upon Anaxus him entreats
To bind his wounds up, and with care t'apply
Unto his sores some wholesome remedy
A trim old man he was, though age had plough'd
Up many wrinkles in his brow, and bow'd
His body somewhat tow'rd the earth, his hairs
Like the snow's woolly flakes made white with cares,
The thorns that now and then pluck'd off the down
And wore away for baldness to a crown
His broad kemb'd beard hung down near to his waist, 1030
The only comely ornament that grac'd
His reverend old age,—his feet were bare
But for his leathern sandals, which he ware
To keep them clean from galling, which compell'd
Him use a staff to help him to the field
He durst not trust his legs, they fail'd him then,
And he was almost grown a child again
Yet sound in judgement, not impair'd in mind,
For age had rather the soul's parts refin'd
Than any way infirm'd, his wit no less 1040
Than 'twas in youth, his memory as fresh,
He fail'd in nothing but his earthly part,
They tended to its centre, yet his heart
Was still the same, and beat as lustily
For, as it first took life, it would last die
Upon the youth with greedy eye he gaz'd,
And on his staff himself a little rais'd,
When with a tear or two, with pity press'd
From his dry springs, he welcomes his request
He needs not much entreaty to do good, 1050

1043 They tended] i. e. 'retreated to the citadel,' 'made their last stand' 'They' has no direct antecedent in the careless way of the time the author seems to have remembered that he had written 'soul's parts' earlier, and forgotten 'earthly part' which had just dropped from his pen Or he may have actually written 'parts' here and struck the *s* out when 'heart' required it without troubling himself about 'they' The *insouciance* of these Carolines is delightful

Thealma and Clearchus

But having wash'd his wounds and stanch'd the blood,
 He pours in oily balsam, fits his clothes,
 And with soft tents he stops their gaping mouths,
 Then binds them up, and with a cheerful look
 Welcomes his thankful patient, whom he took
 Home with him to his cell, whose poor outside
 Promis'd as mean a lodging, pomp and pride
 (Those peacocks of the time) ne'er roosted there
 Content and lowliness the inmates were
 It was not so contemptible within, 1060
 There was some show of beauty that had been
 Made much of in old time, but now wellnigh
 Worn out with envious time, a curious eye
 Might see some relics of a piece of art
 That Psyche made, when Love first fir'd her heart
 It was the story of her thoughts, which she
 Curiously wrought in lively imag'ry,
 Among the rest, the thought of Jealousy
 Time left untouch'd, to grace antiquity
 It was decipher'd by a timorous dame, 1070
 Wrapp'd in a yellow mantle lin'd with flame
 Her looks were pale, contracted with a frown,
 Her eyes suspicious, wand'ring up and down,
 Behind her, Fear attended big with child,
 Able to fright Presumption, if she smil'd
 After her flew a sigh, between two springs
 Of briny water, on her dove-like wings
 She bore a letter seal'd with a half-moon,
 And superscrib'd, *This from suspicion*
 More than this, churlish Time had left no thing 1080
 To show the piece was Psyche's broidering
 Hither Sylvanus brings him, and with cates,
 Such as our wants may buy at easy rates,
 He feasts his guest, hunger and sweet content
 Sucks from coarse fare a courtly nourishment
 When they had supp'd, they talk an hour or two,
 And each the other questions how things go
 Sylvanus ask'd him how he came so hurt,
 Anaxus tells him, and this sad report
 Spins out a long discourse —the youth inquir'd 1090
 What maids they were he rescued, why so tir'd
 What saint it was they worshipp'd, whence the thieves,
 And who that virgin was, that he conceives
 Was queen and sovereign lady of the rest?
 Sylvanus willing to content his guest,

1052 fits his clothes] Unless 'clothes' is here used for 'clouts,' which the rhyme suggests and which would easily mean 'rag-bandages,' I do not know what this means

1063 time] Observe the careless clash with the same word in the same place of the line before This is not so delightful, but it is equally characteristic

John Chalkhill

After a little pause, in a grave tone,
Thus courteously replied, quoth he, 'My son,
To tell a sad relation will, I fear,
Prove but unseasonable, a young ear
Will relish it but harshly, yet since you
Desire so much to hear it, I shall do
My best to answer your desires in all
That truth hath warranted authentical
You are not such a stranger to the state,
But you have heard of Hylas, who of late,
Back'd by some fugitives, with a strong hand,
Wrested the crown and sceptre of this land
From the true owner, this same Hylas when
He had what his ambition aim'd at, then
When he grew wearied with conquering
His native countrymen, and as a king
Sate himself down to taste what Fate had dress'd,
And serv'd up to him at a plenteous feast,
When the loud clangours of these civil broils
Were laid aside, and each man view'd the spoils
He had unjustly gotten, and in peace
Securely dwelt with idleness and ease—
Those moths that fret and eat into a state,
Until they render it the scorn of Fate,
Hylas, puff'd up with pride, and self-conceit
Of his own valour that had made him great,
In riot and lasciviousness he spends
His precious hours, and through the kingdom sends
His pand'ring parasites to seek out game,
To quench th' unmaster'd fury of his flame
His agents were so cunning, many a maid
Were to their honour's loss subtly betrayed,
With gifts and golden promises of that
Which womanish ambition levell'd at,
Greatness and honour, but they miss'd their aim,
Their hopeful harvest prov'd a crop of shame
Amongst the many beauties that his spies
Mark'd out, to offer up a sacrifice
Unto his lust, the beauteous Florimel
Was one, whose virtue had no parallel
She is old Memnon's daughter, who of late
Was banish'd from his country, and by fate
Driven upon our coast, and as I guess
He was of Lemnos, fam'd for healthfulness
Under this borrow'd name (for so it was,
Or else my art doth fail me) he did pass
Unknown to any, in a shepherd's weed
He shrouds his honour, now content to feed

1124 game] S, obviously by oversight, 'gain'

Thealma and Clearchus

A flock of sheep, that had fed men before,
It is no wonder to see goodness poor
It was his daughter that the lustful king,
Beast-like, neigh'd after, still his flatt'ers sing
Odes of her praise, to heighten his desires,
To swim to pleasure through a hell of fires
The tempting baits were laid, the nets were spread, 1150
And gilded o'er to catch a maidenhead,
But all in vain, Eugenia would not bite,
Nor sell her honour for a base delight
He speaks in letters a dumb eloquence
That takes the heart before it reach the sense,
But they were slighted, letters that speak sin
Virtue sends back in scorn he writes again,
And is again repuls'd, he comes himself,
And desp'rately casts anchor on the shelf
Of his own power and greatness, toles her on 1160
To come aboard to her destruction
But she was deaf unto his syren charms,
Made wisely wary by another's harms
Her strong repulses were like oil to fires,
Strength'ning th' increasing heat of his desires
With mild entreats he woos her, and doth swear
How that his love's intendments noble were,
And if she'd love him, he protests and vows
To make her queen of all the state he owes
But she was fix'd, and her resolves so strong, 1170
She vow'd to meet with death, rather than wrong
Him unto whom her maiden faith was plight,
And he's no mean one, if my aim hits right
When Hylas saw no cunning would prevail
To make her his, his angry looks wax'd pale,
His heart call'd home the blood to feed revenge,
That there sate plotting to work out his ends
At length it hatch'd this mischief, Memnon's bid
To chide his daughter's coyness, so he did,
And she became the bolder, chid his checks, 1180
And answer'd his injunctions with neglects
Whereat the king enrag'd, laid hands upon her,
And was a dragging her to her dishonour,
When Memnon's servants, at their mistress' cry,
Rush'd in and rescued her,—'twas time to fly,
Hylas had else met with a just reward
For his foul lust he had a slender guard,
And durst not stand the hazard Memnon's men
Would have pursued, but they came off again
At Memnon's call the woful Florimel 1190
(For so her name was) on the pavement fell,

1176-7 revenge—ends] As bad a rhyme as most though 'checks' and 'neglects'
runs it hard in more than place of line

John Chalkhill

Waiting the stroke of death, life was about
To leave her, had not Memnon found her out'

Anaxus all this while gave heedful ear
To what he spake, and lent him many a tear—
To point out the full stops of his discourse,
But that he calls her Florimel, the force
Of his strong passions had persuaded him
It had been his Clarinda (as in time
The story makes her) — 'Spare thy tears, my son,'

1200

Said old Sylvanus, so his tale went on
'These are but sad beginnings of events
Spun out to Sorrow's height, the foul intents
Of Hylas being frustrate, and his fires
Wanting no fuel to increase desires,
He lays a snare to catch his maiden prize
By murdering her old father, and his spies
Were sent to find his haunt out Memnon, he
Of old experienced in court policy,

1210

Wisely forecasts th' event, and studies how
He might prevent his mischiefs, ere they grow
Too ripe and near at hand to be put by,
By all the art and strength he had, — to die,
For him that now was old, he nothing cared
Death at no time finds goodness unprepared
But how he might secure his Florimel,

That thought most troubled him, he knew full well
She was the white was aimed at, were she sure,
He made but slight of what he might endure
He was but yet a stranger to those friends

1220

That his true worth had gain'd him, yet intends
To try some one of them, anon his fears
And jealous doubts call back those former cares
He thinks on many ways for her defence,
But, except heav'n, finds none save innocence
Memnon at last resolves next day to send her
To Vesta's cloister, and there to commend her
Unto the virgin goddess's protection,
And to that purpose gave her such direction,
As fitted her to be a vestal nun,

1230

And time seem'd tedious till the deed was done
The fatal night, before that wish'd-for day,
When Florimel was to be pack'd away,
Hylas besets the house with armèd men,
Loath that his lust should be deceived again
At midnight they brake in, Memnon arose,
And e'er he call'd his servants, in he goes
Into his daughter's chamber, and besmears
Her breast and hands with blood, the rest her fears

1200 The story] It is certainly good of the author to 'show a light' for 'the story' wanted it'

Thealma and Clearchus

Counsel her to, each hand took up a knife 1240
 T' oppose her foe, or let out her own life
 If need should be, to save her honour'd name
 From Lust's black sullies, and ne'er dying shame
 Memnon then calls his servants, they arise,
 And wanting light, they make their hands their eyes.
 Like seamen in a storm, about they go,
 At their wits' end, not knowing what to do,
 Down a back stairs they hurried to the hall,
 Where the most noise was, in they venture all,
 And all were suddenly surpris'd, in vain, 1250
 Poor men, they struggle to get loose again.
 A very word was punish'd with a wound
 Here might they see their aged master bound,
 And though too weak to make resistance, found
 Wounded almost to death, his hoary hairs
 Now near half worn away with age and cares,
 Torn from his head and beard, he scorn'd to cry,
 Or beg for mercy from their cruelty
 He fard the worse because he would not tell
 What was become of his fair Florimel, 1260
 She heard not this, though she set ope her ears
 To listen to the whispers of her fears
 Sure had she heard how her good father fard,
 Her very cries would have the doors unbarr'd,
 To let her out to plead his innocence,
 But he had lock'd her up in a close room,
 Free from suspicion, and 't had been her tomb,
 Had not the Fates prevented, search was made
 In every corner, and great care was had,
 Lest she should 'scape, but yet they miss'd the lass, 1270
 They sought her everywhere but where she was
 Under the bed there was a trap-door made,
 That open'd to a room where Memnon laid
 The treasure and the jewels which he brought
 From Lemnos with him —round about they sought,
 Under and o'er the bed, in chests they pry,
 And in each hole where scarce a cat might lie,
 But could not find the cunning contriv'd door
 That open'd bed and all then down they tore
 The painted hangings, and survey the walls, 1280
 Yet found no by-way out —Then Hylas calls
 To know if they had found her, they reply,
 She was not there then with a wrathful eye,
 Looking on Memnon,—"Doting fool," said he,

1245 hands] This is Benlowesian beyond our present author's wont
 1254 found] This has to be joined *somehow* with might, if with anything It is
 rather a capital example of the syntax of this period You take the two unimpeachable
 sentences, 'Here they might see their master' and 'Here they found their master,'
 and clap them together just as they will go

John Chalkhill

"Wilt thou not tell me where she is if she
Be in this house conceal'd, I have a way
Shall find her out, if thou hast mind to pray
Be speedy, thou hast not an hour to live
I'll teach thee what it is for to deceive
Him that would honour thee"—"Would shame me rather,"
Answer'd old Memnon, "and undo a father, 1291
By shaming of his daughter, lustful king,
Call you this honour? death's not such a thing
As can fright Memnon, he and I have met
Up to the knees in blood, and honour'd sweat,
Where his scythe mow'd down legions, he and I
Are well acquainted, 'tis no news to die"
"Dost thou so brave it?" Hylas said, "I'll try
What temper you are made on by and by
Set fire upon the house,—since you love death 1300
I'll teach you a new way to let out breath"
This word struck Memnon mute, not that he fear'd
Death in what shape soever he appear'd,
But that his daughter, whom as yet his care
Had kept from ravishing, should with him share
In such a bitter potion, this was that
Which more than death afflicted him, that Fate
Should now exact a double sacrifice,
And prove more cruel than his enemies
This struck him to the heart,—the house was fired, 1310
And his sad busy thoughts were well-nigh tired
With studying what to do whenas a post
That had out rid report, brought news the coast
Shined full of fired beacons, how his lords,
Instead of sleep, betook themselves to swords,
How that the foe was near, and meant ere day
To make his court and treasury their prey,
How that the soldiers were at their wits' end
For th' absence of their king, and did intend,
Unless he did prevent them suddenly, 1320
To choose a new one—Hylas fearfully
Did entertain this news calls back his men,
And through by-paths he steals to court again,
Leaving the house on fire, the thatch was wet,
And burnt but slowly Memnon's servants get
Their master loose, and with their teeth unties
The bloody cords that binds the sacrifice,
That Fate was pleas'd to spare, they quench the fire,
Whilst he runs to his daughter, both admire
Their little hop'd-for wond'rous preservation, 1330
Praising their gods with fervent adoration
Next day he shifts his Florimel away
Unto the vestal cloister, there to stay

1326 unties] Apparent false concord, as so often

Thealma and Clearchus

Till he heard how things went, and what success
 Befell the wars, his men themselves address,
 At his command to wait upon the ars,
 To purchase freedom, or by death, or scars
 Memnon himself keeps home, attended on
 But by a stubbèd boy, his daughter gone,
 His fears 'gan lessen —Hylas was o'erthrown, 1340
 And bold Alexis' conquest gain'd a crown
 And worthily he wears it, with his reign
 Desirèd Peace stept on the stage again
 The laws were executed, justice done,
 And civil order stayed confusion
 Sloth and her sister Ease were banishèd,
 And all must labour now to get their bread
 Yet Peace is not so settled, but we find
 Some work for swords, the foe hath left behind
 Some gleanings of his greater strength, that still 1350
 Commit great outrages, that rob and kill
 All that they meet with, ravishing chaste maids
 Both of their life and honour, some such lads
 Were they that set upon the virgin crew,
 That were redeem'd so worthily by you
 A hundred virgins monthly do frequent
 Diana's temple, where with pure intent
 They tender their devotions one is chose
 By lot to be their queen, to whom each owes
 Her best respect, and for this month I guess 1360
 Their queen was Florimel, now votaress'
 Sylvanus here brake off, 'twas late, and sleep,
 Like lead, hung on their eyelids, Heav'n them keep
 We'll leave them to their rest awhile, and tell
 What to Thealma in this space befell
 Anaxus had no sooner ta'en his leave
 Of his glad sister, making her believe
 That he would shortly visit her, when she
 Led forth her flock to field more joyfully
 Than she was wont to do, those rosy stains 1370
 That nature wont to lend her from her veins,
 Began t' appear upon her cheeks, and raise
 Her sickly beauty to contend for praise
 She trick'd herself in all her best attire,
 As if she meant this day t' invite Desire
 To fall in love with her her loose hair
 Hung on her shoulders, sporting with the air

1339 stubbèd] Nerissa was 'a *scrubbèd* boy, the metaphor being in both cases from trees

1370 seq The following picture of Thealma is a fair test-passage, whereby anybody may determine whether he likes poetry of this kind or no It is not consummate, even of its own kind—if it were the test would not be fair But it has a '*quant*' attractive kind of grace' of its own

John Chalkhill

Her brow a coronet of rose-buds crown'd,
 With loving woodbine's sweet embraces bound
 Two globe-like pearls were pendant to her ears, 1380
 And on her breast a costly gem she wears,
 An adamant, in fashion like a heart,
 Whereon Love sat a-plucking out a dart,
 With this same motto graven round about
 On a gold border *Sooner in than out*
 This gem Clearchus gave her, when, unknown,
 At tilt his valour won her for his own
 Instead of bracelets on her wrists, she wore
 A pair of golden shackles, chain'd before
 Unto a silver ring enamel'd blue, 1390
 Whereon in golden letters to the view
 I his motto was presented *Bound yet free*
 And in a true-love's knot a *T* and *C*
 Buckled it fast together, her silk gown
 Of grassy green, in equal plaits hung down
 Unto the earth and as she went the flowers,
 Which she had broider'd on it at spare hours,
 Were wrought so to the life, they seem'd to grow
 In a green field, and as the wind did blow,
 Sometimes a lily, then a rose takes place, 1400
 And blushing seems to hide it in the grass
 And here and there gold oaes 'mong pearls she strew,
 That seem'd like shining glow worms in the dew
 Her sleeves were tinsel, wrought with leaves of green,
 In equal distance, spangelèd between,
 And shadowed over with a thin lawn cloud,
 Through which her workmanship more graceful show'd
 A silken scrip and shepherd's crook she had,
 The badge of her profession, and thus clad,
 Thealma leads her milky drove to field, 1410
 Proud of so brave a guide had you beheld
 With what a majesty she trod the ground,
 How sweet she smil'd, and angrily she frown'd,
 You would have thought it had Minerva been,
 Come from high Jove to dwell on earth again
 The reason why she made herself thus fine
 Was a sweet dream she had, some power divine
 Had whisper'd to her soul Clearchus liv'd,
 And that he was a king for whom she griev'd
 She thought she saw old Hymen in Love's bands, 1420
 Tie with devotion both their hearts and hands

1402 oaes] S oddly enough prints *oates*, and (less oddly) italicizes I suppose the *a* (introduced probably to prevent the diphthong pronunciation *æ*) led him astray But it is surprising that so good an Elizabethan should not have remembered Shakespeare's 'oes and eyes of light' and Bacon's 'oes or spangs' This last, with 'spangelèd' below, is a particularly close parallel ('Strew' as pret. of the form 'straw')

1417 power] S 'poor'

Thealma and Clearchus

She was a-dreaming farther, when her maid
Told her the sun was up she, well apaid
With what her greedy thoughts had tasted on,
Quickly got up, and hurried with her dream,
Thus tricks herself, having a mind to seem
What she would be, but was not, strong conceit
So wrought upon her, those that are born great
Have higher thoughts than the low-minded clown,
He seldom dreams himself into a crown 1430
Caretta, modest girl, she thought it strange,
And wonder'd greatly at so sudden change,
But durst not be so bold to ask the cause
Obedience had prescrib'd her knowledge laws,
And she would not transgress them, yet it mad
Her call to mind what garments once she had,
And when her father liv'd, how brave she went,
But, humble-minded wench, she was content
She knew the vanity of pomp and pride,
Which if not pluck'd off, must be laid aside 1440
One day, and to speak truth, she had a mind
So deck'd with rich endowments, that it shin'd
In all her actions, howsoe'er she goes,
Few maids have such an inside to their clothes
Yet her dame's love had trick'd her up so brave,
As she thought fit to make her maid, and gave
Her such habiliments to set her forth,
As rather grac'd than stain'd her mistress' worth
They made her ne'er the prouder, she was still
As ready and obedient to her will 1450
Thus to the field Thealma and her maid
Cheerfully went, and in a friendly shade
They sat them down to work, the wench had brought,
As her dame bid, her lute, and as she wrought,
Thealma play'd and sang this cheerful air,
As if she then would bid adieu to care

I

Fly hence, Despair, and heart-benumbing Fears,
Presume no more to fright
Me from my quiet rest
My budding hopes have wip'd away my tears 1460
And fill'd me with delight,
To cure my wounded breast

II

Mount up, sad thoughts, that whilom humbly stray'd
Upon the lowly plain,
And fed on nought but grief

1444 clothes] The pronunciation 'cloes' is probably *walt*

1457 seq These lines should of course be compared with the two angling songs

John Chalkhill

My angry fate with me is well apaid,
And smiles on me again,
To give my heart relief

III

Rejoice, poor heart, forget these wounding woes
That robb'd thee of thy peace, 1470
And drown'd thee in despair,
Still thy strong passions with a sweet repose
To give my soul some ease,
And rid me of my care

My thoughts presage, by Fortune's frown,
I shall climb up unto a crown

She had not ended her delicious lay,
When Cleon and old Rhotus, who that day
Were journeying to court, by chance drew near,
As she was singing, and t' enrich their ear 1480
They made a stand behind the hedge, to hear
Her sweet soul melting accents, that so won
Their best attention, that when she had done,
The voice had ravish'd so the good old men,
They wish'd in vain she would begin again,
And now they long to see what goddess 'twas
That own'd so sweet a voice, and with such grace
Chid her sad woes away—The cause that drew
Rhotus to court was this, after a view
Made by the victor—king of all his peers, 1490
And well-deserving men, that force or fears
Had banish'd from their own, and Peace begun
To smile upon Arcadia, to shun
The future cavils that his subjects might
Make to recover their usurp'd right
He made inquiry what each man possess'd
During Lysander's reign, to re-invest
Them in their honour'd places, and such lands
As tyranny had wrung out of their hands
And minding now to gratify his friends, 1500
Like a good prince, he for old Rhotus sends,
As he to whom he ow'd his life, and all
The honour he had rose to,—at his call
Old Rhotus quickly comes, leaving his trade
To an old servant whom long custom had
Wedded to that vocation, so that he
Aim'd at no higher honour than to be
A master fisher Cleon, who of late,
As you have heard, came from the Lemnian state
In search of one whose name he yet kept close,
With Rhotus, his kind host, to court he goes, 1510
And with him his son Dorus in the way,
As you have heard, Thealma made them stay,
(406)

Thealma and Clearchus

And not contented to content their ear
 With her sweet music, tow'rd her they drew near,
 And wond'ring at her bravery and her beauty,
 They thought to greet her with a common duty
 Would ill become them humbly on their knee
 They tender'd their respect, and, prince-like, she
 Thank'd them with nods her high thoughts still aspire 1520
 And their low lootings lift them a step higher
 Old Cleon eyed her with such curious heed,
 He thought she might be, what she prov'd indeed,
 Thealma —her rich gems confirm'd the same,
 For some he knew, yet durst not ask her name
 Caretta viewing Rhotus (loving wench)
 As if instinct had taught her confidence,
 Runs from her mistress, contradicts all fears,
 And asks him blessing, speaking in her tears
 'Lives then Caretta?' said he — 'Yes,' quoth she, 1530
 'I am Caretta, if you'll father me'
 'Then heaven hath heard my prayers, or thine rather,
 It is thy goodness makes me still a father'
 A thousand times he kiss'd the girl, whilst she
 Receives them as his blessings on her knee
 At length he took her up, and to her dame
 With thanks return'd her saying, 'If a blame
 Be due unto your handmaid's fond neglect
 Lo do you service, let your frown reflect
 On her poor father She, as children use, 1540
 Is overjoy'd to find the thing they lose'
 'There needs no such apology, kind sir,'
 Answer'd Thealma, 'duty bindeth her
 More strictly to th' obedience of a father,
 Than of a mistress I commend her rather
 For tend'ring what she owed so willingly,
 Believ't I love her for it, she and I
 Have drank sufficiently of Sorrow's cup,
 And were content sometimes to dine and sup
 With the sad story of our woes, poor cates 1550
 To feed on, yet we bought them at dear rates
 Many a tear they cost us —you are blest
 In finding of a daughter, and the best
 (Though you may think I flatter) that e'er liv'd
 To glad a father, as with her I griev'd
 For his supposed loss, so being found
 I cannot but rejoice with her, the wound
 Which you have cur'd in her, gives ease to mine,
 And I find comfort in her medicine
 I had a father, but I lost him too, 1560

1516 bravery] The dress described above

1521 lootings] 'Loutings,' bows' them] The thoughts, not the travellers

John Chalkhill

And wilfully, my girl, so didst not thou,
Nor can I hope to find him, but in wrath
I lost his love in keeping of my faith'
She would have spoken more, but sighs and tears
Brake from their prison to revive her fears
Cleon, although he knew her by her speech
And by some jewels which she wore, too rich
For any shepherdess to wear, forbore
To interrupt her, he so lov'd to hear
Her speak, whom he so oft had heard was drown'd, 1570
And still, good man, he kneel'd upon the ground,
And wept for joy — 'Why do you kneel?' quoth she,
'Am I a saint? what do you see in me
To merit such respects? pray rise, 'tis I
That owe a reverence to such gravity,
That kneeling better would become, I know
No worth in me to worl you down so low'
'Yes, gracious madam, what I pay is due
To none, for aught I know, so much as you
Is not your name Thealma? hath your eye 1580
Ne'er seen this face at Lemnos? I can spy,
Ev'n through the clouds of grief, the stamp of him
That once I call'd my sovereign, age and time
Hath brought him to his grave, that bed of dust,
Where when our night is come, sleep we all must
Yet in despite of Death his honour'd name
Lives, and will ever in the vote of Fame
Death works but on corruption, things divine,
Cleans'd from the dross about them, brighter shine
So doth his virtues What was earth is gone, 1590
His heavenly part is left to crown his son,
If I could find him' You may well conceive
At his sad tale what cause she had to grieve
Reply she could not, but in sighs and tears,
Yet to his killing language lent her ears
And had not grief enforc'd him make a pause
She had been silent still, she had most cause
To wail her father's loss 'Oh, unkind Fate,'
Replied Thealma, 'it is now too late
To wish I'd not offended, cruel Love, 1600
To force me to offend, and not to prove
So kind to let him live to punish her,
Whose fault, I fear me, was his murderer
O, my Clearchus, 'twas through thee I fell
From a child's duty, yet I do not well
To blame thee for it, sweetly may'st thou sleep,
Thou and thy faults lie buried in the deep,

1560-3 The curiously loose rhyming of the poem is well exemplified in these two couplets

1577 worl] Worth keeping for 'whirl,' or more probably 'hurl'

Thealma and Clearchus

And I'll not rake them up ye partial powers,
To number out to me so many hours,
And punish him so soon, why do I live? 1610
Can there be hope that spirits can forgive?
'Yes, gracious madam, his departing soul
Seal'd up your pardon with a prayer t'enroll
Amongst his honour'd acts, left you a blessing,
And call'd it love, which you do style transgressing,
Left you a dowry worthy a lov'd child,
With whom he willingly was reconcil'd
Take comfort, then, kings are but men, and they
As well as poor men must return to clay '
With that she op'd the flood-gates of her eyes, 1620
And offer'd up a wealthy sacrifice
Of thankful tears, to expiate her crimes
And drown their memory, lest after-times
Might blab them to the world Rhotus gave ear
To all that past, and lent her many a tear
The alms that sweet compassion bestows
On a poor heart that wants to cure its woes
Caretta melted too, though she had found
What her poor mistress griev'd at, all drank round
Of the same briny cup Rhotus at last 1630
'Gan thus to comfort her — 'Madam, though haste
To obey my sovereign's commands would fit
The duty of a subject better, yet
I will incur the hazard of his frown
To do you service, glory and renown,
The mark the noble spirits still aim at
To crown their virtues, did so animate
Alexis, our new sovereign, once my guest,
(And glad he was to be so) that his breast,
Full of high thoughts, could relish no content 1640
In a poor cottage One day as he went
With me unto our annual games, where he
Puts in for one to try the mastery,
And from them all came off a victor, so
That all admir'd him, on him they bestow
The wreath of conquest, at that time this state
Was govern'd by a tyrant, one that Fate
Thrust in to scourge the people's wickedness,
That had abus'd the blessing of their peace,
As he abus'd his honour, which he gain'd 1650
By cruel usurpation for he reign'd
More like a beast than man, Fortune at length
Grew weary of him too, weak'ning his strength
By wantoning his people, without law
Or exercise to keep their minds in awe

1635-7 Not uninteresting to compare with 'The last infirmity of noble minds'

John Chalkhill

Which the exil'd nobility perceiving,
Took heart again, some new strong hope conceiving
Through th' enemies' neglect, to regain that
Which formerly they lost, so it pleas'd Fate
To change the scene most of the noble youth 1660
The former war consum'd, and to speak truth,
Unless some few old men, there was left none
Worthy to be a leader, all was gone
Wherefore when they had seen what he could do,
And by that guess'd, what he durst undergo,
(If they were put to 't) they Alexis chose
To lead their warlike troops against their foes
His valour spake him noble, and 's behaviour
Was such as won upon the people's favour,
His speech so powerful, that the hearer thought 1670
All his entreats commands so much it wrought
Upon their awful minds this new-come stranger
They chose to be their shield twixt them and danger,
And he deceived not th' expectation
They fix'd upon him Hylas was o'erthrown,
And he return'd in triumph Joy was now
Arcadia's theme, and all oblations vow
To their protector Mars to 'quite him then,
They chose him king, the wonderment of men
'Twas much yet what they gave was not their own, 1680
They ow'd him for it, what they gave he won,
And won it bravely When this youth I found
Hanging upon the craggy rock, half drown'd,
I little dream'd that he should mount so high
As to a crown, yet such a majesty
Shin'd on his look sometimes, as show'd a mind
Too great to be to a low state confin'd
Though while he lived with me, such sullen clouds
Of grief hung on his brow, and such sad floods,
Rather than briny tears, stream'd from his eyes 1690
As made him seem a man of miseries
And often as he was alone I heard him
Sigh out Thealma, I as often cheer'd him
May not this be the man you grieve for so?
Your name's Thealma, and for aught I know,
He may not be Alexis, perhaps fear
Borrow'd that nickname, to conceal him here
Take comfort, madam, on my life 'tis he,
If my conjecture fail me not, then be
Not so dejected till the truth be tried— 1700
'And that shall be my charge,' Cleon replied,

1656-63 The Biblical critic (see Introduction) would certainly point to the curious coincidence of these lines with the state of things between Cromwell's death and the Restoration, when *Pharonnada* was finished

1672 awful] This, the least common meaning of the word, is perhaps the most correct

Thealma and Clearchus

'Thanks, noble Rhotus, this discovery
 Binds me to thee for ever thou and I
 Will to the court, could I Anaxus find
 My work were ended, if Fate prove so kind,
 I hope a comical event shall crown
 These tragical beginnings, do not drown
 Your hopes (sweet madam) that I so would fain
 Live to your comfort, when we meet again,
 Which will be speedily, the news we bring, 1710
 I trust, shall be Clearchus is a king'
 'Most noble Cleon, thanks, may it prove so,'
 Answer'd Thealma, 'yet before you go,
 Take this same jewel, this Clearchus gave me,
 When first I did consent that he should have me
 And if he still do love, as is a doubt,
 For he ne'er hath a power to work love out,
 By this you shall discover who he is
 If Fortune have assign'd me such a bliss
 As once more to be his, she makes amends 1720
 For all my sorrow, but if she intends
 Still to afflict me, I can suffer still,
 And tire her cruelty, though t be to kill
 I have a patience that she cannot wrong
 With all her flatteries, a heart too strong
 To shake at such a weak artillery,
 As is her frowns no, Cleon, I dare die,
 And could I meet death nobly I would so,
 Rather than be her scorn, and take up woe
 At interest to enrich her power, that grows 1730
 Greater by grieving at our overthrows
 No, Cleon, I can be as well content
 With my poor cot, this woolly regiment,
 As with a palace, or to govern men,
 And I can queen it when time serves again
 Go, and my hopes go with you, if stern Fate
 Bid you return with news to mend my state,
 Ill welcome it with thanks, if not, I know
 The worst on't, Cleon, I am now as low
 As she can throw me'—thus resolv'd they leave her, 1740
 And to the court the two lords wend together,
 Leaving young Dorus, Cleon's son, behind,
 To wait upon Thealma, Love was kind
 In that to fair Caretta, that till now
 Ne'er felt what passion meant, yet knew not how
 To vent it but with blushes, modest shame
 Forbade it yet to grow into a flame

1706-7 comical—tragical] The *distribution* of the meaning of 'tragi comedy' between its parts is interesting In the strictest and truest sense the event would not of course be 'comical'

1717 Rather obscure

John Chalkhill

Love works by time, and time will make her bolder,
Talk warms desire, when absence makes it colder
Home now Thealma wends 'twixt hope and fear, 1750
Sometimes she smiles, anon she drops a tear
That stole along her cheeks, and falling down
Into a pearl, it freezeth with her frown
The sun was set before she reach'd the fold,
And sparkling Vesper Night's approach has told
She left the lovers to enfold her sheep,
And in she went resolv'd to sup with sleep,
If thought would give her leave unto her rest
We leave her for awhile —Sylvanus' guest
You know we lately left under his cure, 1760
And now it is high time, my Muse to lure
From her too tedious weary flight, and tell
What to Anaxus that brave youth befell
Let's pause awhile, —she'll make the better flight,
The following lines shall feed your appetite
Bright Cynthia twice her silver horns had chang'd,
And through the zodiac's twelve signs had rang'd,
Before Anaxus' wounds were thoroughly well,
In the meanwhile Sylvanus 'gan to tell
Him of his future fortune, for he knew 1770
From what sad cause his mind's distemper grew
He had ylearn't, as you have heard, while-ere,
The art of wise soothsaying, and could clear
The doubts that puzzle the strong working brain
And make the intricat'st anigmas plain
His younger years in Egypt's schools he spent,
From whence he suck'd this knowledge, not content
With what the common sciences could teach,
Those were too shallow springs for his deep reach,
That aim'd at Learning's utmost that hid skill 1780
That out-doth nature, hence he suck'd his fill
Of divine knowledge 'twas not all inspir'd,
It cost some pains that made him so admir'd
He told him what he was, what country air
He first drew in, what his intendments were,
How 'twas for love, he left his native soil
To tread upon Arcadia, and with toil
Sought what he must not have, a lovely dame,
But art went not so far to tell her name
Heav'n, that doth control art, would not reveal it 1790
Or if it did, he wisely did conceal it
He told him of his father's death, and that
The state had lately sent for him, whereat
Anaxus starting, —'Stay, old man,' quoth he,
'I'll hear no more' thy cruel augury

1760 cure] S 'care'—an obvious and obviously caused oversight

1775 anigma] This form, which S changes to 'enigma,' seems worth keeping

Thealma and Clearchus

Wounds me at heart, can thy art cure that wound,
Sylvanus? No,—no medicine is found
In human skill to cure that tender part
When the soul's pain'd, it finds no help of Art'
'Yet, sir,' said he, 'art may have power to ease, 1800
I though not to cure, the sick soul's maladies
And though my sadder news distaste your ear,
'Tis such as I must tell, and you must hear
I know you're sent for, strict inquiry's made
I through all Arcadia for you, plots are laid
(By some that wish not well unto the state)
How to deprive you of a crown, but Fate
Is pleas'd not so to have it, and by me
Chalks out a way for you to sovereignty
I say again, she whom you love, though true, 1810
And spotless constant, must not marry you
One you call sister, to divide the strife,
Fate hath decreed, must be your queen and wife
Hie to th' Arcadian court, what there you hear
Perhaps may trouble you, but do not fear,
All shall be well at length, the bless'd event
Shall crown your wishes with a sweet content
Inquire no farther, I must tell no more,
Here Fate sets limits to my art —before 1820
You have gone half a league, under a beech,
You'll find your man inquiring of a witch
What is become of you? the beldame's sly,
And will allure by her strange subtlety
The strongest faith to error, have a care
She tempt you not to fall in love with air
She'll show you wonders, you shall see and hear
That which shall rarely please both eye and ear
But be not won to wantonness, but shun
All her enticements credit not, my son,
That what you see is real,—Son, be wise, 1830
And set a watch before thy ears and eyes
She loves thee not, and will work all she can
To give thy crown unto another man
But fear not, there's a power above her skill
Will have it otherwise, do what she will
But Fate thinks fit to try thy constancy,
Then arm thyself against her sorcery
'Take this same herb, and if thy strength begin
To fail at any time, and lean to sin,
Smell to't, and wipe thine eyes therewith, that shall 1840
Quicken thy duller sight to dislike all,

1810-13 Here we come, as far as we ever do come, to the 'knot' of the poem as it was intended to be

1820 beech] The rhyme as 'bitch' was perhaps suggested by 'britch' for 'beech' And it seems to have some dialectic justification

John Chalkhill

And reinforce thy reason to oppose
 All her temptations, and fantastic shows
 Farewell, Anaxus, hie to court, my son,
 Or I'll be there before thee¹—'Twas high noon,
 When after many thanks to his kind host,
 Anaxus took his leave, and quickly lost
 The way he was directed, on he went
 As his fate led him, full of hardiment
 Down in a gloomy valley, thick with shade, 1850
 Which two aspiring hanging rocks had made
 That shut out day, and barr'd the glorious sun
 From prying into th' actions there done,
 Set full of box, and cypress, poplar, yew,
 And hateful elder that in thickets grew,
 Amongst whose boughs the screech owl and night-crow
 Sadly recount their prophecies of woe,
 Where leather-winged bats, that hate the light
 Fan the thick air, more sooty than the night
 The ground o'ergrown with weeds, and bushy shrubs, 1860
 Where milky hedgehogs nurse their prickly cubs
 And here and there a mandrake grows, that strikes
 The hearers dead with their loud fatal shrieks
 Under whose spreading leaves the ugly toad,
 The adder, and the snake make their abode
 Here dwelt Orandra, so the witch was hight,
 And thither had she toald him by a sleight
 She knew Anaxus was to go to court,
 And, envying virtue, she made it her sport
 To hinder him, sending her airy spies 1870
 Forth with delusions to entrap his eyes,
 And captivate his ear with various tones,
 Sometimes of joy, and otherwhiles of moans
 Sometimes he hears delicious sweet lays
 Wrought with such curious descant as would raise
 Attention in a stone —anon a groan
 Reacheth his ear, as if it came from one
 That crav'd his help, and by and by he spies
 A beauteous virgin with such catching eyes
 As would have fir'd a hermit's chill desires 1880
 Into a flame, his greedy eye admires
 The more than human beauty of her face,
 And much ado he had to shun the grace
 Conceit had shap'd her out so like his love,

¹⁸⁵⁵ hateful] The elder is well known for a fairy tree, but most of the traditions give it a prophylactic rather than a 'hateful' power. However, Spenser has 'bitter elder-branches sore' in *Shepherd's Kalender* (November), and Chalkhill may have followed his 'friend and acquaintant'. Or he may have drunk elder wine, which is a distinctly terrible liquor.

¹⁸⁶⁷ toald] As before, ll 252 and 887. It should perhaps have been said that Prof Wright in the *Dialect Dictionary* prefers 'toll' as the standard form.

Thealma and Clearchus

That he was once about in vain to prove,
 Whether 'twas his Clarinda, yea or no,
 But he bethought him of his herb, and so
 The shadow vanish'd,—many a weary step
 It led the prince, that pace with it still kept,
 Until it brought him by a hellish power
 Unto the entrance of Orandra's bower,
 Where underneath an elder tree he spied
 His man Pandevius, pale and hollow-eyed,
 Inquiring of the cunning witch what fate
 Betid his master, they were newly sate
 When his approach disturb'd them, up she rose,
 And tow'rd Anaxus (envious hag) she goes,
 Pandevius she had charm'd into a maze,
 And struck him mute, all he could do was gaze
 He call'd him by his name, but all in vain,
 Echo returns Pandevius back again,
 Which made him wonder, when a sudden fear
 Shook all his joints, she, cunning hag, drew near,
 And smelling to his herb, he recollects
 His wand'ring spirits, and with anger checks
 His coward fears, resolv'd now to outdare
 The worst of dangers, whatsoe'er they were,
 He eyed her o'er and o'er, and still his eye
 Found some addition to deformity
 An old decrepid hag she was, grown white
 With frosty age, and wither'd with despite
 And self consuming hate, in furs yclad,
 And on her head a thrummy cap she had
 Her knotty locks, like to Alecto's snakes,
 Hang down about her shoulders, which she shakes
 Into disorder, on her furrowed brow
 One might perceive Time had been long at plough
 Her eyes like candle-snuffs by age sunk quite
 Into their sockets, yet like cat's-eyes, bright
 And in the darkest night like fire they shin'd,
 The ever open windows of her mind
 Her swarthy cheeks, Time, that all things consumes,
 Had hollowed flat unto her toothless gums,
 Her hairy brows did meet above her nose,
 That like an eagle's beak so crooked grows,
 It well nigh kiss'd her chin, thick brist'led hair
 Grew on her upper lip, and here and there
 A rugged wart with grisly hairs behung,
 Her breasts shrunk up, her nails and fingers long,
 Her left leant on a staff, in her right hand
 She always carried her enchanting wand

1890

1900

1910

1920

1930

1893 The proper names here, as usual in this class of Romance, are partly classical, partly rococo. But this hybrid—*Pandevius*, 'utterly truant'—looks as if it were meant

John Chalkhill

Splay-footed, beyond nature, every part
So patternless deform'd, 'twould puzzle Art
To make her counterfeit, only her tongue,
Nature had that most exquisitely strung
Her only language came so smoothly from her,
And her quaint action did so well become her,
Her winning rhetoric met with no trips,
But chain'd the dull'st attention to her lips
With greediness he heard, and though he strove 1940
To shake her off, the more her words did move
She woo'd him to her cell, call'd him her son,
And with fair promises she quickly won
Him to her beck, or rather he to try
What she could do, did willingly comply
With her request, into her cell he goes,
And with his herb he rubs his eyes and nose
His man stood like an image still, and stared
As if some fearful prodigy had scared
Life from its earthly mansion, but she soon 1950
Unloos'd the charms, and after them he run
Her cell was hewn out of the marble rock,
By more than human Art, she need not knock,
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with Ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines,
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
At the World's birth, so star-like bright they shone
They serv'd instead of tapers to give light 1960
To the dark entry, where perpetual night,
Friend to black deeds, and sire of ignorance,
Shuts out all knowledge, lest her eye by chance
Might bring to light her follies in they went,
The ground was strew'd with flowers, whose sweet scent
Mix'd with the choice perfumes from India brought,
Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught
His credulous sense, the walls were gilt, and set
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread 1970
All o'er the arch, the swelling grapes were red,
This Art had made of rubies cluster'd so,
To the quick'st eye they more than seem'd to grow,
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves
Yet so well shap'd unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature
Their rich attire so diff'ring, yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell 1980

(416)

Thealma and Clearchus

Which was the fairest, which the handsomest deck'd,
Or which of them Desire would soon'st affect
After a low salute they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring
Orandra to her charms was stepp'd aside,
Leaving her guest half won and wanton eyed
He had forgot his herb cunning delight
Had so bewitch'd his ears, and blear'd his sight,
And captivated all his senses so, 1990
That he was not himself, nor did he know
What place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his eye and ear
With what would ruin him, but that kind Fate,
That contradicts all power subordinate,
Prevented Art's intents, a silly fly
(As there were many) light into his eye,
And forc'd a tear to drown herself, when he
Impatient that he could not so well see,
Lifts up his hand wherein the herb he held, 2000
To wipe away the moisture that distill'd
From his still smarting eye, he smelt the scent
Of the strong herb, and so incontinent
Recovered his stray wit his eyes were clear'd,
And now he lik'd not what he saw or heard
This knew Orandra well, and plots anew
How to entrap him next unto his view
She represents a banquet, usher'd in
By such a shape, as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste, so like she was 2010
To his Clarinda, both in shape and face
So voic'd, so habited, of the same gait
And comely gesture, on her brow in state
Sate such a princely majesty, as he
Had noted in Clarinda, save that she
Had a more wanton eye, that here and there
Roll'd up and down, not settling anywhere
Down on the ground she falls his hand to kiss,
And with her tears bedews it, cold as ice
He felt her lips, that yet inflam'd him so, 2020
That he was all on fire the truth to know,
Whether she was the same she did appear,
Or whether some fantastic form it were,
Fashioned in his imagination
By his still working thoughts, so fix'd upon
His lov'd Clarinda, that his fancy strove,
Even with her shadow, to express his love
He took her up, and was about to 'quite
Her tears with kisses, when to clear his sight
He wipes his eyes, and with his herb of grace 2030
Smooths his rough lip to kiss with greater grace

John Chalkhill

So the herb's virtue stole into his brain,
And kept him off, hardly did he refrain
From sucking in destruction from her lip
Sin's cup will poison at the smallest sip
She weeps, and woos again with subtleness,
And with a frown she chides his backwardness
'Have you so soon, sweet prince, (said she,) forgot
Your own belov'd Clarinda? are you not
The same you were, that you so slightly set 2040
By her that once you made the cabinet
Of your choice counsel? hath my constant heart
(As Innocence unspotted) no desert,
To keep me yours? or hath some worthier love
Stole your affections? what is it should move
You to dislike so soon? must I still taste
No other dish but sorrow? when we last
Emptied our souls into each other's breast
It was not so, Anaxus, or at least
I thought you meant what then you promis'd me' 2050
With that she wept afresh — 'Are you then she?'
Answer'd Anaxus, 'doth Clarinda live?'
Just thus she spake, how fain would I believe!
With that she seem'd to fall into a swoond,
And stooping down to raise her from the ground,
That he must use both hands to make more haste,
He puts his herb into his mouth, whose taste
Soon chang'd his mind he lifts her but in vain,
His hands fell off, and she fell down again
With that she lent him such a frown as would 2060
Have kill'd a common lover, and made cold
Ev'n lust itself Orandra fumes and frets,
And stamping, bites the lip to see her nets
So long a catching souls once more she looks
Into the secrets of her hellish books
She bares her breast, and gives her spirits suck,
And drinks a cup in hope of better luck
Anaxus still the airy shadow ey'd,
Which he thought dead, conceit the truth belied
This cunning failing, out she drew a knife, 2070
And as if she had meant to let out life,
In passion aim'd it at her breast, and said,
'Farewell, Anaxus', but her hand he staid,
And from her wrung her knife 'Art thou,' said he,
'Clarinda then?' and kiss'd her 'can it be
That fate so loves Anaxus?' Still with tears
She answer'd him, and more divine appears
His herb was now forgot, lust had stol'n in
With a loose kiss, and tempted him to sin
A bed was near, and she seem'd sick and faint 2080
(Women to Cupid's sport need no constraint)

(418)

Thealma and Clearchus

Down on the bed she threw herself, and turn'd
Her blushing beauty from him, still he burn'd,
And with intreaties her seeming coyness woo'd
To meet with his embraces, and bestow'd
Volleys of kisses on her icy cheek,
That wrangled with their fire she would not speak,
But sigh'd and sobb'd, that bellows of desire
Into a flame had quickly blown his fire
Now did Orandra laugh within her sleeve, 2090
Thinking all was cock sure, one might perceive
Ev'n in that wither'd hag, an amorous look,
'Twas for herself she train'd them to her hook
Softly she steals unto the bed, and peeps
Betwixt the curtains, nearer then she creeps,
And to her spirit whispers her command
With that the spirit seem'd to kiss his hand,
Which stew'd him into sweat, a cloth he wants
To wipe his face, and his inflam'd heart pants
Beyond its usual temper for some air, 2100
To cool the passions that lay boiling there
Out of his bosom, where his nosegay was,
He draws a napkin, so it came to pass
In plucking of it out, the nosegay fell
Upon her face, when with a countenance fell,
She started from him, curs'd him, and with threats
Leap'd from the bed Orandra stamps and frets,
And bit her lip, she knew the cause full well
Why her charms fail'd her, but yet could not tell
With all her art, how she might get from him 2110
That sovereign herb, for touch it she durst not,
And at this time Anaxus had forgot
The virtue of it, as in a maze he lay
At her soon starting from him — 'Cast away,'
Said she, 'that stinking nosegay' with that he
Bethinks of it, but it was well that she
Put him in mind on't, it had else been lost,
He little knew how much that nosegay cost
He seeks for't, finds it, smells to't, and by it
Turns out his lust, and reassumes his wit 2120
'No, hag,' said he, 'if this do vex thee so,
I'll make thee glad to smell to't ere I go'
With that he leaps unto her, cursing ripe,
And with his herb the witch's face did wipe
Whereat she fell to earth, the lights went out,
And darkness hung the chamber round about
A hellish yelling noise was eachwhere heard,

2084 intreaties] S, alarmed, I suppose, at the metrical licence, changes to 'entreats'
Real trisyllabic feet are certainly not common in the poem, but we need not turn them
out when they appear

2098 he] S 'she,' which is clearly wrong

John Chalkhill

Sounds that would make e'en Valour's self afraid,
A stifling scent of brimstone he might smell,
Such as the damnèd souls suck in in hell 2130
He kept his powerful herb still at his nose,
And tow'rd the entry of the room he goes
For though 'twas more than midnight dark, yet he
Found the way out again Orandra she
Threw curses after him, and he might hear
Her often say, 'I'll fit you for this gear'
At the cave's mouth he found his careless man,
Wrapp'd in the witch's charms, do what he can
He could not wake him, such sweet lullabies 2140
Pleasure sang to him, till he rubb'd his eyes
With this rare herb, then starting up he leaps
For joy to see his master, that accepts
His love with thanks, from thence they make no haste,
Yet where they were they knew not, at the last
They came into a plain, where a small brook
Did snake-like creep with many a winding nook,
And by it here and there a shepherd's cot
Was lowly built To one of them they got
T' inquire the way to court now night drew on,
It was a good old man they lighted on, 2150
Hight Eubolus, of no mean parentage,
But courtly educated, wise and sage,
Able to teach, yet willing to enrich
His knowledge with discourses, smooth in speech,
Yet not of many words, he entertains
Them with desire, nor spares for any pains
To amplify a welcome —with their host
Awhile we leave them —

Now my Muse must post
Unto Alexis' court, lend me, I pray,
Your gentle aid to guide her on the way 2160
Alexis, after many civil broils
Against his rebel subjects, rich in spoils,
Being settled in his throne in restful peace,
The laws establish'd (and his people's ease
Proclaim'd) he 'gan to call into his mind
The fore-past times, and soon his thoughts did find
Matter to work on —First, Thealma now
Came to his remembrance, where, and when, and how
He won and lost her, this sad thought did so
Afflict his mind, that he was soon brought low 2170
Into so deep a melancholy, that
He minded nothing else nor car'd he what
Became of state affairs, and though a king,
With pleasure he enjoy'd not anything
His sleep goes from him, meats and drinks he loathes,
And to his sadder thoughts he suits his clothes
(420)

Thealma and Clearchus

Mirth seem'd a disease, good counsel, folly,
Unless it serv'd to humour melancholy
All his delight, if one may call't delight,
Was to find turtles, that both day and night 2180
Mourn'd up and down his chamber, and with groans
His heart consented to their hollow moans,
Then with his tears, the briny drink they drank,
He would bedew them while his love to thank,
They nestle in his bosom, where, poor birds,
With piteous mournful tones, instead of words,
They seem'd to moan their master thus did he
Spend his sad hours, and what the cause might be
His nobles could not guess, nor would he tell,
For turtle-like he lov'd his griefs too well 2190
To let them leave his breast, he kept them in,
And inwardly they spake to none but him
Thus was it with him more than half a year,
Till a new bus'ness had set open his ear
To entertain advice —the first that brake
The matter to him, or that durst to speak
Unto the king, was bold Anaxocles,
One that bent all his study for the peace
And safety of his country, the right hand
Of the Arcadian state, to whose command 2200
Was given the city's citadel a place
Of chiefest trust, and this the bus'ness was
The rebels, as you heard, being driven hence,
Despairing e'er to expiate their offence
By a too late submission, fled to sea
In such poor barks as they could get, where they
Roam'd up and down which way the winds did please
Without or chart or compass the rough seas
Enrag'd with such a load of wickedness,
Grew big with billows, great was their distress, 2210
Yet was their courage greater, desperate men
Grew valianter with suffering in their ken
Was a small island, thitherward they steer
Their weather beaten barks, each plies his gear,
Some row, some pump, some trim the ragged sails,
All were employ'd, and industry prevails
They reach the land at length, their food grow scant
And now they purvey to supply their want
The island was but small, yet full of fruits,
That sprang by nature, as potato roots, 2220
Rice, figs, and almonds, with a many more
Till now unpeopled, on this happy shore
With joy they bring their barks, of which the best
They rig anew, with tackling from the rest
Some six or seven they serviceable made,
They stand not long to study where to trade

John Chalkhill

Revenge prompts that unto them, piracy
Was the first thing they thought on, and their eye
Was chiefly on the Arcadian shore, that lay
But three leagues off their theft is not by day 2270
So much as night, unless some straggling ship
Lights in their trap by chance closely they keep
Themselves in rocky creeks, till sun be down
And all abed,—then steal they to some town
Or scatt'ring village, which they fire, and take
What spoils they find, then to their ship they make,
And none knew who did harm them, many a night
Had they us'd this free-booting, many a fright
And great heart's-grieving loss the unarm'd poor
Were nightly put to, and to cure the sore 2280
The old man rous'd the king Alexis, chid
His needless sorrow told him that he did
Not like a man, much less like one whose health
Strengthens the sinews of a commonwealth
He lays his people's grievances before him
And told him how with tears they did implore him
To right their wrongs —at first Alexis frown'd,
And in an angry cloud his looks were drown'd
A sign of rain or thunder, 'twas but iain,
Some few drops fell, and the sun shone again 2290
Alexis rising, thanks his prudent care,
And as his father lov'd him, all prepare
I' un-nest these pirates ships were ready made,
And some land forces, as well to invade,
As for defence the pirates now were strong,
By discontents that to their party throng
Not so much friend to the late tyrant king,
As thirsting after novelty, the thing
That tickles the rude vulgar one strong hold
The cunning foe had gain'd, and grew so bold 2300
To dare all opposition, night and day
They spoil the country, make weak towns their prey,
And those that will not join with them they kill,
Not sparing sex, nor age, proud of their ill
By their rich booties against these the king
Makes both by sea and land It was now Spring,
And Flora had embroider'd all the meads
With sweet variety, forth the king leads
A chosen troop of horse, with some few foot,
But those experienc'd men, that would stand to't, 2310
If any need were, to the sea he sends
Anaxocles, and to his care commends
His marine forces, he was bold and wise,
And had been custom'd to the seaman's guise
He gave it out that he was bound for Thrace
To fetch a princely lady thence, that was

Thealma and Clearchus

To be th' Arcadian queen, which made the foe
The more secure and careless forth they go
Assur'd of victory, and prosperous gales,
As Fate would have't, had quickly fill'd their sails 2280
The pirates' rendezvous was soon discover'd
By scouting pinnaces, that closely hover'd
Under the lee of a high promontory,
That stretch'd into the sea, and now day's glory
Night's sable curtains had eclips'd, the time
When robbers use to perpetrate a crime
The pirates steal aboard, and by good hap,
Without suspect, they fell into the trap
Anaxocles had laid, for wisely, he
Divides his fleet in squadrons, which might be 2290
Ready on all sides every squadron had
Four ships well mann'd, that where'er the foe made
He might be met with, one kept near the shore,
Two kept at sea, the other squadron bore
Up tow'rd the isle, yet with a wheeling course,
Not so far distant, but the whole fleet's force
Might quickly be united if need were
Between these come the pirates without fear,
Making tow'rds th' Arcadian shore, where soon
Th' Arcadians met them, now the fight begun, 2300
And it was hot, the foe was three to one,
And some big ships Anaxocles alone
Gave the first onset Cynthia then shone bright,
And now the foe perceives with whom they fight,
And they fought stoutly, scorning that so few
Should hold them tuck so long then nearer drew
The two side squadrons, and were within shot
Before they spied them now the fight grew hot
Despair put valour to the angry foe,
And bravely they stand to t, give many a blow 2310
Three ships of theirs were sunk at last, and then
They seek to fly unto their isle again,
When the fourth squadron met them, and afresh
Set on them, half o'ercome with weariness
Yet yield they would not, but still fought it out,
By this the other ships were come about,
And hemm'd them in, where, seeing no hope left,
Whom what the sword did not ex'cute for theft,
Leap'd in the sea and drown'd them, that small force
They'd left within the isle fared rather worse 2320
Than better, all were put to the sword,
And their nest fir'd, much booty brought aboard,

2306 tack] To 'hold tack' for 'to hold out' is used by Milton

2321 Either we must read 'unto,' or accept the semi-colon as a 'pause half foot,' or, which is perhaps best, acknowledge a mere negligence. The frank octosyllable three lines lower is in favour of this last

John Chalkhill

With store of corn, and much 'munition
For war, thus glad of what was done
The fleet with joy returns The like success
Alexis had by land, at unawares
Surprising their chief fort some lucky stars
Lending their helpful influence that night,
Yet for the time it was a bloody fight
At length the fainting foe gave back, and fled 2330
Out of a postern-gate with fear half dead,
And thinking in the port to meet their fleet,
They meet with death, an ambush did them greet
With such a furious shock, that all were slain,
Only some straggling cowards did remain,
That hid themselves in bushes, which next day
The soldiers found, and made their lives a prey
Unto their killing anger—Home the king
Returns in triumph, whilst Pan's priests do sing
Harmonious odes in honour of that day, 2340
And dainty nymphs with flowers strew'd the way
Among the which he spied a beauteous maid,
Of a majestic count'nance, and array'd
After so new a manner, that his eye
Imp'd with delight upon her, and to try
Whether her mind did answer to her face,
He call'd her to him, when with modest grace
She fearless came, and humbly on her knee
Wish'd a long life unto his majesty
He ask'd her name,—she answer'd, Florimel, 2350
And blushing, made her beauty to excel,
That all the thoughts of his Thealma now
Were hush'd and smother'd,—upon her brow
Sate such an awful majesty, that he
Was conquer'd ere oppos'd, 'twas strange to see
How strangely he was alter'd—still she kneels,
And still his heart burns with the fire it feels
At last the victor, pris'ner caught with love,
Lights from his chariot, and begins to prove
The sweetness of the bait that took his heart, 2360
And with a kiss uprears her yet Love's dart
Fir'd not her breast to welcome his affection,
Only hot sunny beams with their reflection
A little warm'd her,—then he questions who
Her parents were, and why apparell'd so
Where was her dwelling, in what country born?
And would have kiss'd her, when 'twixt fear and scorn
She put him from her, 'My dread lord,' said she,
'My birth is not ignoble, nor was he
That I call father, though in some disgrace, 2370

2345 Imp'd] 'Fixed,' 'fastened itself' an extension of the sense of 'grafting'

Thealma and Clearchus

Worthy his unjust exile what he was,
 And where I first breath'd air, pardon, dread king,
 I dare not, must not tell you none shall wring
 That secret from me what I am, you see,
 Or by my habit you may guess to be
 Diana's votaress the cause, great sir,
 That prompts me to this boldness to appear
 Before your majesty, was what I owe,
 And ever shall, unto your valour know,
 (For you may have forgot it) I am she. 2380
 Who with my good old father you set free,
 Some two years since, from bloody-minded men
 That would have kill'd my honour, had not then
 Your timely aid stepp'd in to rescue me
 And snatch'd my bleeding father, dear to me
 As was mine honour, even from the jaw of death,
 And given us both a longer stock of breath
 'Twas this, great king, that drew me with this train,
 From our devotion to review again
 My honour's best preserver, and to pay 2390
 The debt of thanks I owe you many a day
 I've wish'd for such a time, and heav'n at last
 Hath made me happy in it'—Day was now
 Well nigh spent, and cattle 'gan to low
 Homewards t' unlade their milky bags, when she
 Her speech had ended, every one might see
 Love sit in triumph on Alexis' brow,
 Firing the captive conqueror, and now
 He 'gins to court her, and I ove tipp'd his tongue
 With winning rhetoric, her hand he wrung, 2400
 And would again have kiss'd her, but the maid
 With a coy blush, 'twixt angry and afraid,
 Flung from the king, and with her virgin train,
 Flew swift as roes unto their bower again
 Alexis would have follow'd, but he knew
 What eyes were on him, and himself withdrew
 Into his chariot, and to courtward went
 With all his nobles, hiding his intent
 Under the veil of pleasant light discourse,
 Which some mark'd well enough,—that night perforce 2410
 They all were glad within the open plain
 To pitch their tents, where many a shepherd swain
 Upon their pipes troll'd out their evening lays
 In various accents, emulous of praise
 It was a dainty pleasure for to hear
 How the sweet nightingales their throats did tear,
 Envyng their skill, or taken with delight,
 As I think rather, that the still born night

John Chalkhill

Afforded such co-partners of their woes
And at a close from the pure streams that flows 2420
Out of the rocky caverns, not far off,
Echo replied aloud, and seem'd to scoff
At their sweet-sounding airs this did so take
Love-sick Alexis, willingly awake,
That he did wish 't had been a week to day
T' have heard them still, but Time for none will stay
The wearied shepherds at their usual hour
Put up their pipes, and in their straw-thatch'd bower
Slept out the rest of night the king likewise,
Tir'd with a weary march, shut in his eyes 2430
Within their leaden fold, all hush'd and still,
Thus for awhile we leave him, till my quill,
Weary and blunted with so long a story,
Rest to be sharpen'd, and then she is for ye
No sooner welcome day, with glimmering light,
Began to chase away the shades of night,
But Echo wakens, rous'd by the shepherd swains,
And back reverberates their louder strains
The airy choir had tun'd their slender throats,
And fill'd the bushy groves with their sweet notes, 2440
The flocks were soon unfolded, and the lambs
Kneel for a breakfast to their milky dams
And now Aurora blushing greets the world,
And o'er her face a curl'd mantle hurl'd,
Foretelling a fair day, the soldiers now
Began to bustle, some their trumpets blow,
Some beat their drums, that all the camp throughout
With sounds of war they drill the soldiers out
The nobles soon were hors'd, expecting still
Their king's approach, but he had slept but ill, 2450
And was but then arising, heavy-ey'd,
And cloudy-look'd, and something ill beside
But he did cunningly dissemble it
Before his nobles all that they could get
From him was, that a dream he had that night
Did much disturb him, yet seem'd he make slight
Of what so troubled him,—but up, he cheers
His soldiers with his presence, and appears
As hearty as his troubled thoughts gave leave,
So that, except his groans, none could perceive 2460
Much alteration in him —toward court
The army marches, and swift-wing'd report
Had soon divulg'd their coming, by the way
He meets old Memnon, who, as you heard say,
Was sire to Florimel, good man, he then
Was going to his daughter when his men,
Then in the army, in his passing by
Tender'd their duty to him lovingly

Thealma and Clearchus

He bids them welcome home, the king drew near,
 And question'd who that poor man was, and where 2470
 His dwelling was, and why those soldiers show'd
 Such reverence to him "Twas but what they ow'd,
 Answer'd a stander-by, 'he is their lord,
 And one that merits more than they afford,
 If worth were rightly valued, gracious sir
 His name is Memnon, if one may believe
 His own report, yet sure, as I conceive,
 He's more than what he seems' The army then
 Had made a stand, when Memnon and his men
 Were call'd before the king the good old man 2480
 With tears, that joy brought forth, this wise began
 'To welcome home Alexis, ever be
 Those sacred powers bless'd, that lets me see
 My sovereign's safe return still may that power
 Strengthen your arm to conquer heav'n still shower
 Its choicest blessings on my sovereign,
 My life's preserver —welcome home again
 I would my girl were here,' with that he wept,
 When from his chariot Alexis stepp'd
 And lovingly embrac'd him he knew well 2490
 That this was Memnon, sire to Florimel,
 And [call'd] to mind how he had set them free
 From more than cruel rebels, glad was he
 So luckily to meet him from his wrist
 He took a jewel 'twas an Amethyst,
 Made like a heart with wings —the motto this,
Love gives me wings and with a —kiss
 He gave it to old Memnon 'Bear, said he,
 'This jewel to your child, and let me see
 Both you and her at court, fail not with speed 2500
 Jo let me see you there old man, I need
 Thy grave advice' all wonder'd at the deed,
 But chiefly Memnon —'Father,' said the king,
 'I'll think upon you men fail not to bring
 Your daughter with you'—So his leave he takes,
 And ravish'd Memnon tow'rd his daughter makes
 The army could not reach the court that night,
 But lay in open field, yet within sight
 Of Pallimando, where the court then lay
 For greater state, Alexis the next day 2510
 Purpos'd to enter it, the townsmen they
 In the meantime prepare what cost they may,
 With shows and presents to bid welcome home
 Their victor king, and amongst them were some
 Studied orations, and compos'd new lays

2492 call'd] is my insertion See *infra*

2497 S ' a' for orig as in text This part of the poem seems to have been left
 very imperfect See *infra*, ll 2529-30

John Chalkhill

In honour of their king the oaks and bays
 Were woven into garlands for to crown
 Such as by valour had gain'd most renown
 Scarce could the joyful people sleep that night,
 In expectation of the morrow's sight 2520
 The morrow came, and in triumphant wise
 The king and soldiers enter all men's eyes
 Were fix'd upon the king with such desire,
 As if they'd seen a god, while Music's choir
 Fill'd every corner with resounding lays,
 That spake the conquering Alexis' praise,
 Drown'd in the vulgar's louder acclamations,
 'Twould ask an age to tell what preparations
 Were made to entertain him, and my Muse 2530
 Grows somewhat weary these triumphant shows
 Continued long, yet seem'd to end too soon,
 The people wish'd 't had been a week to noon
 By noon the king was hous'd, and order given
 To pay the soldiers, now it grew tow'rd even,
 And all repair to rest, so I to mine,
 And leave them buried in sound sleep and wine
 I'll tell you more hereafter, friendship's laws
 Will not deny a friendly rest and pause
 You heard some few leaves past Alexis had
 A dream that troubled him, and made him sad 2540
 Now being come home it 'gan revive afresh
 Within his memory, and much oppress
 The pensive king Sylvanus, who you heard
 Was good at divinations, had steer'd
 His course, as Fate would have him, then to court,
 Belov'd and reverenc'd of the nobler sort,
 And sainted by the vulgar —that that brought
 The old man thither, was, for that he thought
 To meet Anaxus there, but he you heard
 Was otherwise employ'd —the nobles cheer'd 2550
 Their love-sick king with the welcome report
 Of old Sylvanus coming to the court,
 For he had heard great talk of him before,
 And now thought long to see him, and the more
 Because he hop'd to learn from his tried art,
 What his dream meant, that so disturb'd his heart
 Sylvanus soon was sent for, and soon came
 At his first greeting he began to blame

2527 louder] S 'loud'

2529-30 These repeated expressions of fatigue seem to show that even had the poem been finished it would not have been a long one Spenser would have smiled at 'so long a story' of, up to the words, not much over 2000 lines But Chalkhill was evidently getting weary for, besides these gasps, he repeats 'wish 't had been a week' twice in a few pages (l 2425 and l 2532) And the break at l 2538 looks like the end of a Book or Canto

Thealma and Clearchus

'The amorous king for giving way to grief
 Upon so slight occasion, but relief 2560
 Was rather needful now than admonition,
 That came too late, his mind lack'd a physician,
 And healing comforts were to be applied
 Unto his wounds before they mortified
 Sylvanus therefore wish'd him to disclose
 The troublous dream he had, and to repose
 His trust in that strong pow'r that only could
 Discover hidden secrets, and unfold
 The riddle of a dream, and that his skill
 Was but inspir'd by that Great Power, whose will 2570
 By weakest means is oftentimes made known
 'Methought,' Alexis said, 'I was alone
 By the sea-side, noting the prouder waves,
 How mountain like they swell, and with loud bravcs
 Threaten the bounden shore, when from the main
 I see a turtle rise, the wings and train
 Well nigh deplum'd, and making piteous moan,
 And by a mark I guess'd it was mine own,
 And flying tow'rd me, suddenly a kite
 Swoopt at the bird, and in her feeble flight 2580
 Soon seiz'd upon her, crying, as I thought,
 To me for help -- no sooner was she caught,
 Whenas an eagle seeking after prey,
 Flew tow'rd the main land from the isles this way,
 And spying of the kite, the kingly fowl
 Seiz'd on her straight, the turtle, pretty soul,
 Was by this means set free, and faintly gate
 Upon the eagle's back, ordain'd by Fate
 To be preserv'd full glad was I to see
 Her so escape, but the eagle suddenly 2590
 Soaring aloft to seaward, took her flight,
 And in a moment both were out of sight,
 And left me betwixt joy and sorrow, sad
 For the bird's flight, yet for her freedom glad
 Then, to my thinking, I espied a swain
 Running affrighted tow'rd me o'er the plain
 Upon his wrist methought a turtle sate,
 Not much unlike th' other mourning for 's mate
 Only this difference was, upon her head
 She had a tuft of feathers blue and red, 2600
 In fashion of a crown, it did me good

2559 The] S and orig 'Th,' one of the not uncommon instances where the 'apostrophation' mania actually spoils the verse

2569 that] Here 'since' or something of the sort must be supplied, on the security of 'wish'd' above

2575 bounden] One would rather expect 'bounding'

2598 th'] S 'the,' to avoid an ugly sound, I suppose, but making an almost impossible verse This as it is is bad enough, though if 'for's' as well as 'th' were expanded there would be a very decent Alexandrine

John Chalkhill

I o see how proudly the poor turtle stood
Pruning herself, as if she scorn'd her thrall ,
If harmless doves can scorn that have no gall
I was so much in love with the poor bird,
I wish'd it mine, methought the swain I heard
Cry out for help to me with that I spied
A lion running after him glare-eyed,
And full of rage , fear made the swain let go
The lovely turtle to escape his foe , 2610
The bird, no sooner loose, made to the beast,
And in his curled locks plats out a nest
The beast not minding any other prey,
Save what he had, ran bellowing away,
As overjoy'd , and as, methought, I strove
To follow him, I wak'd, and all did prove
But a deluding dream , yet such a one
As nightly troubles me to think upon
The powers above direct thee to unfold
The myst'ry of it '—'I was no sooner told, 2620
When old Sylvanus, with a cheerful smile,
Answer'd the king in a familiar style
'You are in love, dread sovereign, and with two,
One will not serve your turn look what you do,
You will go near to lose them both , but Fate
At length will give you one to be your mate
She that loves you, you must not love as wife,
And she that loves another as her life
Shall be th' Arcadian queen , take comfort then,
The two lost turtles you will find again 2630
Thus much my art doth tell me, more than this
I dare not let you know my counsel is,
You would with patience note the working fates,
That joy proves best that's bought at dearest rates'
He would not name Anaxus, though he knew
He should not make one in what was to ensue
And would not hasten sorrow sooner on him,
I han he himself would after pull upon him
The king was somewhat satisfied with what
Sylvanus told him , and subscrib'd to fate 2640
He puts on cheerful looks, and to his lords
No little comfort by his health affords
He sits in council, and recalls those peers
That liv'd conceal'd in exile many years,
'Mongst whom was Rhotus, Memnon, and some others ,
And though with cunning his desire he smothers,
Yet did he not forget fair Florimel,
Of whom my stragglng Muse is now to tell

2608 'Glare eyed' is good and should be commoner

2612 plats] - 'plaits'

2648 stragglng] Seldom has a poet been more justly self critical

Thealma and Clearchus

Memnon, you heard, was going to his child,
 When the king left him with a heart o'erfill'd 2650
 With joy and hopes some marks he had espied
 About Alexis, which so fortified
 His strong conjecture that he was the man
 He ever took him for, that he began
 With youthful cheerfulness to chide his age,
 That stole so soon upon him with presage,
 Sweet'ning his saucy sorrows that had sour'd
 Life's blessing to him,—many tears he shower'd
 With thought of what had pass'd, and though not sure
 Alexis was his son, those thoughts did cure, 2660
 Or at the least-wise eas'd his troubled mind
 The good old man no sooner saw his child,
 And bless'd her for her duty, when he smil'd
 At what he was to say, and glad she was
 To see her sire so cheerful lo let pass
 The long discourse between them 'twas his will
 She should prepare for court, chiding her still
 For mentioning Anaxus, nor did he
 Give her long time to think on what might be
 The cause that mov'd her father to such haste 2670
 But by the way he had given her a taste
 Of what might follow —three days were assign'd
 Her for to get things ready,—'twas his mind
 It should be so, and duty must obey
 When fathers bid, 'tis sin to say them nay
 Well then, he meant to send for her, till when
 He leaves her to her thoughts, and home again
 The joyful old man wends —that very night,
 Before the day prefix'd, the fates, to spite
 Secure Alexis, sent Anaxus thither, 2680
 And brought his long-sought love and him together
 You know we left him with old Eubolus,
 A wisely discreet man, and studious,
 In liberal arts well seen, and state affairs,
 Yet liv'd retir'd, to shun the weight of cares
 That greatness fondly sues for —all that night
 Was spent in good discourse too long to write
 He told the prince the story of the war,
 And pourtray'd out Alexis' character
 So to the life, that he was fir'd to see 2690
 The man he spake of, and disguis'd he
 Intended in his thoughts next day to prove
 The truth of what he heard —but cruel Jove,

2661-3 Mind—child—smil'd] One does not quite know whether to suspect a lost line or put up with an assonanced triplet here C would probably not have boggled at the latter

2685 liv'd] This anacoluthon—which indeed is hardly such, 'who was' being so easily understood before 'a wisely'—is common

John Chalkhill

That loves to tyrannize for pleasure, stay'd
His purposed journey, and unawares betray'd
Anaxus to an ambush of sad woes,
That set on him when he least dream'd of foes
Amongst the various discourse that pass'd
Between these two, it fortunèd at last
Eubolus fell in talk of Florimel, 2700
And of her father Memnon, who full well
He knew to be a Lemnian, howsoe'er
He gave it out for otherwise, for fear
Of double-ey'd suspicion To the prince
He set his virtues forth, and how long since
He left his native soil, the prince conceiv'd
Good hope of what he aim'd at, and believ'd,
By all conjectures, that this Memnon might
Be banish'd Codrus, whom he meant to right,
If ever he was king Eubolus went on 2710
In praises of him and of Florimel
'Friend,' quoth the prince Anaxus, 'canst thou tell
Where this fair virgin is?'—'Yes,' he replied,
'I can and will, 'tis by yon river side,
Where yonder tuft of trees stands,'—day then brake,
And he might well discern it—'For love's sake,'
Answer'd Anaxus, 'may one see this maid,
That merits all these praises?'—'Yes,' he said,
'But through a grate, no man must enter in
Within the cloister—that they hold a sin 2720
Yet she hath liberty some time to go
To see her father, none but she hath so,
Whate'er the matter is unless when all,
Arm'd with their bows, go to some festival
Upon a noted holiday, and then
This female army, out and home again,
In comely order marcheth—'I h' other day
It was my luck to see her, when this way
The king came from the wars, she with her train
(For she seem'd captain) met him on this plain 2730
Her coming hither, as I heard her say,
Was for her life's preserving to repay
A debt of thanks she ow'd him many words
Did pass between them, and before the lords
Most graciously he kiss'd her, and did woo
Her for a longer stay, but she in scorn,
Or finding him too am'rous, blew her horn,
To call her troops together, all like roes
Ran swiftly tow'rd their cloister—she is fair,

2699 it] S 'if'

2710 This line, as far as rhyme is concerned, is frankly 'in the air,' no triplet being here possible The sense is not broken, and the line itself *will* scan, but so harshly that the passage was probably unrevised

Thealma and Clearchus

And you know beauty is a tempting snare 2740
 Hers is no common one, her very eye,
 That sparkled with a kind of majesty,
 Might, without wonder, captivate a king —
 But this is too too high a strain to sing
 It was enough that Eubolus had said,
 If not too much, to him that thoroughly weigh'd
 Each circumstance a kind of jealous fire
 Stole to his heart, and spur'd on his desire
 To see and prove her, —taking pen and ink,
 He writ his mind, foreseeing (as I think) 2750
 She might not come alone unto the grate,
 And so could not so privately relate
 (If she should prove Clarinda) his intent
 So for an hour in vain to sleep he went,
 But restless thoughts did keep him still awake,
 Still musing on the words the old man spake
 Well, sun being up, with thanks he takes his leave
 Of his kind host, that did not once perceive
 Him to be troubled with such cunning he
 Dissembled what had mov'd him, —jealousy 2760
 His man and he toward the cloister go,
 Casting in's mind what he were best to do
 To win a sight of her —his nimble brain
 Soon hatch'd a polity, that prov'd not vain
 The cloister outward gate was newly open,
 When he came there, and now 'twixt fear and hope
 He boldly enters the base-court, and knocks
 At th' inner gate, fast shut with divers locks
 At length one came, the portress, as I guess,
 For she had many keys, her stranger dress 2770
 Much took Anaxus, who ne'er saw till then
 Women attir'd so prettily like men
 In courteous wise she ask'd him what he would?
 'Fair dame,' said he, 'I have been often told
 By one (I make no question) whom you know,
 Old Memnon, (to whose tender care I owe
 For my good breeding) that within this place
 I have a kinswoman, that lately was
 Admitted for a holy sister here,
 My uncle Memnon's daughter -- once a year, 2780
 As duty binds me, I do visit him,
 And in my journey homeward at this time
 A kinsman's love prompted me to bestow
 A visit on my cousin, who[m] I know
 Will not disdain to own me' — 'Gentle sir,
 Answer'd the man-like maid, 'is it to her
 You'd pay your loving tender?' — 'Yes,' said he,

2744 Perhaps this were better included in the speech

2764 polity] Rather interesting *now* for 'policy' but of course common then

John Chalkhill

'To Florimel, if in this place she be?
And so my uncle told me'—'Yes,' replied
The grave virago, 'she is here yet, sir, 2790
You must content yourself to speak with her
Thorough this grate, her father comes not in,
And by our laws it is esteem'd a sin
To interchange aught else, save words, with men'
'I ask no more,' the prince replied again
'That cannot be denied,' said she, 'stay here
With patience awhile, and do not fear
But you shall see her',—so away she went,
Leaving the glad Anaxus to invent
Excuses for his boldness, if by hap 2800
She might not prove Clarinda, and entrap
Him in a lie —Clarinda came at last
With all her train, who as along she pass'd
Thorough the inward court, did make a lane,
Op'ning their ranks, and closing them again
As she went forward, with obsequious gesture,
Doing their reverence—Her upward vesture
Was of blue silk, glistening with stars of gold,
Girt to her waist by serpents, that enfold
And wrap themselves together, so well wrought 2810
And fashion'd to the life, one would have thought
They had been real Underneath she wore
A coat of silver tinsel, short before,
And fring'd about with gold white buskins hide
The naked of her leg, they were loose tied
With azure ribands, on whose knots were seen
Most costly gems, fit only for a queen
Her hair bound up like to a coronet,
With diamonds, rubies, and rich sapphires set, 2820
And on the top a silver crescent placed,
And all the lustre by such beauty graced,
As her reflection made them seem more fair,
One would have thought Diana's self were there,
For in her hand a silver bow she held,
And at her back there hung a quiver fill'd
With turtle-feathered arrows—Thus attir'd,
She makes toward Anaxus, who was fir'd
To hear this goddess speak,—when they came near,
Both stared upon each other, as if fear
Or wonder had surpris'd them, for awhile 2830
Neither could speak,—at length with a sweet smile,
Graced with a comely blush, she thus began
'Good morrow, cousin, are not you the man
That I should speak with? I may be deceiv'd,
Are not you kin to Memnon?—I believ'd

2807 The author's fancy for dress description is remarkable A certain kind of critic would feel convinced that he was a woman

Thealma and Clearchus

My maid that told me so,—he is my father,—
If you have aught to say to me ’—‘Fair soul,’
Answer’d Anaxus, ‘many doubts control
My willingness to answer, pardon me,
Divinest creature, if my answer be 2840
Somewhat impertinent, read here my mind,
I am Anaxus, and I fain would find
A chaste Clarinda here’—She was about
To call the port’ress to have let her out,
But wisely she call’d back her thought, for fear
Her virgin troop might see or overhear
What pass’d between them, doubts did rise
Within her, whether she might trust her eyes
It was Anaxus’ voice, she knew that well,
But by his disguis’d look she could not tell 2850
Whether ’twere he or no, all that she said
Was, ‘I may prove Clarinda too’, and pray’d
Him stay a little, till her short return
Gave him a better welcome—all her train
Thought she had fetch’d some jewel for the swain,
And, as they were commanded, kept their station
Till her return The prince with expectation
Feeds his faint hopes, she was not long from thence,
And in a letter pleads her innocence,
Which he mistrusted, now she could not speak, 2860
But wept her thoughts, for fear her heart should break,
And casting o’er a veil to hide her tears,
She bid farewell, and leaves him to his fears
With that the gate was shut Anaxus reads,
And with judicious care each sentence heeds,
And now he knew ’twas she, whom he so long
Had sought for, now he thinks upon the wrong
His rash mistrust had done her ’twas her will,
Whate’er he thought of her, to love him still
Nor could th’ Arcadian crown tempt her to break 2870
Her promise with Anaxus—now to seek
For an excuse to gild o’er this offence
Yet this did somewhat cheer him,—two hours thence
He was enjoin’d to come unto a bower,
That overlook’d the wall,—and at his hour
Anaxus came,—there she had often spent
One hour or two each day alone, to vent
Her private griefs—she came the sooner then
To meet Anaxus, and to talk again
With him, whom yet her fears misgave her, might 2880
Be some disguised cheat—At the first sight
She frown’d upon him, and with angry look,
A title that but ill became the book,

John Chalkhill

Wherein her milder thoughts were writ 'Are you,'
 Said she, 'Anaxus? these loose lines do show
 Rather you are some counterfeit, set on
 By some to tempt my honour Here are none
 That love the world so well to sell her fame,
 Or violate her yet unspotted name,
 To meet a king's embraces, though a crown, 2890
 And that the richest, Fortune can stake down
 Should be the hire I tell thee, saucy swain,
 Whoever sent thee, I so much disdain
 To yield to what these looser lines import,
 That rather than I will be drawn to court,
 To be Alexis' whore, nay, or his wife,
 I have a thousand ways to let out life
 But why dost thou abuse Anaxus so
 To make him pander to my overthrow?
 Know'st thou the man thou wrong'st,—uncivil swain! 2900
 Thou hast my answer, carry back disdain'
 With that she was about to fling away
 When he recall'd her, loath to go away,
 Whate'er she seem'd—Before she'd turn'd about
 He pull'd off his false hair, and cured her doubt
 'My dearest Florimel,' said he, and wept
 'My sweet Clarinda, and hath Heaven kept
 Thee yet alive to recompense my love?
 My yet unchang'd affection, that can move
 But in one sphere, in thee, and thee alone 2910
 Forgive me, my Clarinda, what is done
 Was but to try thee, and when thou shalt know
 The reason why I did so, and what woe
 My love to thee hath made me willingly
 To undergo, thou wilt confess that I
 Deserve Clarinda's love—Poor Florimel
 Would fain have sooner answer'd, but tears fell
 In such abundance, that her words were drown'd.
 E'en in their birth at length her passions found
 Some little vent to breathe out this reply 2920
 'O, my Anaxus, if it be no sin
 To call you mine, methinks I now begin
 To breathe new life, for I am but your creature,
 Sorrow hath kill'd what I receiv'd from nature
 Before I see you, though this piece of clay
 My body seem'd to move, until this day
 It did not truly live my heart you had,
 And that you pleas'd to have it I was glad
 Yet till you brought it home, the life I led,
 If it were any, was but nourish'd 2930

2925 see] S not unnaturally alters to 'saw,' noting the fact But perhaps we ought to remember that the *sense*-grammar is all right, for Clarinda *sees* him as she speaks And they did not care overmuch for book-grammar then

Thealma and Clearchus

By th' warmth I had from yours, which I still cherish'd
With some faint hopes, or else I quite had perish'd
But time steals on, and I have much to say,
Take it in brief, for I'd be loath my stay
Above my usual hour, should breed suspect
In my chaste sisterhood — Blest powers! direct
Me what to do, my soul's in such a strait
And labyrinth of doubts and fears, that wait
Upon my weakness, that I know no way
How to wade out — to-morrow is the day, 2940
Th' unwelcome day, when I must to the court,
For what intent I know not — I o be short,
I would not go, nor dare I here to stay,
The king so wills it yet should I obey,
It may perhaps undo me, besides this,
My father so commands it, and it is
A well-becoming duty in a child
To stoop unto his will yet to be styled,
For doing what he bids me, a loose dame,
And cause report to question my chaste fame! 2950
I were better disobey, — a father's will
Binds like a law in goodness, not in ill
I hope I sin not, that so ill conceive
Of th' end I'm sent for and, can I believe
That honour's aim'd at in t? Court favours shine
Seldom on mean ones, but for some design
Are not these fears to startle weak built woman,
A virgin child of virtue, should she summon
Her best and stout'st resolves, — with that, in tears
And sighs, she speaks the remnant of her fears, 2960
And sinks beneath their weight Anaxus soon
Caught hold of her, pluck'd her to the grate,
And with a kiss reviv'd her — 'Twas now late,
The cloister bell had summon'd all to bed,
And she was missing, little more she said
'Save, help me, my Anaxus, keep the jewel
My love once gave thee' — swift Time was so cruel
He could not answer for her virgin train
Flock'd to the lodge, and she must back again
She had enjoin'd him silence, and to speak 2970
Anaxus durst not, though his heart should break
As it was more than full of care and grief
For his Clarinda, thirsting for relief
And in his looks, one might have read his mind,
How apt it was to afford it, still she enjoin'd
Him not to speak, such was her wary fears
To be discovered, kisses mix'd with tears
Was their best oratory then they part,
Yet turn again t' exchange each other's heart

2962 and pluck'd her? 'pluck'd her into?'

John Chalkhill

Something was still forgot, it is Love's use 2980
In what chaste thoughts forbid, to find excuse
Her virgins knock, in vain she wipes her eyes,
To hide her passions, that still higher rise
She whispers in his ear, 'Think on to-morrow',
They faintly bid farewell, both full of sorrow
The window shuts, and with a feign'd cheer,
Clarinda wends unto her cloister, where
Awhile we'll leave her to discourse with Fear
Pensive Anaxus to the next town hies,
To seek a lodging rather to advise 2990
And counsel with himself, what way he might
Plot Florimel's escape 'twas late at night,
And all were drown'd in sleep, save restless lovers
At length, as chance would have it, he discovers
A glimm'ring light, tow'rd it he makes, and knocks,
And, with fair language, open picks the locks
He enters, and is welcome by his host,
Where we will leave him, and return again
Unto th' Arcadian court, to sing a strain
Of short-liv'd joy, soon sour'd, by such a sorrow 3000
As will drink all our tears —and I would borrow
Sometime to think on't, 'twill come at the last
Sorrows we dream not on, have sourest taste
Cleon and Rhotus, as you heard of late,
Were travelling to court, when (led by Fate)
They met Thealma, who by them had sent
A jewel to the king —six days were spent
Before they reach'd the court, for Rhotus' sake
Cleon was nobly welcom'd, means they make 3010
To do their message to the love-sick king,
And with Sylvanus found him communing
Sometimes he smil'd, another while he frown'd,
Anon his paler cheeks with tears been drown'd,
And ever and anon he calls a groom,
And frowning, ask'd if Memnon were not come?
One might perceive such changes in the king,
As hath th' inconstant welkin in the Spring,
Now a fair day, anon a dropsy cloud
Puts out the sun, and in a sable shroud
The day seems buried, when the clouds are o'er, 3020
The glorious sun shines brighter than before
But long it lasts not, so Alexis fared
His sun-like majesty was not impair'd
So much by sorrow, but that now and then
It would break forth into a smile again
At last Sylvanus leaves him for a space,
And he was going to seek out a place
To vent his griefs in private, ere he went,
He ask'd if one for Memnon was yet sent?
(438)

Thealma and Clearchus

With that he spies old Rhotus, him he meets, 3030
And Cleon with him, both he kindly greets
They kneeling kiss his hand, he bids them rise,
And still Alexis noble Cleon eyes
'Whence are you, father,' said he, 'what's your name?'
Cleon replied, 'From Lemnos, sir, I came,
My name is Cleon',—and full well the king
Knew he was so, yet he kept close the thing
He list not let his nobles know so much,
Whate'er the matter was his grace was such
To the old men, as rich in worth as years 3040
He leads them in, and welcomes them with tears,
The thoughts of what had pass'd wrung from his eyes
And with the king, in tears, they sympathize
'O Rhotus,' said he, 'twas thy charity
That rais'd me to this greatness, else had I
Fall'n lower than the grave, and in the womb
Of the salt ocean wept me out a tomb
Thy timely help preserv'd me, so it pleas'd
The all-disposing Fates'—There the king ceas'd
His sad discourse, he sighs and weeps afresh, 3050
And wrings old Rhotus' hand in thankfulness
Sorrow had tongue-tied all, and now they speak
Their minds in sighs and tears, nor could they check
These embryos of passion reason knows
No way to counsel passion that o'erflows
Yet like to one that falls into a swoon,
In whom we can discern no motion,
No life, nor feeling, not a gasp of breath,
(So like the body's faintings are to death)
Yet little and by little life steals in, 3060
At last he comes unto himself again
Life was but fled unto the heart for fear,
And thronging in it, well-nigh stifles there,
Till by its struggling, fear that chill'd the heart,
Meeting with warmth, is forc'd for to depart,
And Life is loose again—So Sorrow wrought
Upon these three, that any would have thought
Them weeping statues, Reason at the length
Struggling with passions recover'd strength,
And forc'd a way for speech—Rhotus was first 3070
That brake this silence, there's none better durst,
He knew his cause of sorrow, and was sure
The gladsome news he brought had power to cure
A death-struck heart, yet in his wisdom he
I thought it not best, whate'er his strength might be
To let in joy too soon, too sudden joy,
Instead of comforting, doth oft destroy
Experience had taught him, so 't might be,
Nor would old Rhotus venture 't, wherefore he

John Chalkhill

By some ambigual discourses thought 3080
 It best to let him know the news he brought
 So, lowly bowing, Rhotus thus begins
 'Dread sovereign, how ill it suits with kings
 (Whose office 'tis to govern men) that they
 Should be their passions' laws, self-reason may,
 Or should instruct you pardon, gracious sir,
 My boldness, virtue brooks no flatterer,
 Nor dare I be so, you have conquer'd men,
 And rul'd a kingdom, shall your passions then
 Unking Alexis?—be yourself again, 3090
 And curb those home bred rebel thoughts that have
 No power of themselves, but what you gave
 In suff'ring them so long had you not nurs'd
 Those serpents in your bosom, but had crush'd
 Them in the egg, you then had had your health
 He rules the best, that best can rule himself'
 And here he paus'd Alexis' willing ear
 Was chain'd to his discourse, when with a tear,
 He sigh'd out this reply —'I know it well,
 I would I could do so',—but tears 'gan swell, 3100
 Rais'd by a storm of sighs he soon had done
 Which Rhotus noting, boldly thus went on
 'Most royal sir, be comforted, I fear
 My rude reproofs affect not your soft ear,
 Which if they have I'm sorry, gracious sir
 I ask your pardon, if my judgement err
 I came to cure your sorrows, not to add
 Unto their heavy weight that makes you sad'
 'To cure me, Rhotus?' said Alexis, 'no'
 Good man, thou canst not do't, didst thou but know 3110
 The sad cause whence they spring?' 'Perhaps I do,'
 Replied old Rhotus, 'and can name it too,
 If you'll with patience hear me cheer up then,
 After these show'rs it may be fair again
 As I remember, when the Heav'ns were pleased
 To make me your preserver, you my guest,
 (And happy was it that it fell out so)
 Amongst the many fierce assaults of woe,
 That then oppress'd your spirit, this was one
 When you were private, as to be alone 3120
 You most affected, I have often heard
 You sigh out one Thealma nor have spar'd
 To curse the Fates for her what might she be,

3080 ambigual] = 'ambiguous'

3105 Which if they have] S notes, 'sic in orig but evidently erroneous' Why? The line before is more difficult, for it seems as if it ought to go the other way, 'your soft ears affect not [do not like] my rude reproofs' Then 'which if they have would be hopeless As it is, it looks as if we ought to read for 'affect not' 'have wounded,' or something of that sort

Thealma and Clearchus

And what's become of her? If I may be
So bold to question it, tell us your grief,
The heart's unlading hastens on relief
When sorrows, pent up closely in the breast,
Destroy unseen, and render such unrest
To the soul's wearied faculties, that Art
Despairs to cure them —pluck up a good heart, 3130
And cast out those corroding thoughts that will
In time undo you, and untimely lay
Your honour in the dust' The speechless king
Wept out an answer to his counselling,
For speak he could not, sighs and sobs so throng'd
From his sad heart, they had him quite untongued
'Will it not be?' said Rhotus, 'then I see
Alexis is unthankful, not that *he*
'That once I took him for —but, I have done —
When first I found you on the rock, as one 3140
Left by stern Fate to ruin, well-nigh drown'd,
And starv'd with cold, yet heaven found,
E'en in that hopeless exigent, a way
To raise you to a crown, and will you pay
Heav'n's providence with frowns? for aught you know,
She that you sorrow for so much, may owe
As much to heav'n as you do, and may live
To make the joy complete, which you conceive
In your despairing thoughts impossible
I say, who knows but she may be as well 3150
As you, nay, better, more in health and free
From headstrong passion? —'Can I hope to be
So happy, Rhotus?' answer'd the sad king,
'No, she is drown'd, these eyes beheld her sink
Beneath the mountain waves, and shall I think
Their cruelty so merciful, to save
Her, their ambition strove for to engrave?'
'Why not?' replied old Cleon, who till then
Had held his peace 'the gods work not like men,
When Reason's self despairs, and help there's none, 3160
Finding no ground for hope to anchor on,
Then is then time to work This you have known,
And heaven was pleas'd to mark you out for one
It meant thus to preserve tis for some end,
(A good one too, I hope) and heav'n may send
This happy seed-time such a joyful crop
As will weigh down your sorrows, kill not hope
Before its time, and let it raise your spirit
To bear your sorrows nobly never fear it,
Thealma lives '—— 3170

And here the author died, and I hope the reader will be sorry

3143 exigent] S 'exigence'

John Chalkhill

Coridon's Song

OH, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind
*Then care away,
And wend along with me*

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried, 10
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride
*Then care away,
And wend along with me*

But oh, the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee, 20
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart
*Then care away,
And wend along with me*

Our clothing is good sheepskins,
Grey russet for our wives,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee
'Tis warmth and not gay clothing
That doth prolong our lives, 30
*Then care away,
And wend along with me*

The ploughman, though he labour
hard,
Yet on the *holy-day*,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
No *emperor* so merrily
Does pass his time away,
*Then care away,
And wend along with me* 40

To recompense our tillage
The *heavens* afford us show'rs,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee
And for our sweet refreshments
The earth affords us bowers
*Then care away,
And wend along with me*

The *cuckoo* and the *nightingale*
Full merrily do sing, 50
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee,
And with their pleasant *roundelayes*,
Bid welcome to the *spring*
*Then care away,
And wend along with me*

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys,
High trolollie lollie loe,
High trolollie lee 60
Though others think they have as
much
Yet he that says so lies
*Then come away, turn
Countryman with me*

Oh, the Brave Fisher's Life

OH, the brave fisher's life,
It is the best of any,
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis belov'd of many
Other joys
Are but toys,

Only this
Lawful is,
For our skill
Breeds no ill, 10
But content and pleasure

TRIVIAL POEMS,

AND

TRIOLETS.

WRITTEN

IN OBEDIENCE TO MRS TOMKIN'S COMMANDS.

By PATRICK CAREY

20TH AUG 1651



LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET

1819

INTRODUCTION TO PATRICK CAREY

As about our last constituent, so about this, there has been (though there need no longer be) a certain uncertainty. In 1819 Sir (then still Mr, though just on his promotion) Walter Scott published the book which is here reproduced, with the title also given. He had nine years previously, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, communicated specimens of it from the MS which had been given to him by John Murray. All that he then knew about the author (and Scott, let it be remembered, while he knew a great deal about English history and literature, knew hardly any part better than the seventeenth century) is contained in the Preface, also reproduced *infra*.

There were, however, other things that he might have known both concerning the MS itself and concerning its probable author, and these latter would certainly have interested him. The Poems (or at least some of them) had been printed, and that (London 1771) in the year of his own birth. The MS (or another?) was then in the possession of a certain Mr Crump, though strangely enough the original Murray was the publisher, which looks very much as if the MSS were identical. The book contained only nine of the poems which are noted below, and added some fancy titles, such as *Seriae Nugae*, &c. But this is mere bibliography, and has nothing to do with the identification of the poet. One of the public indications towards this it was possible for Scott to know, for it is contained in Evelyn's *Diary*, which Bray had just published. When Evelyn got to Rome in November 1644, among the English residents there to whom he had letters of recommendation was 'Mr Patrick Cary, brother to our learned Lord Falkland, a witty young priest, who afterwards came over to our church'. But Scott clearly did not know this.

Some years later, however, when, in circumstances more grievous, if not physically (*v inf*), yet to mind and fortune, he wrote *Woodstock*, his information had evidently been increased. He not merely introduces 'Pat Carey' in the mouth of the King (as 'Louis Kerneguy') and quotes a verse of his, but makes Charles call him 'a younger brother of Lord Falkland's'. And in the note on this passage he refers to the previous edition, to his earlier ignorance of it, and to his increased knowledge about the author. But he does not say who gave him that knowledge, and I am not aware

Patrick Carey

that any one has filled in the gap till this moment, when I am accidentally enabled to do so, and at the same time to complete the link between book and author

In the interval additions had been made which will be found fully abstracted in the *D N B*, chiefly from letters in the Clarendon correspondence. From these it appeared that, Carey's mother having become a Roman Catholic, he was sent to Rome for his education, was pensioned by Henrietta Maria, protected by Pope Urban VIII, and endowed with an abbacy, though he seems never to have taken orders. Later, in 1650, just before the date of the Poems, he became a monk at Douay, but did not find it agree with him, and supplicated Hyde for assistance, offering, it would seem, to exchange the cowl for the sword. But there information about him, as generally known, seems to have ceased, though I do not pretend to have looked up all the references in the *Dictionary*.

It so happens, however, that my copy of the *Trivial Poems*, which has been used in the present reprint, had been originally presented by Scott to Sir Cuthbert Sharp[e], soldier, Collector of Customs, antiquary, and historian of Hartlepool. Sharpe was attracted by the genealogical puzzle, by the reference to 'Sir William of Wickham'¹ (*q. inf* p 452), and as he says in a note, by the name of Victoria, 'very peculiar at that period'². He set to work, and 'by laborious research in the British Museum,' and the help of the talisman 'Victoria,' unearthed Sir William Uvedale of Wickham, co Southampton, who married Victoria Carey, second daughter of Henry, first Viscount Falkland and Deputy of Ireland, and so sister of the 'peace ingeminating' Lucius and of Patrick the abbe. Sharpe embodied all this in a printed pedigree, which he has inserted in the copy, and which, as it is of some interest, I have reproduced here. If correct, it of course establishes and explains at once our poet's identity, and his connexion with 'Sir William of Wickham,' and removes all doubt about the matter. Its correctness I must leave to heralds and genealogists to discuss. Sir Cuthbert adds, 'It was sent to Sir Walter, but I got no reply as Sir W was ill at the time, and it was perhaps laid aside and forgotten'. It will be remembered that immediately after the date of Scott's Preface (April 1, 1819) came on his second violent attack of cramp in the stomach (after which Lockhart, riding out to Abbotsford, found his hair turned white), and which returned at intervals during almost the whole year. But as Lockhart says that the *Carey Papers* were not actually published till the autumn, it must have been one of the later attacks which deprived poor Sir Cuthbert

¹ Wickham is almost exactly half way between Bishop's Waltham and Farnham Warnford (see *infra*) is on the road from both these towns to Alton, about two miles from where it joins at Meon Stoke.

² A curious coincidence is that the person who was to make the name common, was born in this very year 1819.

Introduction

of his immediate acknowledgement, though he got an indirect one later, as has been seen, in the *Woodstock* note

A further point of connexion between this pedigree and the Clarendon papers may be indicated before we turn to the proper subject of this Introduction, which is literature and not biography. It seems from the letters that one of Carey's reasons for not taking Orders was the infirm health of his nephew, the third Viscount, and the consequent possibility that he might be required to marry to preserve the family. After his reversion to the Anglican Church, there was no reason why he should not carry out this genial and laudable intention, irrespective of mere family policy. And the pedigree tells us that he did so, taking unto himself *Susan Uvedale*, niece of his sister's husband, and producing a son Edward. But it is his poetical production with which we ought to busy ourselves.

And it is a very satisfactory one. Scott, as will be seen, has made no extravagant claims for his bantling, but those which he makes can be solidly sustained, and even increased, by a critic who has not the least fancy for a debauch of superlatives. It is not only true that Carey can give a hand on one side to Lovelace and on another to Suckling for tender and for merry verse—he can in the other great division of Caroline poetry, the sacred, show things not unworthy of Herbert, if not even of Vaughan, though of course he never touches any of the four at their very best. It is unlucky that the book closes with his translation of the *Dies Irae*, which is singularly bad. If I were not a really conscientious editor I should have felt much tempted to suppress it. The *Dies* is quite untranslatable into English, even Herrick, when he wrote of the 'Isle of Dreams,' could not have done it, nor could Miss Christina Rossetti. Nothing but Latin, and perhaps Spanish, can give the combination of weight, succinctness, and music. But turn to

Whilst I beheld the neck o' th' dove

and you will see what Carey could do in the sacred way. The last lines of the stanzas here, with their varied wording and yet similar form and gist, are really little triumphs of poetic expression. Several others,—'By Ambition raised high,' the fine '*Crux via Coelorum*,' the Crashaw-like *Crucifixus*, the solemn *Falla et Instabilis*,—have each of them its own charm, and all have the marvellous devotional music of the period, which has been so seldom recovered except by that princess of English poetesses who has just been mentioned.

The selection of the triolet form for a religious piece may seem odd, but Carey had no doubt learnt it in France, and the triolet is really a very adaptable thing, as the old French playwrights knew perfectly well when they made it a vehicle of conversation, not merely in farce but in solemn mystery and miracle. Carey's use of it did not escape remark when the elaborate

Patrick Carey

forms of which it is one were revived, with no small success, by English poets some five and twenty or thirty years ago. But what I should have liked best would have been a criticism on it by Mr. Joseph Addison, who would have been delightfully divided between sympathy with the piety of the substance, and sorrow for the 'false wit' of the form.

So few people, however, really like religious poetry (they are wrong, though they have the excuse of the intolerable and shameless badness of much of it) that it is probably by his secular pieces that Carey will have to stand or fall. I do not know that there is anything quite so good as the best of the 'Divines,' but there is plenty of good matter, and plenty of variety in its goodness. The political pieces keep temper fairly under sufficiently trying circumstances, and (as readers of the *Rump Poems* must admit) are not too coarse for the time. They show, too, that growing education in the trickier parts of poetic craft (such as the rhyme 'delinquent' and 'drink went') which is characteristic of the seventeenth century, and is also an important symptom of the 'grown-up' condition of English prosody. The wholesome joviality of the 'Healths' piece, which attracted Sir Walter, could not easily be improved in a kind now, alas! dead since Peacock. The Catalogue of Mistresses may owe some royalty to Cowley, but is quite original in the handling. The pure craftsman's skill reappears in the various poems to intricate measures and if there is no very consuming passion in the love-pieces, there is at least enough of sincerity and of 'sweet attractive kind of grace'. And the whole book, with its varied, personal, actual touch, gives a not unsatisfactory contrast to the intensely, and to some tastes it may be excessively, *literary* tone of some of our other constituents. There is not the slightest *pose* about Carey—he is strongly distinguished by this from such a person as John Hall, for instance. One can well understand how it was that he never published his Poems, and can even believe that he never wrote them with much thought of publication.

One further contrast—an obvious one, no doubt—and we may leave him. It is impossible not to set the mental picture of this jovial, careless, and yet neither undevout nor heartless abbé, beside that of his interesting, but slightly irritating and certainly most ineffectual, brother. Anybody who chooses may call Patrick a 'coarser' nature than Lucius. But if his desire to change cowl for sword had been granted ten years earlier than the time at which he expressed it, I venture to think that the King would have had a more useful soldier, and perhaps not a worse counsellor, than he had in Falkland. The clear healthy common-sense—fully capable of keeping house with Fancy and even Imagination, as well as with Piety—which this little bundle of poetry breathes, would have seen that there were better ways of getting Peace than by moping and moaning for it, and that to kill as many of the enemy as you could was a nearer duty than to get yourself killed.

Introduction

by them. The defect of the seventeenth century quality, in Cavalier and Puritan alike, in Milton just as in Falkland, though no doubt most in the Puritan, was a tendency to priggishness, disgustingly avenged by the base and brutal reaction of later years. From any such tendency 'Pat' Carey (it is Scott who is the foreshortener, and one may follow him with no impertinence) is delightfully free, and yet he can be as graceful and fanciful as any Metaphysical of them all, as pious as Herbert, and as jovial as Cotton. A pair with Milton's Elder and Younger Brother, and only a few years later than *Comus*!¹

¹ I have kept the spelling 'Carey,' though the Falkland branch of that widespread and worshipful house is more usually spelt 'Cary.' It will not do to press the date 1651 too hard. As for the poems of 1771, they are (1) The 'Triolets,' p 472, (2) 'The Extortioner's Epitaph,' p 479, (3) *Crux via Coelorum*, p 474, with a different Latin heading, (4) 'The Senses' ('Whilst I beheld'), p 474, (5) *Nugas Lusoriae* ('Surely now I'm out of danger'), 457, (6) 'And can you think,' p 460, (7) 'Good people,' p 462, (8) 'And now a fig,' p 463, (9) 'The Act of Oblivion,' p 465.

CAREY AND

CAREY

ARMS—Argent, on a bend Sable, three roses of the first

CREST—On a wreath, a Swan with wings elevated Argent, beaked

Gules, membered Sable

MOTTO—'Comme je trouve'

THOMAS CAREY, of Chilton—MARGARET, 2d daughter and coheir of
Foliot, Esq, 2d son of Sir Robert Spencer, of Spencer Combe,
Sir William Carey, of in co Devon, Knt by Eleanor his wife,
Cockington, in co Devon sister and coheir of Edmund Beaufort,
Knt Duke of Somerset

Sir John Carey, —Joyce, daughter of Ed William Carey, —Mary, daughter and co- Thomas Carey,
of Plashy, Knt ward, and sister of Esquire of heir of Thomas 3d son
eldest son and the Body to leyne, Earl of Wilt- Edmond Carey,
heir Henry VIII, shire and Ormond, 4th son
sister to Queen Anne Boleyne

Sir Edward Carey, —Katharine, daughter of Sir Henry Carey, Knt son —Anne, daughter
Knt Master of and heir, created Lord of Sir Thomas
the Jewel House Hunsdon, A^o 1 Queen Morgan, Knt
to Queen Eliza- Elizabeth, K G, Captain
beth and King of the Town of Berwick,
James I 1587, ob 23 July, 1596
at 71

Sir Henry Carey, Knt —Elizabeth, daughter Sir Robert Carey, Knt
son and heir, cre- and heir of Sir created Earl of Mon-
ated Lord Viscount Laurence Tan- mouth, and other
Falkland, 10 Nov field, Knt Chief issue
1620, Lord Deputy Baron of the Ex-
of Ireland, ob in chequer
A^o 1633

Sir Lucius Carey, Knt 1 Catharine Victoria, 2d daughter of —SIR WILLIAM UVEDALE,
eldest son and heir, 3 Anne Henry Viscount Falk- of WICKHAM, co
succeeded as Vis- 4 Elizabeth land, Lord Deputy of Southampton, Knt
count Falkland, &c 5 Lucy Ireland, 2d wife —re- eldest son and heir
married Bartholomew
Laurence Carey, 2d Price, of Wickham,
son Esq
Edmond Carey, 3d son,
ob inf

PATRICK CAREY, —Susan, daughter of WILLIAM VICTORIA, eldest dau Elizabeth, 2d dau,
son of Henry Francis Uvedale, of Bishop's WEDALE, son and coheir of her brother,
Viscount Falk- of Waltham, Esq and niece of Sir Wil- married Sir Richard married, 1st, Sir Wil-
land, Lord of ham, S P Corbett, of Long- liam Berkeley, Knt
Deputy of Ire Edward Howard, se-
land ham cond Earl of Carlisle

Edward Carey, Anne, Dowse, Elizabeth,
only son, at 11, and Elizabeth,
1677 1677 ob inf

PEDIGREE

O F

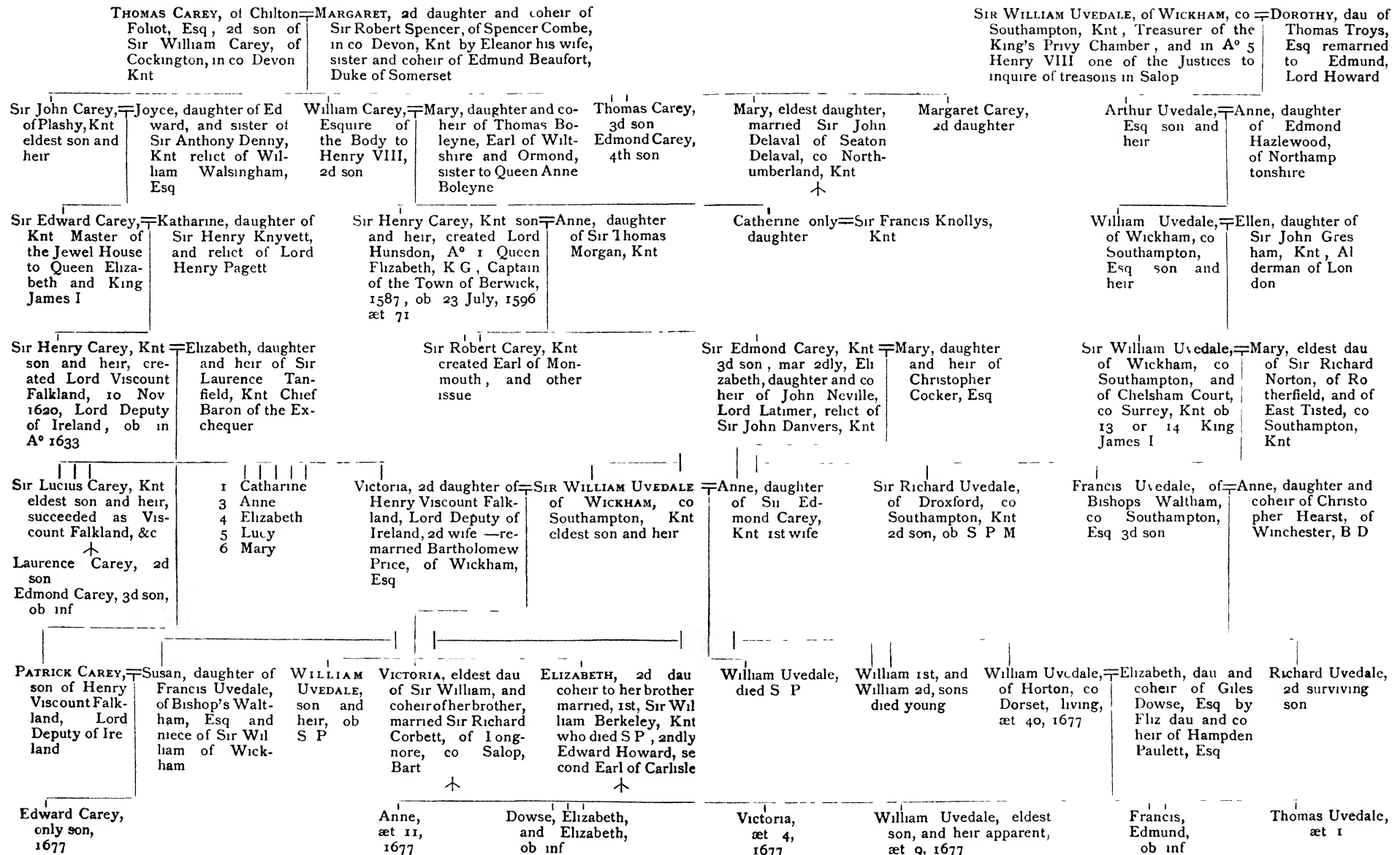
CAREY AND UVEDALE

CAREY

ARMS—Argent, on a bend Sable, three roses of the first
 CREST—On a wreath, a Swan with wings elevated Argent, beaked Gules, membered Sable
 MOTTO—' *Comme je trouve* '

UVEDALE

ARMS—Argent, a cross moline Gules
 CREST—A chapeau Azure, turned up Ermine On the dexter side, an Ostrich Plume Argent, and another on the sinister Gules
 MOTTO—' *Tant que je puis* '



Introduction

[By SIR WALTER SCOTT—ED.]

SOME specimens from the poems of Patrick Carey were published by the present possessor of the manuscript in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for the year 1810. As they have attracted, from time to time, the notice of our poetical antiquaries, the Editor has been induced to place them beyond the chance of total oblivion, by the present very limited edition. His researches have enabled him to add nothing to what is stated in the *Register*, of which the substance follows—

The reader is here introduced to a Bard of the seventeenth century, as staunch a cavalier, and nearly as good a poet, as the celebrated Colonel Lovelace,

With whisker, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly

Of the poems of this forgotten writer, only one manuscript copy is known to exist. It was presented by Mr John Murray, of Albemarle Street, to Mr Walter Scott, the present possessor, and it is from this single copy that we can extract anything concerning the author, Patrick Carey, who appears to have been a gentleman, a loyalist during the civil war, a lawyer, and a rigid High-Churchman, if not a Roman Catholic. The volume is a small duodecimo, written in a very neat hand, (the author's autograph,) is perfect, and in tolerable good order, though scribbled on the blank leaves, and stripped of its silver clasps and ornaments. It is divided into two parts. The first bears this title,—

'TRIVIAL BALLADS, writt here in obedience to MRS TOMKINS commands, by *Patr Carey*, 1651, August the 20th.' The second part consists of hymns, original and translated, and other religious poems. It is separated from the first part, being written at the other end of the book, and has a different title-page, bearing the following text, placed above a helmet and a shield—
'I will Sing unto the Lord'—Psalm xiii verse 6. There is no crest on the helmet, or proper distinction of colour in the shield, which bears what heralds call a cross anchoree, or a cross moline, with a motto, *Tant que je puis*. Beneath the motto is a rose, and the date, Warnefurd, 1651. These particulars may possibly assist some English antiquary in discovering the family of Patrick Carey. These devotional pieces are ornamented with small emblematical vignettes, very neatly drawn with a pen.

It does not appear that Carey's poems were ever printed. They are of that light fugitive nature, which a man of quick apprehension and ready expression throws forth hastily on temporary subjects for the amusement of society. The proprietor of an unique manuscript is apt to over-rate its intrinsic merit, and yet the Editor cannot help being of opinion, that Carey's playfulness, gaiety, and ease of expression, both in amatory verses and political satire, entitle him to rank considerably above the 'mob of gentlemen who write with ease.'

Abbotsford, *April* 1, 1819

BALLADES

An Octave

MADAME,

I blush, but must obey You'll have it so,
And one such word of yours, stops all excuse
Yet (pray) be sure that you let others know
How you, not pride, did me to this induce,
Else, when to any these harsh rimes you show,
They'll suffer many a flout, I, much abuse
Since 'tis acknowledg'd that they here have place,
Not for their worth, but merely through your grace

PATR CAREY

To the Tune—'Once I lov'd a Maiden Fair,' &c.

I
FAIR ONE ' if thus kind you be,
Yet intend a slaughter,
Faith, you'll lose your pains with
me,
Elsewhere seek hereafter
Though your looks be sharp, and
quick,
'I think not (pray) to drill me,
Love, perchance, may make me
sick,
But will never kill me

II
Were my mistress ne'er so brown,
Yet, if kind, I'd prize her, 10

Who's most fair, if she but frown,
I shall soon despise her
I love kindness, and not face,
Who scorns me, I hate her
Courtesy gives much more grace,
In my mind, than feature

III

Red and white adorn the cheek
Less by far, than smiling,
That's the beauty I most seek,
That charm's most beguiling 20
Fair one ' now you know my mind
See if th' humour take you,
I shall love you, whilst y' are kind,
When y' are not, forsake you

To the Tune—'I'll do by thee as ne'er was done'

I
'THE Ermine is without all spot,
And harmless is the dove,
The lamb is innocent, but not
Like to my chastest love
So pure a flame did never shine
From any breast before,
And (trust me) such an one as mine
Thou'lt never meet with more

II
Hadst thou accepted of my heart,
And us'd it well awhile, 10
Hadst thou but sweet'ned all its smart
With one poor word, one smile,
Nay, hadst thou not, with angry scorn,
Bid it thenceforth give o'er,
It would not then have thus forborne,
'T had lov'd thee evermore

Patrick Carey

III

But since thou didst my love requite
With so much coy disdain,
Pretending that thy honour might
From thence receive some stain, 20
My wrongèd heart (being innocent)
Broke all the chains it wore,
And vow'd, to give thee full content,
It ne'er would love thee more '

IV

Thus to a cruel shepherdess
A poor sad shepherd sung,
He wept (such grief could do no less),
His pipe away he flung
Then rising, for her hand he strove,
Kiss'd his last kiss, and swore 30
That from that time, to her of love
He'd never speak word more

To the Tune—'I would give Twenty Pound,' &c

I

THERE'S no woman, but I'm caught
Whilst she looks with kind eyes on me,
If I love not then, the fault
Is unjustly cast upon me
They are to be blam'd, not I,
If with freedom still I hover,
Were I us'd but courteously
I should soon become a lover

II

Did I any one exclude
For her dye, or for her feature, 10
I should grant myself a rude
Mannerless, hard-hearted creature

But since I except 'gainst none
By whom I am not condemn'd,
If I can't find such an one,
Pray tell, who's to be condemn'd?

III

Not by frowns, but smiles, my heart,
(I declare 't) is to be chain'd,
On fair terms with it I'll part,
But by foul 'twill ne'er be gain'd 20
Take then other tasks in hand
You, who lour, and scorn to crave
it,
But who's kind shall it command,
And for th' asking she shall have it

To the Tune of 'Bobbing Joan'

I

I NE'ER yet saw a lovely creature
(Were she a widow, maid, or wife)
But straight within my breast her
feature
Was painted, strangely to the life
If out of sight
(Though ne'er so bright)
I straightways lost her picture quite

II

It still was mine, and others' wonder
To see me court so eagerly,
Yet soon as absence did me sunder
From those I lov'd, quite cur'd
was I 11

The reason was
That my breast has
Instead of heart, a looking-glass

III

And as those forms which lately
shin'd
I' th' glass, are easily defac'd,
Those beauties so, which were
enshrin'd
Within my breast, are soon displac'd
Both seem as they
Would ne'er away, 20
Yet last, but whilst the lookers stay

IV

Then let no woman think that ever
In absence I shall constant prove,
I'll some occasion does us sever
I can, as true as any, love
But when that we
Once parted be,
Troth, I shall court the next I see

Ballades

To the Tune of 'Troy Town'

I

FAIR beauties ! If I do confess
 Myself inconstant in my drink,
 You ought not to love me the less,
 I say but that which most men think
 And (troth) there is less hurtful art
 In a light tongue, than a false heart

II

Some use to swear that you will find
 Nothing but truth within their
 breasts,
 Yet waver more than does the wind,
 When in a tempest least it rests, ¹⁰
 Nought of my thoughts I say to
 you,
 But what you'll find to be most
 true

III

More than I promise, I'll perform,
 They give you oaths, but keep them
 not

You build i' th' air, whenas you form
 False hopes on vows long since for-
 got
 Leave, leave them, then, and
 deal with me,
 So you will ne'er deceivèd be

IV

Fairly beforehand I declare,
 That when I'm weary, I shall leave
 Forewarnèd thus, you'll be aware, ²¹
 Whilst falsèr men would ye deceive
 Besides, in this I nothing do
 But what I'd swear you will do too

V

When of your love I weary grow,
 Before I change, I'll tell you on't,
 Do you the same when you are so,
 And give me time to think upon't,
 Elsewhere I soon shall place my
 heart,
 Then, kindly we'll shake hands,
 and part 30

To the Tune—'But I fancy Lovely Nancy,' &c

I

SURELY now I'm out of danger,
 And no more need fear my heart,
 Who loves thus to be a ranger,
 Ne'er will fix in any part,
 All the graces
 Of fair faces
 I have seen, and yet am free
 I like many, but not any
 Shall subdue my libertee

II

Annewas once the word which movèd
 Most my heart, I'll it avow, ¹¹
 Twelve at least so call'd, I've loved,
 But I care not for them now
 Yet if ever
 I endeavour
 For a mistress, that's her name
 These are fancies,

But with Nancies
 Luckiest still hath been my flame

III

With three Betties I was taken, ²⁰
 Yet no more, than whilst in sight
 One of them is now forsaken,
 And her sister has her right
 I'other's pretty,
 But (what pity !)
 In a castle she is penn'd
 The third plenty
 Has for twenty,
 But she's courted by my friend

IV

I ucies there are two, for beauty, ³⁰
 Virtue, wit, beyond compare
 I h' one's too high for love, in
 duty
 I respect, but no more dare

³⁰ A certain class of critics would draw morals from 'shake hands and part' at the end here, and 'kiss and part' at the beginning of the great sonnet in *Idea*, as to the spirits of the times

⁹ libertee] I could not but keep this spelling

Patrick Carey

As for t'other,
Though a mother
(As I take 't) to half a score,
Had she tarried
To be married,
She'd have had one suitor more

v

I know two, and each a Mary, 40
One's the greatest of this land
Th' Oxford-vintner made me wary
Least I should a-gazing stand
Though I like her,
Most unlike her
Is the second, and I swear,
Had her portion
Some proportion
With my wants, I'd marry there

vi

Katherine has a lip that's ruddy, 50
Swelling so, it seems to pout,
How to kiss her I did study,
But could never bring 't about
Beauteous Frances
Loves romances,
But (alas!) she's now a wife,
She makes verses,
And rehearses
With great grace Primaleon's life

vii

Doll has purest breasts much whiter
Than their milk, but naked still, 61

That's the reason why I slight her,
For I'd seen them to my fill
Jane is slender,
But God send her
Less opinion of her race!
Nell's so spotted
That sh' has blotted
Almost out, her little face

viii

Peg is blithe, but O she tattles, 70
Nothing's so demure as Ruth
Susan's head is full of rattles,
Rachel preacheth well, in truth
Were not Tolly
Melancholy,
She hath parts I most could prize
Amorous Sophy
Rears no trophy
On my heart, with her grey eyes

ix

Thus I still find somewhat wanting,
Always full of ifs, or ands, 81
Where there's beauty, money's
scanting,
Something still my choice withstands
'Tis my fortune,
I'll importune
With no my prayers my destiny
If I'm scornèd,
I'm not hornèd,
That's some joy in misery

To the Tune of 'The Healths'

i

COME, faith, since I'm parting, and that God knows when
The walls of sweet Wickham I shall see again,
Let's e'en have a frolic, and drink like tall men,
Till heads with healths go round

41 One's the greatest] Henrietta Maria, of course She was (see Intro.) a patroness of Carey's

42 The fate of the 'Oxford vintner' is still a mystery to me, though I have made many inquiries

50 Katherine] This also must be kept The form is sometimes rhymed to 'pattern' or 'slattern,' according to the circumstances

59 Primaleon] The first of the famous *Palmerin* series of *libros de caballerias*, and sometimes used for the whole as 'Amadis' is of the other

74 Tolly] What is this short for? *Victoria*? see Intro

80 'Some want, some coldness,' W. Morris, *The Hilt of Venus* (in a similar review)

86 *Sic* in orig If correct it must = 'with no prayers of mine' The whole piece reminds one, of course, of Cowley, but has sufficient difference

2 Wickham] See Intro

Ballades

II

And first to Sir Willham, I'll take't on my knee
He well doth deserve that a brimmer it be
More brave entertainments none ere gave than he,
Then let his health go round

III

Next to his chaste lady, who loves him alive,
And whilst we are drinking to so good a wife,
The poor of the parish will pray for her life,
Be sure her health go round

IV

And then to young Will, the heir of this place,
He'll make a brave man, you may see't in his face,
I only could wish we had more of the race,
At least let his health go round

V

To well-grac'd Victoria the next room we owe,
As virtuous she'll prove as her mother, I trow,
And somewhat in housewifery more she will know,
O let her health go round'

VI

To plump Bess, her sister, I drink down this cup
Birlackins (my masters) each man must take't up,
'Tis foul play (I bar it) to simper and sup,
When such a health goes round

VII

And now helter-skelter to th' rest of the house,
The most are good fellows, and love to carouse,
Who's not, may go sneak-up, he's not worth a louse,
That stops a health i' th' round

VIII

To th' clerk, so he'll learn to drink in the morn,
To Heynous, that stares when he has quaft up his horn, 30
To Philip, by whom good ale ne'er was forlorn,
These lads can drink a round

IX

John Chandler' come on, here's some warm beer for you,
A health to the man that this liquor did brew
Why, Hewet' there's for thee, nay, take't, 'tis thy due,
But see that it go round

5 Sir William] His brother-in law and his wife's uncle
9 lady] His sister Victoria. alive] 'As her life,' 'dearly' Used by all the
great dramatists
13 Will] His uncle's wish (see Pedigree) was not to be granted
17 Victoria] Afterwards Lady Corbett
21 Bess] Carey's enthusiasm for his niece seems to have been shared by younger
men, for she became not merely Lady Berkeley but Countess of Carlisle
30 Heynous, &c] Here we come to 'Henry Pimpernel and old John Naps of
Greece'

Patrick Carey

X

Hot Coles is on fire, and fain would be quench'd,
As well as his horses the groom must be drench'd,
Who's else? let him speak, if his thirst he'd have stench'd,
Or have his health go round

40

XI

And now to the women, who must not be coy
A glass, Mistress Cary, you know's but a toy,
Come, come, Mistress Sculler, no *pardonnez moy*,
It must, it must go round

XII

Dame Nell, so you'll drink, we'll allow [you] a sop
Up with 't, Mary Smith, in your draught never stop
Law' there now, Nan German has left ne'er a drop,
And so must all the round

XIII

Jane, Joan, Goody Lee, great Meg, and the less,
Ye must not be squeamish, but do as did Bess
How th' others are nam'd, if I could but guess,
I'd call them to the round

50

XIV

And now, for my farewell, I drink up this quart,
To you, lads and lasses, e'en with all my heart
May I find ye ever, as now when we part,
Each health still going round

To the Tune—'I'll tell thee, Dick, that I have been,' &c

I

AND can you think that this trans-
lation
Will benefit at all our nation,
Though fair be the pretence?
'Tis meet, you say, that in the land
Each one our laws should understand,
Since we are govern'd thence

II

But tell me, pray, if ever you
Read th' English of Watt Montague,
Is 't not more hard than French?
And yet that will much easier be
Than the strange gibb'ring mish-
mash, we
Shall henceforth hear at th' Bench

³⁹ stench'd] This for 'stanch' is rather a liberty, though dialectic Professor Wright's examples are all Northern

⁴² Mistress Cary] Patrick and Victoria (see Pedigree) had no less than four sisters, of whom this may be one

⁴⁵ sop] In the ordinary sense?—or= 'sup' (cf l 23, i e a 'sip'—leaving a heel-tap?)

¹ See Scott's Note II The mixture of wit and common sense in this piece is very agreeable but I think Sir Walter is wrong in seeing [Roman] Catholicism in st 11 seq as a matter of necessity Carey, we know (and he did not) *was* a Roman Catholic at one time but the conversion to which Evelyn refers may have taken place A very good *Anglo* Catholic (especially just after chipping the shell), in the triumphant orgy of ultra-Protestant sects, might question whether the translation of the Bible had not had its questionable side

⁸ See i 325 Montague and Carey were rather similarly circumstanced

Ballades

III

For from the laws whilst French we'd
banish,
We shall bring in Italian, Spanish,
And forty nations more,
Who'll then peruse the text, must know
Greek, Latin, Dutch, both High and
Low,
With Hebrew too, before

IV

Because i' th' Greek there's chang'd
a letter,
That they can understand it better,
Fools only will pretend, 21
As he, who did himself persuade
That he spoke Latin, cause he made
In *bus* each word to end

V

But had we English words enough,
Yet ought we never to allow
This turning of our laws
Much less t' admit that at the bar,
The merchand, clown, or man of war,
Should plead (forsooth) his cause 30

VI

Words may be common, clear, and
pure,
Yet still the sense remain obscure,
And we as wise, as when
We should some long oration hear,
Which in a new-found language were
Ne'er heard by us till then

VII

'Twas not the language, 'twas the
matter
(But that we love ourselves to flatter)
That most times darkness brung
Some questions in philosophy, 40
To puzzle scholars would go nigh,
Though put in any tongue

VIII

The shoemaker, beyond the shoe
Must not presume to have to do,
A painter said of old
He said aright, for each man ought
To meddle with the craft he's taught,
And be no farther bold

IX

What th' anchor is, few ploughmen
know,
Sailors can't tell what means gee-ho,
Terms proper hath each trade 51
Nay, in our very sports, the bowler,
The tennis-player, huntsman, fowler,
New names for things have made

X

So words i' th' laws are introduc'd
Which common talk has never us'd,
And therefore sure there's need
That the gown'd tribe be set apart
To learn by industry this art,
And that none else may plead 60

XI

Our Church still flourishing w' had
seen
If th' holy-writ had ever been
Kept out of laymen's reach,
But, when 'twas English'd, men half-
witted,
Nay women too, would be permitted
T' expound all texts, and preach

XII

Then what confusion did arise!
Cobblers divines 'gan to despise,
So that they could but spell
This ministers to scorn did bring, 70
Preaching was held an easy thing,
Each one might do 't as well

XIII

This gulf church-government did
swallow,
And after will the civil follow,
When laws translated are
For ev'ry man that lists, will prattle,
Pleading will be but twittle-twattle,
And nought but noise at bar

XIV

Then let's e'en be content t' obey,
And to believe what judges say, 80
Whilst for us, lawyers brawl
Though four or five be thence un-
done,
'Tis better have some justice done,
Than to have none at all

29 merchand] The form seems worth keeping
39 brung] I like this and it appears (see *Dial Dict*) to be genuinely Irish So
Carey had some right to use it

Patrick Carey

To the Tune—'That we may row with my P over
y^e Ferry'

I

Good people of England ! come hear me relate
Some mysteries of our young purse-sucking state,
Whereby ev'ry man may conceive out of's pate
A reason for things here ordain'd of late

Heigh down, down, derry derry down,

Heigh down, down derry !

What e'er the state resolves, let us be merry

II

French claret was banish'd (as most do suppose)
'Cause Noll would have nought here so red as his nose,
Or else 'cause its crimson from thence first arose
'T has took our wine from us, would 'twere in my hose

10

Heigh down, down, &c

III

Since that, he most bravely himself did entrench,
Beleagu'rd, and took (as he thought) a Scotch wench,
But by th' tott'ring of's toter, he has found she was French,
And therefore that tongue is now silenc'd at th' Bench

Heigh down, down, &c

IV

His wrath 'gainst th' whole nation I cannot much blame,
Since by't was endanger'd a nose of such fame,
That's England's great standard, and doth more inflame
You people, than e'er did that at Nottingham

20

Heigh down, down, &c

V

Noll ! e'en turn to Hebrew the laws of our land,
For (howsoe'er) we never shall them understand,
But th' Act of forbidding French wines countermand,
Odds'niggs else we'll piss out thy fuming firebrand

Heigh down, down, derry derry down !

Heigh down, down derry !

Till claret be restor'd, let us drink sherry

To the Tune—'Will, and Tom,' &c

I

DICK

JACK ! nay, prithee, come away,
This is no time for sadness,
Pan's chief feast is kept to-day,
Each shepherd shows his gladness
W'are to meet all on the green,
To dance and sport together,
O what brav'ry will be seen !
I hope 'twill prove fair weather

II

Look, I've got a new suit on, 9
Say, man ! how likest the colour ?
Will't not take Nell's eyes anon ?
All greens than this are duller
Mark how trimm'd up is my hook,
This ribbon was Nell's favour
Jack ! the wench has a sweet
look,
I'll die but what I will have her

Ballades

III

JACK

Dick, e'en go alone for me,
By Nell thou art expected
I no love have there to see,
Of all I am rejected 20
At my rags each maid would flout,
If seen with such a shiner,
No, I'll ne'er set others out,
I'll stay till I am finer

IV

Shall I go to sit alone,
Scorn'd e'en by Meg o' th' dairy?
Whilst proud Tom lies hugging
Joan,

And Robin kisses Mary?
Shall I see my rival Will
Receive kind looks from Betty? 30
Both of them I'd sooner kill
At thought on't, Lord, how fret I!

V

'Cause he has a flock of sheep,
And is an elder brother,
'Cause (poor hireling!) those I keep
Belong unto another,
I must lose what's mine by right,
And let the rich fool gain her
I'll at least keep out of sight,
Since hopeless e'er t'obtain her 40

VI

DICK

Courage, man, thy case is not
So bad as thou dost take it
Yet 'tis ill, could I (God wot!),
Much better would I make it

He is rich thou, poor, 'twere
much

Wert thou preferr'd by a woman,
Women, though, keep sometimes
touch,

But (sooth) 'tis not so common

VII

'Thou, unto thy pipe can'st sing
Love-songs of thine own making,
He, nor that, nor anything 51
Knows how to do, that's taking
She did love thee once, and swore
Ne'er (through her fault) to lose
thee,

If she keep her oath, before
The richer, she will choose thee

VIII

JACK

Never, never, 'las! such oaths
Have force for but few hours,
If she lik'd once, now she loathes,
And smiles no more, but lowers 60
Scarce his suit had he applied,
But she lov'd me no longer
Soon my faith she 'gan deride
For wealth, than faith, is stronger

IX

Farewell, shepherd, then Be gone,
The feast no stay here brooketh
Prithee, mark Bess there anon,
If kind on Will she looketh
Who loves truly, loves to hear
Tales, that increase his fire, 70
I, alas! bad tidings fear,
And yet for news inquire

To the Tune—'But that ne'er troubles me, Boys,' &c

I

AND now a fig for th' lower house,
The army I do set at nought
I care not for them both a louse,
For spent is my last groat, boys,
For spent is my last groat

II

Delinquent I'd not fear to be,
Though 'gainst the cause and Noll
I'd fought,
Since England's now a state most free,
For who's not worth a groat, boys,
For who's not worth a groat 10

22 shiner] This word has several dialect senses (see *Dial Dict*) which would do (1) a clever fellow (ironically), (2) a knave, (3) a sweetheart. Is it here 'one whose clothes are worn threadbare and *shine*'? Or is *Dick*, with his fine clothes, the shiner?

Patrick Carey

III

I'll boldly talk, and do, as sure
By pursuivants ne'er to be sought,
'Tis a protection most secure,
Not to be worth a groat, boys,
Not to be worth a groat

IV

I should be soon let loose again
By some mistake if I were caught,
For what can any hope to gain
From one not worth a groat, boys,
From one not worth a groat 20

V

Nay, if some fool should me accuse,
And I unto the bar were brought,
'The judges audience would refuse,
I being not worth a groat, boys,
I being not worth a groat

VI

Or if some raw one should be bent
To make me in the air to vault,
The rest would cry, he's innocent,

He is not worth a groat, boys,
He is not worth a groat 30

VII

Ye rich men, that so fear the state,
I his privilege is to be bought,
Purchase it then at any rate,
Leave not yourselves a groat, boys,
Leave not yourselves a groat

VIII

The parliament which now does sit
(That all may have it, as they ought)
Intends to make them for it fit,
And leave no man a groat, boys,
And leave no man a groat 40

IX

Who writ this song, would little care
Although at th' end his name were
wrought,

Committee men their search may
spare,

For spent is his last groat, boys,
For spent is his last groat

The Country Life

I

FONDRLINGS ' keep to th' city,
Ye shall have my pity,
But my envy, not
Since much larger measure
Of true pleasure
I'm sure's in the country got

II

Here's no din, no hurry,
None seeks here to curry
Favour, by base means
Flatt'ry's hence excluded, 10
He's secluded
Who speaks aught, but what he
means

III

Though your talk, and weeds be
Glittering, yet your deeds be
Poor, we them despise
Silken are our actions,
And our pactions,
Though our coats and words be frize

To a French tune

IV

Here's no lawyer brawling,
Rising poor, rich falling, 20
Each is what he was,
That we have, enjoying,
Not annoying
Any good, another has

V

There y' have ladies gaudy,
Dames, that can talk bawdy,
True, w' have none such here
Yet our girls love surely,
And have purely
Cheeks unpainted, souls most clear

VI

Sweet, and fresh our air is, 31
Each brook cool, and fair is,
On the grass we tread
Foul's your air, streets, water,
And thereafter
Are the lives which there you
lead

Ballades

VII

Not our time in drenching,
Cramming, gaming, wenching,
Here we cast away
Yet we too are jolly , 40
Melancholy
Comes not near us, night nor day

VIII

Scarce the morn is peeping
But we straight leave sleeping,
From our beds we rise
To the fields then hie we,
And there ply we
Wholesome, harmless exercise

IX

Each comes back a winner ,
Each brings home his dinner, 50
Which was first his sport
And upon it feasting,
Toying, jesting,
W' envy not your cates at court

X

Th' afternoons we lose not,
Idleness we choose not,

But are still employ'd
Dancers some, some bowlers,
Some are fowlers,
Some in angling most are joy'd 60

XI

Th' evening homewards brings us,
Whither hunger wings us ,
Ready soon's our food
Spare, light, sweet to th' palate,
And a sallet
To refresh our heated blood

XII

Pleasantly then talking
Forth we go a walking ,
I hence return to rest
No sad dream encumbers 70
Our sweet slumbers ,
Innocence thus makes us blest

XIII

Keep now, keep to th' city
Fondlings ' y' have my pity,
But my envy, not
Since much larger measure
Of true pleasure
You see s in the country got

To the Tune -- ' And will you now to Peace incline,' &c

I

Th' parliament ('tis said) resolv'd,
That, sometime ere they were
dissolv'd,

They'd pardon each delinquent
And that (all past scores to forget)
Good store of Lethe they did get,
And round about that drink went

II

If so, 'tis hard For th' have forgot
All thought o' th' act, 'tis true, but not
One crime that can be heard on
So that 'tis likely they'll constrain 10
Malignants to compound again,
In lieu o' th' nois'd out pardon

III

Th' comes of hoping to sit still
By this we find, 'twas not good will,
But fear, that caus'd their pity

How sweet how fair, they spoke of
late !

What benefits both Church and State
Should rap from each committee !

IV

The country for its faith was prais'd ,
No more the great tax should be
rais'd , 20

Arrears should all be quitted
Our everlasting parliament
Would now give up its government ,
A new mould should be fitted

V

Th' Act of Oblivion should come out,
And we no longer held in doubt ,
Religion should be stated
Goldsmith's, and Haberdasher's Hall,
No longer should affright us all,
Nor Drury House be hated 30

64 palate] Orig 'pallett'

28-30 *Goldsmith's Hall* was the head-quarters of the Committee for Compounding to save estates from sequestration *Haberdasher's Hall* was used for the same or

Patrick Carey

VI

Fear made them promise this, and
more,
But now they think the storm is
o'er,
Not one word is observèd
The soldier, full of discontent,
To Ireland for's arrears is sent,
The tax is still conservèd

VII

Th' Act of Oblivion's laid aside,
Sects multiply and subdivide,
'Gainst which no order's taken
And for th' new representative, 40
Faith (for my part) I'd e'en as live
The thought on't were forsaken

VIII

Th' except 'gainst this, th' except
'gainst that,
They'll have us choose, but only what
Shall square with their direction
They do so straightly wedge us in,
That if we choose not them again,
They'll make void our election

IX

Cromwell ' a promise is a debt
Thou mad'st them say, they would
forget, 50
O make them now remember!
If they their privileges urge,
Once more this House of Office purge,
And scour out every member

To a French Tune

I

SPEAK of somewhat else, I pray,
This year I'll not married be
Lilly, Joan, foretells, they say,
That horns plenty we shall see
This aspect of Capricorn,
I'll let pass, for fear o' the horn

II

Not that I pretend alone
To go free, since 'tis i' th' text
Cuckolds shall be every one,
In this world, or in the next 10
I'd a while keep out o' th' herd,
That's not lost, that is deferr'd

III

I've not patience yet enough,
All my jealousy's not gone,
I'd stay, till my forehead tough
Felt not, when that cap's put on
Quietly then, with the rest,
I shall bear the well-known crest

IV

When Jove th' European rape
Did commit, large horns he wore, 20
Though he reassum'd his shape,

Those he ever after bore
Since the Gods do wear them then,
Why should they be scorn'd by men?

V

'Cause great lords are crown'd, you
guess
That their heads no horns do bear,
Yet, although we see them less,
Joan ' assure thyself, th' are there
Neither learning, strength, nor state
Can secure us from that fate 30

VI

For one branch the beggar has,
Forty can the rich man show,
Whilst by madame often was
Th' horner paid, to make them so
Cuckold then who fears to be,
Merits not good company

VII

From such honour, yet awhile
I'll be kept, by my weak stead
But ere long, Joan, thou shalt smile,
Seeing how my fair horns spread 40
For my comfort—cuckolds, Joan,
I'll make thousands, be but one

a closely connected purpose in 1650 (see Ludlow, ed Firth, i 258) *Drury House* (at any rate, a little later *ibid* ii 155) was the office for the sale of Royalists' lands. The three, in fact, represented successive stages of persecution for 'delinquents'. I owe the materials of this note to the Rev W Hunt's kindness

41 live] = 'lief'

3 Lilly] William L, the astrologer (1602-1681), was at the height of his reputation at this time

Ballades

To a French Tune

I
A GRIEV'D Countess, that ere long
Must leave off her sweet nois'd title,
A griev'd Countess, that ere long
'Mongst the crowd for place may
throng,
In her hand that patent holding
Which perforce she must bring in,
Oft with moist eyes it beholding,
Her complaint thus did begin

II
'Cruel monsters ! do you know
What a massacre y'have voted ? 10
Cruel monsters ! do you know
Th' harm you'll cause at one sad
blow ?
Dukes, earls, marquises, how many !
'Las ! how many a lord and knight,
Without pity shown to any,
You'll cut off through bloody spight !

III
Fond astrologers, away !
You that talk o' th' sun's thick
darkness ,
Fond astrologers, away !
Y'are mistaken in the day 20
Sure you calculate not duly,
Th' ephemerides else skips ,
On the twenty-fifth more truly
Y'ought to place the great eclipse

IV
Our dear-purchas'd honours then
Will by foggy mists be clouded ,
Our dear-purchas'd honours then
Will (alas !) ne'er shine again
All my hopes are, that those vapours
Which extinguish now our light, 30
Will put out too th' ancient tapers ,
Since I'm dark, would all were
night !'

To an Italian Tune

I
POOR heart, retire !
Her looks deceive thee ,
Soothe not thy desire
With hopes she'll receive thee
Thyself never flatter ,
Her smile was no call ,
'Las ! there 's no such matter,
She looks thus on all
Meant sh' aught by her smiling
(poor heart, credit me)
She'd frown on thy rivals , she'd
smile but on thee 10

II
Thy flames extinguish,
No more them feeding
Learn, learn to distinguish
'Twixt love and good breeding
Fair words are in fashion,
Thou must not them mind ,

She spoke not with passion,
To all she s as kind
Meant sh' aught by those fair words
(poor heart, credit me)
She'd speak that dear language to
none but to thee 20

III
Perhaps she granted
Some few faint kisses ,
But ever they wanted
That which makes them blisses
A kiss has no savour,
If love don't it own,
I count it no favour
'Less I kiss alone
No kindness obliges (poor heart,
credit me)
When t'others it's granted, as well as
to thee 30

17 Lilly (v sup) published his *Annus Tembrosus*, with calculations of eclipses, in 1652

Patrick Carey

To an Italian Tune

I
 'Tis true I am fetter'd,
 But therein take pleasure
 My case is much better'd ,
 This chain is a treasure
 My prison delights me ,
 'Tis freedom, that frights me ,
 I hate liberty
 I'll not be lamented,
 You'd all be contented
 To have such chains as I 10
 II
 When (heretofore flying)
 My loves oft I quitted ,
 I then was a-trying,
 And now I'm fitted
 I ne'er should have chang'd,

If she (whilst I rang'd)
 Had first struck mine eye
 As soon as I met her,
 Enchain me I let her
 Ye'd all do, as I 20

III
 Soft cords made of roses,
 Than mine would more gall me ,
 Her bright hair composes
 Those bonds which enthrall me
 Now, when she has prov'd
 How much her I've lov'd,
 My hopes will soar high
 Perchance, to retain me,
 Her arms will enchain me ,
 Then who'd not be I ? 30

To a Spanish Tune, called 'Folias'

I
 CEASE t' exaggerate your anguish,
 Ye, who for the gout complain !
 Lovers, that in absence languish,
 Only know, indeed, what s pain
 II
 If the choice were in my power,
 Sooner much the rack I'd choose,
 Than, for th' short space of an hour,
 My dear Stella's sight to lose
 III
 Sometimes fear, sometimes desire,
 Seize (by cruel turns) my heart , 10
 Now a frost, and then a fire
 ('Las !') I feel in every part

IV
 Horrid change of pains ! O leave me,
 With my death else end your spight !
 Absence doth as much bereave me
 As death can, of her lov'd sight
 V
 I hus (dear Stella) thy poor lover
 His unlucky fate bemoans,
 Whilst his parting soul does hover
 'Bout his lips wing'd by sad groans
 VI
 Yet thou may'st from death reprise
 him , 21
 Love such power to Stella gives
 With thy sight thou canst revive him ,
 As thou wilt he dies, or lives

To the Italian Tune, called 'Girometta'

I
 O PERMIT that my sadness
 May redeem my offence !
 Let not words, spoke in madness,
 Prejudice innocence !

II
 'I was i' th' height of my passion,
 'Las ! I rav'd all the time
 Not thy wrath, but compassion,
 I deserv'd by my crime

Ballades

III

Jealous fears, with their thickness,
 Had o'erclouded my brain 10
 What I spoke in my sickness
 Ne'er remember again

IV

Frantic men may talk treason,
 From all guilt they are free
 Laws for such as want reason,
 No chastisement decree

V

Sure no tyrant did ever
 Call that tongue to account,

Which, in time of a fever,
 Tales of plots did recount 20

VI

I hen since none can be heard on
 That e'er punished such faults,
 O refuse not my pardon
 To my past words, or thoughts !

VII

Lo ! as soon as I'm cured,
 I repent, I recant
 Make me, too, once assured
 That my grace has thy grant

To the Tune of—' To Parliament the Queen is gone,' &c

I

THIS April last a gentle swain
 Went early to the wood ,
 His business was, that he would fain
 His lot have understood
 'I as ! poor man !
 Sad and wan
 He was grown, for love of Nan ,
 'Twould him cheer,
 Could he hear
 The sweet nightingale's voice here
 Wheresoe'er he went, 11
 Still his ear he bent
 I ist'ning her to find

II

His friend (it seems) was better
 luck'd,
 And heard one in the park ,
 Whereat by th' sleeve her t'other
 pluck'd,
 And cried, 'Hark ! there's one '
 hark !'
 I h' honest lad
 Was right glad,
 I hinking now good news t'have had
 Whilst that he 21
 (Full of glee)
 Listing stood to ev'ry tree
 Not the nightingall,
 But th' affrighting-all
 Ill lov'd cuckoo sang

III

What tidings this may signify
 I leave to time to tell
 But (if it were mine own case) I
 Should hope all would go well 30
 As I guess,
 Faithfulness
 With the cuckoo may express
 Mark your fill
 When you will,
 Him you'll find in one note still
 Though men fear him all
 When they hear him call,
 'Tis a lucky bird

IV

I hen cheer up, James, and never
 set 40
 False comments on the text
 If with th' one bird this year th' hast
 met,
 I hou'lt meet with t'other next
 Do not droop !
 Nan shall stoop
 To thy lure, though th' cuckoo
 whoop
 The bird saith
 That thy faith
 Its reward now near-hand hath
 Never think on't, man ! 50
 Come, let's drink to Nan,
 She shall be thine own

Patrick Carey

To the Tune of 'I'll have my Love, or I'll have on[e]'

I

SOME praise the brown, and some
the fair,
Some best like black, some flaven
hair
Some love the tall, and some the
low,
Some choose, who's quick, and
some, who's slow

II

If in all men one mind did dwell,
Too many would lead apes in hell
But, that no maid her mate may lack,
For every Joan there is a Jack

III

Thus, I have mine own fancy too,
And vow, none but the poor to woo,
My love shall come (when e'er I
wed) 11
As naked to the church, as bed

IV

The fair, the chaste, the wisest dame,
Though nobly born, and of best
fame,
(By all the gods,) would ne'er enthrall
My heart, if she were rich withall

V

I money count as great a fault,
As poorness is 'mongst others
thought
With thousand goods you'll find
supplied
The want of portion in a bride 20

VI

There's no such gag, to still the loud,
There's no such curb, to rule the
proud
It never fails to stint all strife,
It makes one master of his wife

VII

Should I reveal each good effect,
(Though poverty now bring neglect,)
Suitors would throng about the poor,
Ne'er knocking at the rich maid's
door

VIII

Then, lest that some should surfeits
want,
And others starve the while for
want, 30
What rests (the rich not to offend,)
I'll only tell to some choice friend

To the Tune of 'Phillida flouts me'

I

NED¹ she that likes thee now,
Next week will leave thee¹
Trust her not, though she vow
Ne'er to deceive thee,
Just so to Tom she swore,
Yet straight was ranging
I hus she'd serve forty more,
Still she'll be changing
Last month I was the man,
See, if deny't she can, 10
Else ask Frank, Joan, or Nan
Ned¹ faith look to it

II

She'll praise thy voice, thy face,
She'll say, th'art witty,
She'll too cry up thy race,
Thy state she'll pity,
She'll sigh, and then accuse
Fortune of blindness
This form she still doth use,
When she'd show kindness 20
Thou'lt find (if thou but note)
That t'all she sings one note,
I've learn'd her arts by rote
Ned¹ faith look to it¹

³⁰ starve] Orig 'sterve'

¹¹ Frank] It should be remembered that this abbreviation stood for 'Frances' at least as often as for 'Francis'

Ballades

III

With scorn, as now on me,
(Less may'st thou care for 't !)
Ere long she'll look on thee,
Thyself prepare for 't
The next new face will cast
Thine out of favour ,

30

The winds change not so fast,
As her thoughts waver
If them thou striv'st t' enchain,
Thereby thou'lt only gain
Thy labour for thy pain
Ned ! faith look to it !

To the Tune of 'Francklin's is fled away'

I

ALAS ! long since I knew
What would betide ,
My hopes ne'er yet spoke true,
My fears ne'er lied
False tales to please my heart,
Those tell , those bring me smart,
But still the truth th' impart,
Ne'er flatt'ring me

II

Yet I was apt to hear
Good news though made ,
And still would chide my fear,
When it gainsaid ,
This made me entertain
Thoughts which now prove most vain,
Believing what so fain
I'd have had true

10

III

I fancied that thy mind
Was fix'd on me ,
But ('las !) my love I find
Contemn'd by thee
'Cause I'd not fear before
(Fond man !) I must therefore
Despair now evermore ,
Sad is my chance

20

IV

But since thy kindness had
Part in my fault,
I know thou wilt be sad
To see me caught ,
And, if thou'lt not allow
Thy love, the next best now
Is, that with pity thou
Look on my grief

30

31 fast] Scott's text 'aft' but this is an obvious and not unaccountable misprint
10 though made] This odd phrase seems to mean 'though feigned, 'manufactured

TRIOLETS¹

I
 WORLDLY designs, fears, hopes,
 farewell¹
 Farewell all earthly joys and cares¹
 On nobler thoughts my soul shall
 dwell,
 Worldly designs, fears, hopes, fare-
 well¹
 At quiet, in my peaceful cell,
 I'll think on God, free from your
 snares,
 Worldly designs, fears, hopes, fare-
 well¹
 Farewell all earthly joys and cares
 II
 I'll seek my God's law to fulfil, 9
 Riches and power I'll set at nought,

I et others strive for them that will,
 I'll seek my God's law to fulfil
 Lest sinful pleasures my soul kill,
 (By folly's vain delights first caught,) I'll seek my God's law to fulfil,
 Riches and power I'll set at nought

III
 Yes (my dear Lord!) I've found it so,
 No joys but thine are purely sweet,
 Other delights come mixt with woe,
 Yes (my dear Lord!) I've found
 it so 20
 Pleasure at courts is but in show,
 With true content in cells we meet,
 Yes (my dear Lord!) I've found
 it so,
 No joys but thine are purely sweet

O that I had wings like a dove,
 For then would I fly away, and be at rest —Ps lx vers 6

I
 By ambition raisèd high,
 Oft did I
 Seek (though bruised with falls) to fly
 When I saw the pomp of kings
 Plac'd above,
 I did love
 To draw near, and wish'd for wings
 II
 All these joys which caught my mind
 Now I find
 To be bubbles, full of wind 10
 Glow-worms, only shining bright
 When that we
 Blinded be
 By dark folly's stupid night

III
 Looking up then I did go
 To and fro,
 When indeed they were below
 For now that mine eyes see clear,
 Fair no more
 Small and poor, 20
 Far beneath me they appear
 IV
 But a nobler light I spy,
 Much more high
 I than that sun which shines i' th' sky
 Since it's sight, all earthly things
 I detest,
 'T here to rest,
 Give, O give me the dove's wings¹

¹ This title (see *Introd*), while proper enough for the opening piece, has no great appropriateness to the whole section

²² One can hardly help pointing out that C had *not* found this lauded 'content in cells'

² Observe that he quotes the A V and not the Vulgate

¹ It is fair to observe that this piece is not mere copybook morality, or 'sour grapes C', as a Pope's favourite, had 'drawn near the pomp of kings'

Triolets

Servire Deo Regnare est

I

ARE these the things I sigh'd for so, before?
For want of these, did I complain of Fate?
It cannot be Sure there was somewhat more
That I saw then, and priz'd at a true rate,
Or a strange dullness had obscur'd my sight,
And even rotten wood glitters i' th' night

II

Mine eyes were dim, I could no nearer get,
This trash was with its most advantage plac'd
No marvel then, if all my thoughts were set
On folly, since it seem'd so fairly grac'd
But now that I can see, and am got near
Ugly (as 'tis indeed) it doth appear

10

III

Now, were I put on th' Erithrean sands,
I would not stoop the choicest jew'ls to take
Should th' Indian bring me gold in fulfill'd hands
I would refuse all offers he could make
Gems are but sparkling froth, natural glass,
Gold's but gilt clay, or the best sort of brass

IV

Long since (for all his monarchy) that bee
Which rules in a large hive, I did despise
A mole hill's chiefest ant I laugh'd to see,
But any prince of men I much did prize
The world now seems to me no bigger then
Mole hill, or hive, ants, bees, no less than men

20

V

Who wishes then for power, or plenty craves,
O let him look down on them both from hence!
He'll see that kings in thrones, as well as graves,
Are but poor worms, enslav'd to vilest sense
He'll find that none are poor who care for nought
But they who having much, for more have sought

30

VI

Come, poor deluded wretch! climb up to me,
My naked hermitage will teach all this
'I will teach thee too where truest riches be,
And how to gain a never fading bliss
'Twill make thee see that truly none do reign
But those who serve our common sovereign

9 marvel] Orig 'mervayle'

23 then] The form, which is usual as usual, must be kept here for the rhyme

36 sovereign] Orig 'soverayne'

Patrick Carey

The invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made — *Ep to y^e Rom 1 20*

I

WHILST I beheld the neck o' th'
dove,
I spied and read these words
' This pretty dye
Which takes your eye,
Is not at all the bird's
The dusky raven might
Have with these colours pleas'd your
sight,
Had God but chose so to ordain
above ,'
This label wore the dove

II

Whilst I admir'd the nightingale, 10
These notes she warbled o'er
' No melody
Indeed have I,
Admire me then no more
God has it in His choice
To give the owl, or me, this voice ,
'Tis He, 'tis He that makes me tell
my tale ,'
This sang the nightingale

III

I smelt and prais'd the fragrant rose,
Blushing, thus answer'd she 20
' The praise you gave,
The scent I have,
Do not belong to me ,
This harmless odour, none
But only God indeed does own ,
To be His keepers, my poor leaves
He chose ,'
And thus replied the rose

IV

I took the honey from the bee,
On th' bag these words were seen
' More sweet than this 30
Perchance nought is,
Yet gall it might have been
If God it should so please,
He could still make it such with ease,
And as well gall to honey change
can He ,'
I his learnt I of the bee

V

I touch'd and lik'd the down o' th'
swan ,
But felt these words there writ
' Bristles, thorns, here
I soon should bear, 40
Did God ordain but it ,
If my down to thy touch
Seem soft and smooth, God made it
such ,
Give more, or take all this away, He
can ,'
I his was I taught by th' swan

VI

All creatures, then, confess to God
That th' owe Him all, but I
My senses find
I rue, that my mind
Would still, oft does, deny 50
Hence, Pride ' out of my soul '
O'er it thou shalt no more control ,
I'll learn this lesson, and escape the
rod
I, too, have all from God

Crux via Cœlorum

I

LOUDLY the winds do blow,
High do the sea-waves go ,
Where is the sailor now, I'd know ?
Amidst the billows (look) how he is
tost,
Yet hopes the shore t' obtain
In a small bark the ocean he has
crosst

All for a little gain
He fits his sails to th' wind,
Then carelessly he sings ,
The hope he has contents his
mind, 10
And comfort to him brings
Heaven for to gain then, shall I be
less bold,
Than is a sailor for a little gold ?

Triolets

II

Whilst it doth rain, freeze, snow,
 Whilst coldest winds do blow,
 How clad does the poor captive go?
 No furs has he to wrap his body
 in,
 Nay more, he cares for none,
 But scorns all weathers in his naked
 skin,
 Fear makes him make no moan 20
 He has upon his back
 The marks of many a wand,
 Yet (after stripes) he is not slack
 'To kiss his master's hand
 And shall I then for love, repine to
 bear
 Less than a naked slave endures for
 fear?

III

The scars of many a blow
 Can the maim'd soldier show,
 Yet still unto the war does go
 Fame makes him watch many a
 winter night, 30
 He sleeps oft on the ground,
 With hunger, thirst, and foes he oft
 must fight,
 And all but for a sound
 Whole long days must he march,
 When all his force is spent,
 The scorching sun his skin doth
 parch,
 Yet is his heart content
 Shall then for fame a soldier do all
 this,
 And I shrink, suff'ring less for
 heavenly bliss?

IV

In a dark cave below 40
 The conqueror does throw
 His miserable vanquish'd foe
 Deep is the dungeon where that
 wretch is cast,
 Thither day comes not nigh,
 Dampish and nasty vapours do him
 blast,
 Yet still his heart is high
 His prison is so strait
 He cannot move at will,
 Huge chains oppress him with their
 weight,
 Yet has he courage still 50
 And can I think I want my libertee,
 When in such thrall he keeps his
 mind so free?

V

It shall not be No, no,
 The sailor I'll outgo,
 The soldier, slave, and vanquish'd
 foe,
 When others rage, I'll think how I
 am tost,
 The seaman in the main,
 The naked slave shall, i' th' most
 piercing frost,
 Make me bear any pain
 The march I'll call to mind, 60
 When weary, and get wings
 I est I should think myself confin'd
 The prisoner freedom brings
 Whene'er restraint, or grief, or fear,
 or cold,
 Tempt me, these thoughts will then
 my mind uphold

Man is born unto trouble — *Job*, ch v vers 7

Crucifixus pro Nobis

CHRIST IN THE CRADLE

I

Look, how he shakes for cold !
 How pale his lips are grown !
 Wherein his limbs to fold

Yet mantle has he none
 His pretty feet and hands
 (Of late more pure and white
 Than is the snow
 That pains them so)

5 hands] It is worth noting that the fifth line in each stanza is left unrhymed. The
 regularity, and the ease with which rhyme could have been supplied, prevent the
 assignment of this to chance or carelessness

7 snow] Scott 'show,' but it must be a misprint

Patrick Carey

Have lost their candour quite
His lips are blue 10
(Where roses grew),
He's frozen ev'rywhere
All th' heat he has
Joseph, alas !
Gives in a groan , or Mary in a tear

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN

II

Look, how he glows for heat !
What flames come from his eyes !
'Tis blood that he does sweat,
Blood his bright forehead dyes
See, see ! It trickles down 20
Look, how it showers amain !
Through every pore
His blood runs o'er,
And empty leaves each vein
His very heart
Burns in each part ,
A fire his breast doth sear
For all this flame,
To cool the same
He only breathes a sigh, and weeps
a tear 30

CHRIST IN HIS PASSION

III

What bruises do I see !
What hideous stripes are those !

Could any cruel be
Enough, to give such blows ?
Look, how they bind his arms
And vex his soul with scorns,
Upon his hair
They make him wear
A crown of piercing thorns
Through hands and feet 40
Sharp nails they beat
And now the cross they rear
Many look on ,
But only John
Stands by to sigh, Mary to shed a
tear

IV

Why did he shake for cold ?
Why did he glow for heat ?
Dissolve that frost he could,
He could call back that sweat 49
Those bruises, stripes, bonds, taunts,
Those thorns, which thou didst see,
Those nails, that cross,
His own life's loss,
Why, O why suffered he ?
'Twas for thy sake
Thou, thou didst make
Him all those torments bear
If then his love
Do thy soul move,
Sigh out a groan, weep down a
melting tear 60

Ex dolore gaudium

Fallax et Instabilis

There is nothing new under the sun —*Ecd* 1 v 10

I

'Tis a strange thing, this world,
Nothing but change I see
And yet it is most true
That in 't there's nothing new,
Though all seem new to me
The rich become oft poor,
And heretofore 'twas so ,
The poor man rich doth grow,
And so 'twas heretofore

Nor is it a new thing 10
'To have a subject made a king ,
Or that a king should from his throne
be hurl'd
'Tis a strange thing this world
II
All things below do change,
The sea in rest ne'er lies ,
Ne'er lay in rest, nor will
The weather alters still,

9 candour] Lit = 'whiteness'

Triolets

<p>And ne'er did otherwise Consum'd is many a town By fire, how, none can tell 20 Plains up to mountains swell, While mountains do sink down Yet ought we not t' admire The sea, the air, the earth, or fire The sun does think nothing of all this strange, Since all things here still change III Let none then fix his heart Upon such trifling toys,</p>		<p>But seek some object out, Whose change he ne'er may doubt, There, let him place his joys 31 Since that our souls are made For ever to endure, Of chiefest grief w' are sure, If what we love must fade For friends feel greatest pain When one must go, t' other remain With what I love then, that I ne'er may part, On God I'll fix my heart</p>
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Vide in omnibus vanitatem et afflictionem animi, et nihil permanere sub
sole — *Ecclesiastes* 11 v 11¹

Nulla Fides

I

FOR God's sake mark that fly
 See what a poor, weak, little thing it is
 When thou hast mark'd, and scorn'd it, know that this,
 This little, poor, weak fly
 Has kill'd a pope, can make an emp'rour die

II

Behold yon spark of fire
 How little hot! how near to nothing 'tis!
 When thou hast done despising, know that this,
 This contemn'd spark of fire,
 Has burnt whole towns, can burn a world entire 10

III

That crawling worm there see
 Ponder how ugly, filthy, vile it is
 When thou hast seen and loath'd it, know that this,
 This base worm thou dost see,
 Has quite devour'd thy parents, shall eat thee

IV

Honour, the world, and man,
 What trifles are they, since most true it is
 That this poor fly, this little spark, this
 So much abhorr'd worm, can
 Honour destroy, burn worlds, devour up man 20

³⁰ doubt] In the sense of 'tear'

¹ Here we have A V at head, and Vulg at foot as a polite host distributes the graces between clerics

⁵ Did any particular fly kill any particular pope? [Some say 'Yes Breakspear (Adrian IV), our only English pontiff'] It does not need Patrick Carey or Jeremy Taylor to tell us that any might kill any

¹² vile] Orig 'vild'

Patrick Carey

I

WHAT use has he made of his soul
Who (still on vices bent)
Ne'er strove his passions to control,
But hum'ring them, his life has
spent?

Pray tell me, if I can

Call such a very thing as that is,
man?

For since that just as sense has bid,
And would not hear when reason chid,
It do, or leave, it wrought, or ceast,
Or her commands regard the least,
It might have liv'd e'en as it did, 11
And yet have been a beast

II

Had it a lion been, just so
It would roar out, and fume
Were it a peacock, it would go
Just thus, admiring its own plume
Or if it were a goat,
Thus, only on base pleasures it
would dote
More than this thing, the ravenous
hog

Accept in vano animam suam — *Psalm* cxlii vers 4

Searches not, where his guts to fill
Nor at a stranger's hound, the dog 21
O' th' house more snarl or envy
will,
Than this odd thing (though apt to
cog)

Repine at others still

III

The crow, that hoards up all she
finds,

The ant, that still takes pains,
Do nothing more, then he who
minds

But how to fill his bags with gains
The snail and sluggard be
Within alike, tho' in shape they dis-
agree 30

Call not that thing then, man, even
as

Thou wouldst not injure by the same
Man, who like God created was,
God, who for man's sake, man
became

But, since so much o' th' beast it has,
Call it by its own name

Dirige vias meas Domine !

I

OPEN thyself, and then look in,
Consider what thou mightst have bin,
And what thou art now made by
sin

II

Asham'd o' th' state to which th' art
brought,
Detest, and grieve for each past
fault,
Sigh, weep, and blush for each foul
thought

III

Fear, but despair not, and still
love,
Look humbly up to God above,
And Him thou'lt soon to pity move

(478)

IV

Resolve on that which prudence
shows, 10
Perform what thou dost well pro-
pose,
And keep i' th' way thou hast once
chose

V

Vice, and what looks like vicious,
shun,
Let use make good acts eas'ly done
Have zeal, as when th' hadst first
begun

VI

Hope strongly, yet be humble still,
Thy good is God's, what thine, is ill
Do thus, and thee affect He will

Triolets

VII

Pray, when with others, when alone,
To scorn, or praise, be as a stone 20
Forget thyself, and all, but One

VIII

Remove what stands 'twixt God and
thee
Use not thy fancy, Him to see
One with His will, make thy will
be

IX

Look purely on God when thou doest
well,
But not on heaven, much less on
hell

X

Thou'lt get Him thus in thee to dwell
Useless our Master we do serve,
Our labours no reward deserve,
Yet happy who these rules observe

Nobis natus in Pretium

Nobis datus in Præmium

I

GREAT GOD! I had been nothing
but for thee,
Thy all-creating power first made me
be
And yet, no sooner had I got
A being, but I straight forgot
That thou (great God!) that thou
hadst given it me
My being somewhat I did spend
Only thy goodness to offend,
And, though chastis'd, yet ne'er
would mend

II

Christ! but for thee, I had remain'd
so,
Thou didst redeem me, though I
were thy foe 10
And yet thou hadst no sooner spilt
Thy blood, to wash away my guilt,
But my ingratitude I straight did
show
My chains thou kindly didst unloose,
My liberty I soon did lose,
And, to become a slave, did choose

III

Blest Spirit! once again my soul to
try
Thou didst her cleanse, renew, and
sanctify
Scarce was she purg'd by thy flame,
But straight more horrid she became
Than ere (blest Spirit!) thou didst
her purify 21
All the three Persons now in vain
Had tried a perverse soul to gain,
Who was resolv'd on her own bane

IV

Thus, though to save me, God strove
ev'ry way,
To punishment I did myself betray
I grieve for th' ill that I have done,
I weep to see myself undone,
But, in excuse, have not one word to
say
Yes (God!) since thou didst me
create, 30
I then ransom, then sanctificate,
Save what th' hast bought at such a
rate!

Exprimetur

WHO, without horror, can that house behold
(Though ne'er so fair) which is with tombstones made,
Whose walls, fraught with inscriptions writ of old,
Say still, 'Here underneath somebody's laid'
Though such translated churchyards shine with gold,
Yet they the builder's sacrilege upbraid,

Exprimetur] This must have had a special bearing but what, who shall say?

Patrick Carey

And the wrong'd ghosts, there haunting uncontroll'd,
Follow each one his monumental shade

But they that by the poor man's downfall rise,
Have sadder epitaphs carv'd on their chests
As, 'Here the widow, Here the orphan lies'
Who sees their wealth, their avarice detests,
Whilst th' injur'd for revenge urge heaven with cries,
And, through its guilt, th' oppressor's mind ne'er rests

10

Dies Iræ, Dies Illa

I

A DAY full of horror, must
All this world dissolve to dust
Prophets say it, w' are to trust

II

What heart will be void of fear
When our great judge shall appear
Strictly each man's cause to hear?

III

A shrill trumpet there will sound,
All must rise from underground,
And the Judge's throne surround

IV

How astonish'd then will be
Death and Nature, when they see
From their laws each body free?

V

A book where men's deeds are writ
Shall be read, the Judge to it
Will th' eternal sentence fit

VI

At his sitting, 'twill be vain
To conceal a secret stain,
Nought unpunish'd shall remain

VII

How shall I that day endure?
What friend shall I then procure,
When the just are scarce secure?

VIII

My request do not reject,
Thou that savest thine elect,
God of mercy, me protect

IX

Christ! remember in that day,
I'm thy sheep, tho' gone astray!
Leave me not to wolves a prey

X

Weary, oft me sought thou hast,
For me, nail'd to the cross thou
wast

Lose not all these pray'rs at last

XI

I hough my sins to vast sums mount,
Yet thy mercies them surmount
O ne'er call them to account!

XII

I confess my guilt th' art meek
Grant that pardon which I seek!
Lo, shame's blushes dye each cheek

XIII

Mary, and the thief, scarce leave
Sin, but thou dost them receive,
What hopes hence mayn't I con-
ceive?

XIV

I rue, my prayers deserve not aught,
By thy passion th' art besought!
Keep me from the fiery vault!

XV

'Mongst the sheep grant me a stand,
Drive me from the goats' curs'd
band,

Placing me on thy right hand

XVI

This t' obtain, my knees I bend,
For this, all my prayers I send
Lord, take care of my last end!

XVII

O! that day 'll cause weeping eyes,
When to judgement men shall
rise,

'Gainst then, mercy! my soul cries

30 pray'rs] 'pains' ('labor') Scott's text has 'this'

Notes

[By SIR WALTER SCOTT — ED]

NOTE I

BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF 'THE HEALTHS'

*Come, faith, since I'm parting, and
that God knows when
The walls of sweet Wickham I shall
see again, &c*

I am unable to point out the hospitable mansion of Wickham here alluded to, or the good Knight to whom it belonged, though an editor, better skilled in English topography, might probably have discovered both. The ballad itself reminds us of the good old days, when

It was great in the hall,
When beards wagg'd all —
We shall ne'er see the like again !—

These were the times, when the aged blue-coated serving man formed an attached and indivisible part of a great man's family and shared in domestic festivities, rather as a familiar, though humble friend, than as a hired menial. The household of the Knight of Wickham seems to have been quite that of the 'Queen's old Courtier' in the ballad, and the special enumeration of all the domestics argues that Mr Carey had not disdained a cup of sack in the buttery any more than in the oaken parlour.

In truth, in these jovial days, when the company had a mind for an extraordinary frolic, beyond the measure of decorum suited to their rooms of entertainment, it was no unusual thing to descend to the cellar itself, where many a fair round was drunk, and where the serving men were at least occasionally allowed to partake of their master's festivity [See Introd — ED]

NOTE II

BALLAD TO THE TUNE—'I'LL TELL THEE, DICK,' &c

*And can you think that this translation
Will benefit at all our nation,
Though fair be the pretence ?*

On 25th October, 1650, the Rump-Parliament made a sweeping order, that all books of the laws be put into English, and that all writs, process, and returns thereof, patents, commissions, indictments, and judgements, records, rules, and proceedings in courts of justice, shall be in the English tongue only, and not in Latin or French, or any other language than English. The policy of this order was to intimidate the lawyers, by threatening not only to unveil, but to destroy the mysteries of their profession, and to gratify the Independents, who, being as much above control by civil as by divine ordinances, had got it into their heads, that the common law was a badge of the Norman Conquest, under which idea Barebone's parliament afterwards set seriously about its total abrogation. In November 1650, the subject was resumed, and underwent much discussion, in which Whitelocke took share. The question being put, it was unanimously carried, that the act should pass for turning the law-books, and the process and proceedings in the courts of justice, into English — See WHITELOCKE'S *Memorials*, folio, 459, 460 — It is scarce necessary to say, that the act was never put into force.

The poet ridicules, with some success, the absurdity of this innovation, which, like the translation of botanical classifications, could only tend to substitute a barbarous vernacular jargon of

Patrick Carey

dubious import, instead of the technical language of law-Latin and law-French, to which time and the course of practice had given an exact and discriminate meaning

Some passages in this ballad induce me to think Carey was bred to the law, and the thirteenth stanza, in which he attacks the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, seems to intimate that he may have been a Catholic [See note *in loc* —ED]

NOTE III

BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF 'THAT
WE MAY ROW,' &c

*Good people of England ! come hear
me relate, &c*

An impost on French wine, in the year 1651, seems much to have afflicted the suffering Cavaliers, who were too apt to call in Bacchus as an auxiliary, in their hours of distress and dejection. Carey, in revenge, makes himself merry with Oliver Cromwell's large red nose, a feature in which Dryden has found subject of eulogy [This last observation is rather a 'large' construction of the *Stanzas* —ED]

NOTE IV

BALLAD TO THE TUNE—'AND WILI
YE NOW TO PEACE INCLIN'

*The parliament ('tis said) resolv'd,
That, sometime ere they were dissolv'd
They'd pardon each delinquent*

The Long Parliament, in the year 1651, to retrieve their decaying popularity, agitated at different times, and particularly on the 16th of September,

the healing measure of an act of oblivion and general indemnity to all delinquents. It was not, however, finally passed until the 1st of March, 1652-3, and was then clog'd with too many exceptions to be of much use to the suffering Cavaliers. During the interval, while the act was in dependence, Carey seems to have written this ballad, in which he satirizes the delays which the Parliament attached to the execution of this healing ordinance. It is generally known how well Cromwell's subsequent conduct conformed to the hint expressed in the last stanza

NOTE V

BALLAD TO A FRENCH TUNE

*A griev'd Countess, that ere long
Must leave off her sweet nois'd title, &c*

The vote of the Long Parliament, declaring the House of Peers, in parliament, useless and dangerous, was followed by an act abolishing the same. This utter destruction of the ancient constitution was, in some degree, retarded by Cromwell, who when he had established a sort of royalty in his own person, next attempted to re-establish a species of aristocracy, by summoning a House of Peers, a few of whom were persons of noble families, but by far the greater part soldiers of fortune, who had risen from the lowest rank. The old nobility would not deign to accept of a dignity which they were to share with such compeers, and so the projected aristocracy fell into utter contempt.

The complaint of the 'Grieved Countess' refers to the original abolition of rank and privileges of nobility

POEMS.

By W. H.

— *cineri gloria sera venit.*



Cassiana

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Thomas Dring* at the George
in Fleetstreet, near *Cliffords Lane*
Gate, 1655.

INTRODUCTION TO WILLIAM HAMMOND

THE author of the following Poems has more claims than one or two as respects admission to these volumes. In the first place his work, though containing nothing quite so good as some of his fellows here can offer, is of even merit and quite characteristic of the time. In the second, he is very rare, and even the reprint by Sir Egerton Brydges, which is fairly faithful to the original, and has been used here (after collation with it) as 'copy,' was printed to the number of only sixty (some say only forty). In the third (and it would be possible to add others, though I shall not do so), he illustrates the peculiarly seventeenth-century feature of poetical *clannishness* in his relations to Stanley and to Sandys. Except these relationships, and his bare position in his own family-tree, we really know nothing about him, though genealogy gives us a further link beforehand with a still greater poetical 'illustration'—Shelley.

Hammond appears to have had the poetical possibilities which were so astonishingly common in his generation, more than usually stirred into actuality by his connexion with poets. No small proportion of his poems is actually addressed to Stanley, not a little of the rest has reference to the death of the poet's sister's husband, Henry Sandys. Common as is—in fact or in pretence—the 'command to write verses,' one can hardly imagine it anywhere more necessary, while it has in many been worse justified, than in Hammond's. He, if ever there was one, is an '*occasional* poet' as well as a minor one. There are, of course, high-flying persons who would say that such a combination is, or ought to be, anathema. But their excommunication is of very little force or value. It is in the minor and occasional poets of a time that you can see best whether that time is or is not poetical. What the great ones say is not evidence or is only evidence which has to be taken and qualified with such allowances for individuality that it is very nearly useless. With poets like Hammond the evidence requires no treatment, no smelting and sifting and doctoring of any kind whatsoever. In some times such a man could not have done such work; in others he would have been extremely unlikely to do it; in yet others the poetical quality, even at the mild strength in which it here presents itself, would have been 'flashier,' more irregular, less trustworthy. In the days when I used to review scores, if not hundreds of volumes of verse every year, how

William Hammond

many pieces do I remember like 'Husbandry' ? I shall not say how many, lest I should have to say how few

This other 'harvest of a quiet mind,' though well worth the garnering by and for those who can enjoy it, gives comparatively little opening for comment Hammond is neither recondite, nor eccentric, nor risky One of the best critical uses that can be made of him is to compare him with his namesake and relative, of the next century, James Hammond, whose *Elegies* will be duly found in Chalmers Although this class of literary pairs is pretty numerous there is hardly a better one of the kind for the positive and intrinsic poetic faculty of the two writers would not appear to have been so very different, and their subjects are sufficiently similar

The former Editor's Preface is in parts so piquant, and so characteristic of 'Chandos of Sudeley,' who with all his foibles, really did very great service to English literature, that I have thought it worth while to reprint its opening and closing portions in a note ¹

¹ 'At the period of literature at which the present Reprint, limited to a very few copies, is offered to the public, it cannot be necessary, or less than impertinent, to apologize for the revival of scarce volumes of old poetry At the same time an Editor whose zeal involves him in such an occupation will be much mistaken if he shall expect any praise, or even shall hope to escape illiberal censure or back-biting sneers for his toil and his pecuniary risk If this Editor be one, who undertakes these things as a task, and not as an amusement, if he wastes long labour and minute and painful attention on these trifles, he will probably magnify the importance of his subject, till he exposes it to the just ridicule of a severe judgment or correct taste, if on the contrary he takes it up as a short relief from the fatigue of high and serious vocations, if he seizes at intervals a few moments of doubtful and hurried leisure, to soothe his weary spirits with a dalliance among these recreations of his early attachment, his pages will probably exhibit some marks of inadvertence and haste, on which fools will fix with eagerness, and over which stupid exactness will triumph There are those, who think that what cannot be done perfectly, it were better to forbear He who is deterred by this sentiment from acting, is selfish and he, who thus judges of the acts of another, is neither candid, nor wise

'In the midst of anxious cares, occupied in the laborious discharge of public duties, urged by honour and zeal to the performance of numerous literary engagements, I struggle as I can, through all the added employments which an inextinguishable ardour induces me to impose on myself, with the expectation of leisure which never comes, and calmness of mind which never visits me while a thankless set of readers, neither knowing, nor bound to regard if they knew, the difficulties of performance which render my labours so imperfect, seem only to seek out the omissions, or the oversights, which want of time has occasioned,

"aut incuria fudit"

'I call on no one, whose curiosity or taste it will not gratify, to purchase this little volume! On the contrary, I protest against his purchase of it! I seek not his praise I scorn his censure, or his criticism it is not for him that I have laboured!

'The County of Kent has in former ages not been without its literary glory In a preceding century it produced not only Sir Thomas Wyatt, but those two illustrious examples of genius Lord Buckhurst and Sir Philip Sydney At the æra of which I am writing, it was not adorned with equal splendor but a laudable spirit of literature seems then to have prevailed among the gentilitual families, especially of the eastern part of the county Hence sprung Sir John Finet and Sir John Mennes, not unknown for their wit as well to the nation as to the court in those times while the families of Digges, Hawkins, Dering, Honywood, Harlete, Twysden, Sandys, Lovelace, Manwood, Oxenden, Bargrave, Boys, Cowper, and Wyatt, were all engaged in pursuits of

Introduction

genius, or of learning The effects of example are so obvious, that it is easy to account for this honourable ambition having been so generally spread in a narrow neighbourhood, when once excited It seems to have expired with that generation, and I know not that it ever revived again If I feel any regret at this, it is a mere matter of personal feeling, with which the reader has no concern, and I have lived too long to embroil myself with neighbours, merely because our pursuits are ungenial and we have different estimates of distinction and importance The race of Country Gentlemen is rapidly dwindling away, and I lament it with a keen anticipation of the substantial evils which will follow their extinction I will not therefore hint a word to their disadvantage, though they may not in all respects realize that pure and intellectual ambition, which a visionary fancy paints as drawing its food from groves and forests and all the enchantment of rural scenery

‘I regret that I can give no other particulars of this Poet than those of his descent The present heir of the family, whom I have consulted on this occasion, has no memorials of him among his papers his name alone is recorded in the pedigree, without even the addition of a date, and his very existence would have been buried in the grave with “the tribe without a name,” had he not himself preserved in these poems the few links by which he can be joined to his proper family and place

‘I wish that these pieces had contained, like many others to which such things form the principal attraction, more notices of friends, relations, acquaintances, rivals, and others, with whom he had communication in the occurrences of life In these pages we can trace little of his habits, or real sentiments There are passages in them which approach to elegance, and even to poetry, but they are almost always of a faint and minor cast they betray rather the echo of some contemporary, than the vigour of original power, but then they exhibit a mind highly cultivated, and well exercised in that style of composition, which the example of the day rendered most attractive’

PEDIGREE OF HAMMOND OF ST. ALBANS COURT

Thomas Hammond \neg Alice, daugh of Edw
 purchased St Albans Court in Monins, of Wulder-
 Nonington, Kent, 1551, died share, Esq, 2d wife
 1566 See *Colé's Escheats*,
Harl MSS 758

Edward Hammond, of St Albans Court, Esq \neg Katherine Shelley, of
 æt 16, 1566 Patsham, in Sussex

Sir Wm Hammond, of St Albans Court, \neg Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Aucher, Esq
 born 1579, knighted 1607, died 1615 by Margaret, daughter of Edwyn Sandys,
Qu ob vita fatris? Archbp of York She re married Walter
 Balcanqual, Dean of Rochester, who died
 1645

1 Ant Hammond, Esq \neg Anne, daughter
 of St. Albans Court, of Sir Dudley
 born 1608, died 1661 Digges, knt

2 Edward

3 William,
 born, 1614,
the poet

Mary, married 1621
 Sir Thos Stanley,
 of Cumberland, in
 Hertfordshire

Margaret, born 1610,
 \neg Hen Sandys, ne-
 phew of Geo San-
 dys, the poet

Thomas Stanley, the poet

1 William Hammond, \neg Eliz Marsham
 of St Albans Court,
 died 1685, great
 great grandfather of
 the present¹ William
 Hammond, Esq of
 St Albans Court

2 Dudley Hammond

3 Anthony Hammond,
 of Somersham, Co
 Hunts, grandfather of
 James Hammond, the
 Elegiac poet

Eliz, born 1611, married
 Sir John Marsham, Bart,
 the Antiquary She died
 1689

¹ In 1816 the date of the reprint

POEMS

Commanded to write Verses

MADAM,
 SINCE your command inspires
 My willing heart with lyric fires,
 I hough my composure owe its birth,
 Or to cold water, or dull earth,
 Wanting the active qualities
 That spritely fire and air com-
 prise,
 Yet guided by that influence,
 I may with those defects dis-
 pense,
 And raptures no less winning vent
 Than the fam'd Phrastian instru-
 ment, 10
 What, though old sullen Saturn lie
 Brooding on my nativity,
 So your bright eyes the clouds dis-
 pell,
 Which on my drooping fancy dwell !

But stay, what glass have we so
 bright,
 To do your matchless beauty right ?
 Nature but from her own disgrace
 Can add no lustre to that face,
 Not from her patterns can we find
 A form to represent your mind 20
 The figures which this world invest
 Are images, in which exprest
 Some truer essences appear,
 Which not to sight subjected are
 So you, fair Celia, inwardly
 Dissemble well the Deity,
 And counterfeit in flesh and skin
 The fineness of a Cherubin
 But, fair one, if you must put on
 The order's Institution, 30
 Admitted to this Hierarchy,
 A guardian angel be to me

The Walk

BLES'D Walk ! that with your leavy arms embrace
 In small, what beauty the dilated face
 Of the whole world contains ! The violet,
 Bowing its humble head down at her feet,
 Pays homage for the livery of her veins
 Roses and lilies, and what beauteous stains
 Nature adorns the Spring with, are but all
 Faint copies of this fair Original
 She is a moving Paradise, doth view
 Your greens, not to refresh herself, but you 10
 This path's th' Ecliptic, heat prolific hence
 Is shed on you by her kind influence,
 She is, alas ! too like the Sun, who grants
 That warmth to all, which in himself he wants
 You thus oblig'd, this benefit return,
 Teach her by lectures visible to burn,

Title Commanded] Both 'request of friends' and 'hunger' have produced worse
 verses

30 Institution] Seems to be used here in the clerical sense = 'investiture'

2 a dilated] Awkward, but intelligible enough

William Hammond

That she, when Zephyr moves each whisp'ring bough
To kiss his neighbour, thence may learn t' allow
The real seals of kindness, and be taught
By twining woodbines what sweet joys are caught 20
In such embraces Thus, and thousand ways
Told you by amorous Fairies, and the lays
Of your fond guardian, waken her desires,
Requiting your own warmth with equal fires

Husbandry

WHEN I began my Love to sow, Because with Venus' doves I plow'd, Fool that I was, I did not know That frowns for furrows were allow'd	Coyness shuts Love into a stove, So frost bound lands their own heat feed 10 Neglect sits brooding upon Love, As pregnant snow on winter-seed The harvest is not till we two Shall into one contracted be, Love's crop alone doth richer grow, Decreasing to identity All other things not nourish'd are But by Assimilation Love, in himself and diet spare, Grows fat by Contradiction 20
The broken heart to make clods torn By the sharp arrows of Disdain, Crumbled by pressing rolls of Scorn, Gives issue to the springing gram	

Mutual Love

FROM our Loves, heat and light are taught to twine,
In their bright nuptial bed of solar beams,
From our Loves, Thame and Isis learn to join,
Losing themselves in one another's streams
And if Fate smile, the fire Love's emblem bears,
If not, the water represents our tears
From our Loves all magnetic virtue grows,
Steel to th' obdurate loadstone is inclin'd
From our Loves all the power of chymists flows,
Earth by the Sun is into gold refin'd 10
And if Fate smile, this shall Love's arrows head,
If not, in those is our hard fortune read
From our still springing Loves the youthful Bays
Is in a robe of lasting verdure drest,
From our firm Loves the Cypress learns to raise,
Green in despite of storms, her deathless crest
And if Fate smile, with that our temples bound,
If not, with this our hearses shall be crown'd

18 Assimilation—Contradiction] This rhyme on the mere *ion* is very ugly, and not so common as the frequent valuation of these two syllables might suggest 'Upon' and 'perfection' (*v inf* on opposite page) is much better

Go, fickle Man, and teach the Moon

The Forsaken Maid

Go, fickle Man, and teach the Moon to change,
The winds to vary, the coy Bee to range
You that despise the conquest of a town,
Render'd without resistance of one frown

Is this of easy faith the recompense?
Is my prone love's too prodigal expense
Rewarded with disdain? Did ever dart
Rebound from such a penetrable heart?

Diana, in the service of whose shrine,
Myself to single life I will confine,
Revenge thy Votaress, for unto thee
The ruling ocean bends his azure knee

10

And since he loves upon rough seas to ride,
Grant such an Adria, whose swelling tide,
And stormy tongue, may his false vessel wrack,
And make the cordage of his heart to crack

Another

Know, falsest Man, as my love was
Greater than thine, or thy desert,
My scorn shall likewise thine sur-
pass,

And thus I tear thee from my
heart

Thou art so far my love below,
That than my anger thou art less,
I neither love nor quarrel now,
But pity thy unworthiness

Go join, before thou think to wed,
Thy heart and tongue in wed-
lock's knot

10

Can peace be reaped from his bed,
Who with himself accordeth not?

Go learn to weigh thy words upon
The balance of reality,
And having that perfection
Attain'd, come then, and I'll scorn
thee

J C

ANAGRAM — 'I can be any lover'

SEE how the letters of thy name
impart

The very whispers of thy heart
Thine name came surely out of
Adam's mint,

It bears so well thy nature's print
Woman *materia prima* doth present,
Is to all forms indifferent,
As pictures do at once with various
eyes,

Distinctly view all companies,
With such a steadfast look, that each
man would

9

Swear they did only him behold
I hus run we in a wheel, where stead-
fast ground

To fix our footing is not found,
Whilst woman's heart incliningly
doth move,

Like twigs to every sigh of Love

8 from] B wrongly 'for'

William Hammond

She, who imparts her smiles to more
 than one,
 May many like, but can love none
 The force of all things in contraction
 lies,
 And Love thrives by monopolies

Those glasses that collect the scat-
 ter'd rays 19
 Into one point, a flame can raise
 Straiten the object, you increase
 love's store,
 So loving less, you love the more

De Melidoria

É JOH BARCLAIH POEM LIB II

'WHY languish I, ye Gods, alone?
 Why only I? when not one groan
 Afflicteth her for whom I die
 You mighty powers of Love, oh why
 Doth Melidore despise your darts,
 And their effects too, bleeding
 hearts?

If thus, oh Gods, ye suffer her
 Unpunished, none will prefer
 Your altars, such examples may
 Become the ruin of your sway' 10

With Venus and her mighty son
 Expostulating thus, I won
 This answer 'Alas,' Cupid cries,
 'I hood-wink'd am, my closèd eyes
 Bound with a fillet, that my bow
 Can none but roving shafts let go,
 Hence 'tis that troops of violent
 Youth their misplaced loves resent,
 That some love rashly, some again
 Congealed are with cold disdain' 20

Wouldst thou thy mistress, I inspire,
 And in her breast convey that fire
 Which nature suffers not to find
 Birth from thy tears? Do but un-
 bind

My eyes, and I will take such aim,
 As she shall not escape my flame'

Thus spake the boy, my ready hand
 Preparèd was to loose the band 28
 From his fair eyelids, that his sight
 Might to his dart give steady flight,
 When my good Genius' prudent ear
 Whisper'd to my rash soul, Beware!
 Ah, shameless boy, deceitful Love,
 I see thy plot should I remove
 Those chains of darkness from thy
 eyes,

Thou Melidore so much would prize,
 That straight my rival thou wouldst
 be,
 And warm her for thyself, not me

Delay

UPON ADVICE TO DEFER LOVE'S CONSUMMATION

DELAY, whose parents Phlegm and Slumber are,
 Thinkst thou two snails, drawing thy leaden car,
 Can keep pace with the fiery wheels of Love's
 Chariot, that receives motion from swift doves?
 Go visit Fevers, such as conscience rack
 With fear of punishment in death, there slack
 The pulse, or dwell upon the fatal tongues
 Of Judges, shut up their contagious lungs

¹⁵ She, who] Hammond does not often attain this sententious point, which is certainly good in form, whatever it may be worth in matter

³ Love's] As bold an *enjambement* as Chamberlayne himself ever dared

⁵ Fevers] Is this = 'fever patients'?

Delay

Thou mayst a gaol rejoice, but not decree
To Love's glad prisoners a jubilee 10
How canst thou think thy frost with icy laws
Can bind my tears, when Love thy cold chain thaws?
He more intense for fighting ice will be,
And raise his heat unto the eighth degree
Thus through thy coldness I shall fiercer burn,
And by thy winter into cinders turn
But since from Ignorance fears oft arise,
And thence are stol'n unequal victories,
Let us describe this foe, muster his force
A handless thing it is, and chills the source 20
Of brave attempts Eyes he pretends too much,
Yet our experience often shows that such
Exactness in surveying opes a gate
To be surpris'd by Semele's sad fate
'Tis a mere trunk, hath not for progress feet,
Coward that fears his own desires to meet
His friends are scarce, the Heavens, whose flight debates
The race with thought, are no confederates
The world is love in act, suspend this fire,
The globe to its old Chaos will retire 30
Infernal souls, but for his loathèd stay,
Might hope their night would open into day
How can this cripple then, not with one band,
Aided by Earth, Heaven, Hell, his power withstand,
Who hath of Earth, Heaven, Hell, the forces broke,
Impos'd on Neptune's self his scorching yoke?
But if thou need'st will haunt me, let thy mace
Arrest delight, when I my Love embrace

Upon Cloris's Visit after Marriage

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE BETWIXT CODRUS AND DAMON, FORSAKEN RIVALS

CODRUS

WHY, Damon, did Arcadian Pan ordain
To drive our flocks from that meridian plain,
Where Cloris' perpendicular shot beams
Scorch'd up our lawns, but that cool Charwell's streams
Might here abate those flames, which higher were,
Than the faint moisture of our flocks could fear?

DAMON

Codrus, I wot the dog that tended there
Our flocks, was he which in the heavenly sphere

⁴ Charwell] This, as well as other things in the poems, gives pretty clear evidence that our 'Ignoto' was an Oxford man. Perhaps there is not, short of absolute burlesque or doggerel, a more glaring instance of 'pastoral' absurdity than some lines of this piece

William Hammond

So hotly hunts the Lion, that the trace
Of Virgo scarce his fiery steps allays, 10
Into our veins a fever he convey'd,
And on our vital spirits fiercely prey'd

CODRUS

Oh, why then brought she back her torrid zone?
Conquer'd her trophies? Let us not alone
After so many deaths? renew'd our flame,
When 'twas impossible to quench the same?
It is the punishment of Hell, to show
The tortur'd souls those joys they must not know!

DAMON

Though my flock languish under her aspect,
My panting dog his office too neglect, 20
Though I refuse repast, and by her eyes
Inflam'd, prostrate myself her sacrifice,
I shall yet covet still her dubious rays,
Whose light revives as much as her heat slays

CODRUS

If Thyrsis slept not in her shady hair,
If in his arms her snow not melted were,
We might expect a more successful day,
And to some hopes our willing hearts betray,
Which now live desperate without joy of light,
Her black eyes shed on us perpetual night 30

DAMON

Codrus, because his ragged flock was thin,
His sheep-walk bare, and his ewes did not yean,
His noble Love (hear this, O swains) resign'd
His eyes' delight, a wealthier mate to find,
But she (rash in her choice) gave her embracc
To one whose bread coarser than Codrus' was

CODRUS

Damon (than whom none e'er did longer burn,
Nor at his rate, upon so small return),
Damon (the pride and glory of the mead,
When nymphs and swains their tun'd measures tread) 40
Begg'd of her that a better choice might prove
She lov'd herself, since him she could not love

DAMON

Had Thyrsis' flocks in milk abounded more,
I should not with such grief my loss deplore

CODRUS

Could Thyrsis' pipe more worthily resound,
Cloris, oh Cloris! I had comfort found

BOTH

That our heart-racking sighs no gain bequeath
To Cloris, is a dying after death

Did not true Love disdain to own

On the Infrequency of Celia's Letters

DID not true love disdain to own
 His spiritual duration,
 From paper fuel, I might guess
 Thy love and writing both surcease
 Together, but I cannot think
 The life and blood of love is ink,
 Yet as when Phœbus leaves our
 coast,
 ('The surface bound with chains of
 frost,)
 Life is sustain'd by coarse repast,
 Such as in spring muscates the
 taste,
 So in my winter, whilst you shine
 In the remotest tropic sign,
 Stramineous food, paper and quill,
 May fodder hungry love, until
 He re obtain solstitial hours,
 To feast upon thy beauty's flowers
 The wonders then of Nature we
 Within ourselves will justify

Or what monumental boast 19
 The first world made, the latter lost
 Thy pointed flame shall constant
 'bide
 As an eternal pyramid,
 The never-dying lamp of Urns
 Reviv'd in my bosom burns
 'Th' attractive virtue of the North
 Resembleth thy magnetic worth,
 And from my scorcht heart, through
 mine eyes
 Fitnean flashes shall arise
 We shall make good, when more
 unite,
 The fable of Hermaphrodite 30
 The spring and harvest of our bliss
 The ripe and budding orange is,
 We little worlds shall thus rehearse
 The wonders of the universe,
 As a small watch keeps equal pace
 With the vast Sun's impetuous race

To her Questioning his Estate

PRITHEE, no more, how can Love
 sail?
 Thy providence becalms our seas
 Suspensive Carc binds up each gale,
 Fear doth the lazy current freeze
 Forecast and Love, the lover swears,
 Remov'd as the two poles should
 be
 But if on them must roll the spheres
 Of our well-tun'd felicity
 If Sums and Terrars I must bring,
 Nor may my inventory hide, 10
 Know I am richer than the king,
 Who gilt Pactolus' yellow tide
 For Love is our philosopher's stone,
 And whatsoe'er doth please thy
 sense,

My prizing estimation
 Shall elevate to quintessence
 Thy lips each cup to wine shall
 charm,
 As the Sun's kisses do the vine,
 Naked embraces keep us warm,
 And stript, than May thou art
 more fine 20
 And when thou hast me in thy arms,
 ('The power of Fancy's then most
 high)
 Instate me by those mighty charms
 In some imperial monarchy
 Thus I am thy wealth, thou art mine
 And what to each other we appear,
 If Love us two in one combine,
 The same then in our selves we are

13 Stramineous] This word (which, if I recollect rightly, Luther was impertinent enough to apply to the Epistle of St James) comes in rather happily here In fact, the piece is as good as its predecessor is not

9 Terrar] Misprinted 'Terror' in B = 'terrier,' 'rent roll and particulars of estate' This is one of the pieces in which Hammond shows his want of a little more *Furor Poeticus* It is Donne somewhat refrigerated

William Hammond

The Spring

SEE how the Spring courts thee, Emaphilis,
The painted meadows to invite thy eyes
Put on their rich embroidery, the shade
Of every grove is now an harbour made
Where devout birds, to celebrate thy praise,
Each morn and evening offer up their lays,
Now the soft wind his winter-rage deposes,
Solicits gardens for the breath of roses,
To pay as homage to thy sweeter lips,
Where such nectarean fragrancy he sips,
That richly laden to the East he roves,
And with thy breath perfumes those spicy groves
Their native fount, and sacred Naiades,
These issuing streams renouncing to thee press,
Whom finding they with purling murmurs chide,
That Nature's law commands away their tide
Wishing that winter would confine their race
In icy chains, that they might stand and gaze
If thou canst thus inflame Nature's cold rheum,
What wonder that my youthful flood consume?

10

20

The Cruel Mistress

TELL me, O Love, why Celia, smooth
As seas when winds forbear to soothe
Their waves to wanton curls, than
down
More swift, which doth the thistle
crown,
Whiter than is the milky road,
That leads to Jove's supreme abode,
Should harder far and rougher be

Than most obdurate rocks to me?
Sheds on my hopes as little day,
As the pale Moon's eclipsèd ray? 10
My heart would break, but that I
hear
Love gently whisper in my ear,
'Actions of women, by affection led,
Must backward, like the sacred
tongue, be read'

To his Mistress, desiring him to absent himself

SEE how the river's liquid glass
Can never cease its motion,
Until he hide his crystal face
I' th' bosom of the ocean
The amorous nymphs, who closely
guide
His purling chariot's reins,
Declare, that Love's impetuous tide
To be repress disdains

Charm Zephyr, that his gentle wing
Not with Narcissus play, 10
The Sun in his diurnal ring
From Thetis' lap delay

Stop the departed soul's career
To its appointed blisses,
All this effected, you may steer
Me to abstain your kisses

2 thy eyes] B, hypercritically, 'thine eyes'

8 roses] Orig 'rosses'

14 to thee press] Orig and B 'to the press,' which is nonsense

5 Whiter than] Orig and B 'Whither then'

10 eclipsed] Orig 'achlpsed'

16 abstain] The omission of the preposition could of course be paralleled *ad infinitum*

Love in's first infant days

To his Scornful Mistress

LOVE in's first infant days had's wardrobe full,
Sometimes we found him courting in a Bull
Then, drest in snowy plumes, his long neck is
Made pliable and fit to reach a kiss
When aptest for embraces, he became
Either a winding snake, or curling flame
And cunningly a pressing kiss to gain,
The Virgin's honour in a grape would stain
When he consulted lawns for privacies,
The Shepherd, or his ram, was his disguise 10
But the blood raging to a rape, put on
A Satyr, or a wilder stallion,
And for variety, in Thetis' court
Did like a dolphin with the Sea-nymph sport
But since the sad barbarian yoke hath bow'd
The Grecian neck, Love hath less change allow'd
Contracted lives in eyes, no flaming robes
Wears, but are lent him in your crystal globes
Not worth a water'd garment, when he wears
That element he steals it from my tears 20
A snake he is, alas! when folded in
Your frowns, where too much sting guards the fair skin
A Shepherd unto cares, and only sips
The blushing grape of your Nectarean lips
The Ram, Bull, Stallion, Satyrs only fight
Love's battles now in my wild appetite
He in his Swan too suffers a restraint,
Cygnæan only in my dying plaint
Since all his actions Love to morals turns,
And faintly now in things less real burns, 30
In such a weakness contraries destroy,
And she his murd'ress is, who now is coy

To Mr J L, upon his Treatise of Dialling

OLD time, but for thy art, alone would pass,
And idly bear his solitary glass

from Shakespeare downwards, though Sh does not do it with this particular verb, which he uses only once. In fact, the Latin verb itself is transitive, and Milton has the English one in that sense which would be possible here, i e not 'to keep *from* your kisses,' but 'to keep your kisses *off*'

1 in 's—had s] A very good (or bad) instance of 'apostrophation' and its enormities. Observe that no one with an ear would write the line in full with whatsoever allowance of trisyllabic feet, so that the Procrustean delusion encouraged these atrocities in the endeavour to hide them

29 morals]—'Allegorical explanations or equivalents'

Mr J L] My friend, Dr Burgess, to whom I applied in my sufficient ignorance of mathematical literature, tells me that a certain John Lyon wrote on dialling in 1658 H might have seen the MS. I have met with no one else to suit

William Hammond

Though he fly fast, thy judgement, mounted on
The wings of fancy, yokes his motion
Each little sand falls not unquestioned by
The due observance of thy piercing eye,
Each moment you converse with so, that thus
Discoursing his stage seems not tedious
Others, perhaps, by their mechanic art
May ask him what's o'clock, then let him part 10
Thou in thy circles conjur'st him to stay,
Till he relate to thee the month and day,
All propositions of the globe dost bring
To be confest as well in dialling
What lucky signs successively do run,
By the reclining chariot of the Sun,
And in a various dialect of schemes
Interpret'st all the motions of his beams,
How many hours each day he travels in,
When he arrives diagonal inn 20
Other books show the trade of dialling,
But thine the art and reason of the thing
Thou know'st the spring and cause that makes it go
Addest new wheels, demonstrated all, so
That weak eyes now may see, what was before
Defective in the fam'd Osorius' store
A limb, at least, of this celestial trade
Asleep, till now, lay in the Gnomon's shade,
Nor teachest thou, as those who first did find
With much circumference the Indian mine, 30
Thy needle points the nearest way, and hath
Made straight th' obliquity of the old path,
Thou nor thine art our praises need, yet I
Will for this miracle both deify
Thine art enlightens by a shade, of that
Nothing a real science you create

Epithalamium

TO THE L T MARRIED IN THE NORTH

WELCOME, fairest, thee our rhyme	The beams directly pointed fall,
Congratulates, rather than him,	That we our Bear the Cancer call,
Who shines obliquely on our clime	This zone still Equinoctial

20 diagonal inn] Sic *Edit* —(B's note) There can be little doubt that we should read '*at's inn*'

26 Osorius] The Portuguese bishop, sixteenth century?

36 Nothing] Shadow being merely the absence of light

2 him] It should be 'congratulates rather than *itself*;' for a worse it would be hard to find The piece is ill-phrased throughout

Epithalamium

<p>The mists our German seas create, Thy eyes, though Phœbus meditate, Originally dissipate Cassiope, though heavenly fair, 10 Hides her new face, and burnish'd chair, When you enlighten the day's air They only rule material sense, Your Love's example may dispense To inflam'd souls chaste influence</p>	<p>Unto that flame, which doubly warms I hy beauty's Summer, and Love's charms, May time nor sickness threaten harms May Hymen's torch on northern shore Dilate into a Pharos, for 20 Besieg'd by cold fire burns the more</p>
--	---

To Eugenio

A DESCRIPTION OF THE LOVE OF TRUE FRIENDSHIP

MAN, of a troubled spirit, prone to fight,
 In fortitude placing too much delight,
 Unjustly friendship disinherited,
 No dowry to her hath proportioned
 Amongst the moral sisters of the will,
 Goddess of youth, though she yet should not fill
 Their cups, be she none of the wheels, her right
 Is in the treasure, draws the appetite
 To amiable good, but if the rein
 Be held by Prudence, for she guides the wain, 10
 This virtue next inheritrix is she,
 Fitted to turn upon that axle-tree,
 For lamely would the Will's bright chariot move
 If not inform'd by friendly heat of Love,
 Whose lightning shoots directly, never bends
 Reflecting glances upon private ends
 Indeed her sister, of a bastard race,
 Squints on her good, like Venus in her glass,
 Mechanic Love, Desire with usury,
 Which ne'er is lent but for utility, 20
 Or some return of pleasure to the sense,
 A thrifty worldling, hight Concupiscence
 The first a wealthy Queen of generous strain,
 The latter indigent, and works for gain,
 That, from the bosom of the deity,
 Derives the lustre of her pedigree
 Who of this wonder truly is possesser,
 Hath Heaven's epitome lodg'd in his breast,
 This children to their parents give, by this
 Perfum'd with frankincense the altar is, 30
 That's gold refin'd, whose solidity,
 The perfect emblem of true constancy,

5 moral sisters of the will] This is good is it original? The whole piece, with the same matter but a little more art, would be a really fine one

William Hammond

Being ductile, will consume itself, and pine
Even to small threads to make another fine
Self loving this as subtle Mercury,
Which parted, to itself again doth fly

Ad Amicum et Cognatum, T S

ÆTERNÆ, primo repetam de fonte, Sobrine,
A nobis initum fœdus amicitiae
Non erat in causis probitas promiscua morum,
Quodque isdem tecum ritibus oro deum,
Nec simul edocti quod avenam inflavimus unam,
Nec quod de nostra stirpe racemus eras?
Hæ modo conciliatrices si mentibus essent
Convictus, virtus, stirps, eademque fides,
Debueram plures arsisse hac lege, merentes
Æque de nostra forsam amicitia 10
Causa subest ex naturæ penetralibus hausta,
Esse meæ paritas indolis atque tuæ
Si flammam admoveas flammæ, si fluctibus undas,
Res in idem, fuerat quæ modo bina, redit
Confusi pariter genio coalescimus uno,
Compagesque tuæ mentis ubique mea est
Cumque meum tecum similaribus undique constet
Partibus ingenium, prona synaxis erat
Virtutis seges ampla tuæ sit mater amoris,
Mater amicitiae non erit illa meæ 20
Plures inter amor diffunditur, ipsa duorum
Tantum, qui fiunt unus, amicitia est
Quicquid id est quod nos a nobis cogit amari,
Nos eadem ratio temet amare facit

To the Same, being sick of a Fever

HORAT *Od* II 17

AM not I in thy fever sacrific'd?
That you alone by Fate should be surpriz'd,
You, my sole sunshine, my soul's wealth and pride,
Is both by me and by the Gods denied
If hasty death take thee, my soul, away,
Can I, a loath'd imperfect carcass, stay?
No, no, our twisted lives must be cut both
Together, this I dare confirm by oath,
Whene'er thou leap'st into the fatal boat,
I'll leap in, glad with thee in death to float 10

T S] Thomas Stanley (B's note)

6 stirpe] Stanley's mother was a Hammond (B's note)

(500)

To T. S.

Nor shall that dubious monster, breathing fire,
Nor Gyges' hundred hands, did he respire,
Pluck me from this resolve, approvèd so
By Fate and Justice whither *Scorpio*
Fierce in my Horoscope, or *Capricorn*
Oppressing Latium with his wat'ry horn,
Or *Libra* brooded my nativity,
'Tis sure our mutual stars strangely agree

To the Same, recovered of the Small-pox

NATURE foreseeing that if thou wert gone,
And we her younger children left alone,
None could with virtue feed this beggar'd age,
For with the heir is gone, and heritage,
In pity longer lent us thee, that so
Thou might'st lead mankind, and teach how to go,
How to speak languages, to discourse how,
How the created book of things to know,
How with smooth cadence harsher verse to file,
Within soft numbers to confine a stile, 10
And lastly how to love a friend, for this
Lesson, the crown of human actions is
Nor was't in pity to our state alone,
She, as all do, reflected on her own,
And gave thee longer breath, that our desire
Might learn of thine her beauty to admire,
Nor out of pity to thy youth, whose hearse
Not to thyself, but to the universe
Had shipwreck'd been, for thou hadst stood, being dead,
Above the sphere of being pitied 20
Let then this thy reintegrated wreck
Not irksome be, if only for our sake,
For friendship is the greatest argument
Moves us to be from angels here content,
Yet one inducement more thy stay may plead
That nature hath so clean thy prison made
What though she pit thy skin? She only can
Deface the woman in thee, not the man

To the Same

LET me not live if I not wonder why
In night of rural contemplation, I
So long have dreamt, when from thy lips I might
As instantly gain intellectual light,
As by this amphitheatre of air
The sudden beams of Sol imbibed are,

4 and heritage] This seems to be used as = Fr and Lat et, 'also'
(501)

William Hammond

Why then by reflex letters like the moon
Shine I, when thou invit'st me to thy noon?
Why do I vainly sweat here to control
Th' assertors of the perishable soul, 10
Where all the reason I encounter can
Scarce win belief a rustic is a man?
To reconcile the contradiction
Of Freedom with Predestination,
To be resolv'd the Earth doth rest upon
Her axis as a spit against the Sun,
Or what bold Argive fleet durst to translate,
Of those beasts that first stray'd from Ararat,
Only the noxious to America,
And how these puny pilots found the way, 20
Or whether from the habitable Moon,
Like Saturn, they, and Vulcan, tumbled down,
Whether abroad Imaginations work,
Whether in numbers potency doth lurk,
Whether all Earth intended was for gold,
And thousands more we doubtfully do hold?
Thus we poor sceptics in the region
Of Fancy float, foes to assertion,
But I will perch on thee, and make my stand
Of settled knowledge on thy steady hand 30

To the Same, on my Library

A SATIRE

A HUNDRED here together buried lie,
Still jangling with eternal enmity,
Contesting after death, the Stagirite
Advanceth there with his trust band, to fight
Against ideas th' Epicurean band
In arms, which pleasure gilt, here ready stand
To charge the rusty sword of the severe
Stoic Phlebotomizing Galen there
Triumphs in blood, and not the bad alone
Exterminates his corporation, 10
But makes joint ostracisms for the good,
Till later wits resenting Nature's food
In greatest need promiscuously had been
Disgarrison'd, invent new discipline,
Strengthening the vitals with some cordial dose,
Which Nature might with unbroke files oppose
But, upon fresh supplies, let her cashire,

13-14 contradiction—Predestination] Cf *supra*, p. 490
4 trust] For 'trusty' or 'trusted,' not quite like 'trust deed' or 'trust money'
16 with unbroke] Orig. B 'which unbroke'
17 cashire] Spelling not uninteresting, but known see N E D

To T. S.

If not reducible, each mutineer
On yonder shelf we may the heritage
Find of this heathen sword fall'n to our age 20
A doubtful blade, whose fore-edge guards the sense
Of Stoics' fate, the sharp back is the fence
Of Lernean Predestination,
The bane of crowns and true devotion
The Will's ability Pelagius calls
What Peripatetics style *pure naturals*
The point by which Philosophy did use
To prove ideas, you'll confess obtuse,
To that, by which Religion now maintains
Uncouth chimeras of exorbitant brains 30
As the World's noble soul, the generous Sun,
By an equivocal conjunction,
Begets the basest creeping progeny,
So when the princely sire, Philosophy,
Adulterates faith, the monsters that arise
Degenerate to bastard heresies
Thus have I made a short narration
Here of a posthumous contention
They to thy judgement all submit their hate,
Hoping thy presence soon will moderate 40
Their vast dissent, as elemental strife
Is kinder far when actuated by life

To the Same, on his Poems and Translations

If what we know be made ourselves, for by
Divesting all materiality,
And melting the bare species into
Our intellect, ourselves are what we know,
Thou art in largeness of thy knowing mind,
As a seraphic essence unconfin'd,
Content within those narrow walls to dwell,
Yet canst so far that point of flesh out-swell,
That thine intelligence extends through all
Languages which we European call 10
What Colossæan strides dost thou enlarge!
Fixing one foot in Sequan's wat'ry barge,
Dost in Po t'other lave, teaching each swan
A note more dying than their idiom can
Vext Iagus' nymphs receive of thee new dresses,
Composing in Thame's glass their golden tresses
Yea, more, I've seen thy young Muse bathe her wing
In the deep waters of Stagira's spring
Nor do thy beams warm by reflex alone,
Those that emerge directly from the Sun 20

41 elemental] Orig 'elementall', B 'element all,' which, as it happens, will make sense, but is not likely to be right

William Hammond

Of thy rich fancy, warm our loves, as well
As those whom other languages repel.
Thou the divine acts thus dost imitate,
As well conserve an author, as create
On then, brave youth, learning's full system, go,
Enlarge thyself to a vast folio,
That the world in suspense where to bestow
That admiration, which it late did owe
To the large-knowing Belgic Magazine,
May justly pay it thee as his assign
If future hours with laden thighs shall strive
To fill as well thine intellectual hive,
As those are past, the Court of Honour must,
To crown thee, ravish garlands from his dust

30

To the Same, on his Poems, that he would likewise
manifest his more serious labours

THOU Nature's step here treadest in,
Dost show us but thy souls fair skin,
What Fancy more than intellect did spin
Thus Nature shows the rose's paint,
Us with the outside doth acquaint,
But keeps reserv'd the soul of the fair plant
Thy sails all see swelling with haste,
Yet the hid ballast steers as fast
His steady course, as the apparent mast
For though carv'd works only appear,
We know there is a basis here,
Doth them together with the fabric bear,
And that thy lightning intellect,
Though in the clouds yet undetect,
Can Nature's bowels pierce with its aspect
Melting through stubborn doubts his way,
Whilst Fancy gilds things with her ray,
And but o' th' surface doth of Nature play
But whilst thy intellect doth wear
The Fancy's dress, his motions are
In Epicycles not his proper sphere
Break forth, and let his double sign
In their own orbs distinctly shine,
Castor alone bodes danger to the pine

10

20

25 On] = 'On to'?

29 Belgic Magazine] A quaint anticipation of what a little later would have been an ambiguity

8, 9 ballast mast] The idea, though quaint, is not unhappy, and if it is borrowed I do not remember the original

14 undetect] Participle

21 Epicycles] Orig and B 'Epicides'

To T. S.

To the Same, on his Translation of two Spanish novels

THIS transplantation of Sicilian loves
To the more pleasing shades of Albion's groves,
Though I admire, yet not the thing betrays
My soul to so much wonder, as the ways
And manner of effecting, that thy youth,
Untravell'd there, should with such happy truth
Unlock us this Iberian cabinet,
Whose diamonds you in polish'd English set,
Such as may teach the eyes of any dame
I' th' British Court to give and take a flame, 10
Herein the greatest miracle we see,
That Spain for this hath travell'd unto thee

To the Same

DAMON, thrice happy are thy lays,
Which Amarillis deigns to praise,
And teachest them no restless flame,
But centres thy love there whence first it came '
Her soul she, and her wealthy flocks,
Mingles with thine, braids her bright locks
Becomingly with thy brown shade,
Whence the Morn is so sweetly doubtful made
Oh, may that twisted twilight's power 10
Infuse in each successive hour
Eternal calms, untainted rays '
Your tresses rule her nights, and hers your days '
Whilst Thyrsis his sad reed inspires
With nought, but sighs and hopeless fires,
Yet glad to spy from his dark cell
The dawn of Joy from others night expel

On the Marriage of my dear Kinsman, T S Esq and Mrs D E

WHILST the young world was in minority,
Much was indulged, no proximity
Of equal blood could then style marriage
Incestuous but, in her riper age,
Nature a politician grew, and laid
A sin on wedlock that at home was made

Title Spanish novels] Montalvan's *Aurora* and *The Prince*

4 centres] Orig ' centers

Title T S Esq and Mrs D E] Thomas Stanley, Esq and Mrs Dorothy Enion
(B's note)

William Hammond

That families being mixt, the world might so
Both issue propagate, and friendship too
How will you two then Nature's frown abide,
Who are in worthiness so near allied? 10
For sure she meant that other virtues be
Enlargèd thus, as well as Amity
Civility you might have taught the North,
She the South Chastity but now this worth
Is wanting unto both, 'cause you engross,
And to yourselves communicate this loss
But since best tempers virtue soon admit,
Your two well-tun'd complexions may so fit
A second race, and natural goodness lend,
That Nature shall not thus miss of her end 20
On, matchless couple, then, Hymen smiles on,
And by a perfect generation
Such living statues of yourselves erect,
That they those virtues which this age reject
May teach the future, and to act restore,
All honour, living only now in power
Be thou the Adam, she the Eve, that may
People a true real Utopia

To Mrs D S, on the birth of Sidney, her second son

DEAR NIECE,
MAY rest drown all thy pains, but never sleep
Thy painful merits Whilst feet verses keep,
And Muses wings, they shall along, and blow
Thy fame abroad, whilst time shall circuits go
To judge strifes elemental, and arouse
The drowsy world to mind this noble spouse
How opportunely her heroic fruit,
Waiving her own, doth our torn sex recruit
Two boys have sprung from her womb's lively mould,
Ere both the parents forty summers told 10
She might such human goddesses produce,
As might the relaps'd world again amuse
Into Idolatry, and justify
Bright Cypria's fable, each poetic lie
Old Greece, or any modern lover, made
To deify the beauty of a maid
But the prizing her mate 'bove her own eyes,
Him rather with his likeness gratifies,
The reason, if a poet may divine,
Why all her blossoms quicken masculine 20

8 Waiving] Orig, as usual, 'Waving'

19 The reason] This is indeed the metaphysical in its altitudes'

To Mrs. D. S.

Is, that her brethren, never extant seen,
But possible, by Fate have kindred been
Into her flesh, which flowers in virgin snow
Benumb'd, slept in their winter cause, till now
That nuptial Sun approach'd, whose piercing ray
Op'ning their urn, recall'd them into day
On this trade angels wait, and on their wing
Created souls into new bodies bring
What power hath Love, that can set Heaven a task
To make a gem, when he prepares the cask? 30
And if well set, or void of heinous flaw,
Ordain'd by the Creator's gracious law
For his own wearing, which himself will own
An ornament even to his burnish'd crown
On then, fair spouse, and ease the pangs of birth
By thinking you enrich both Heaven and Earth
Think you may live till they in honour's sphere
Brighter than the Tindaridae appear,
And then you cannot die! the lives you gave,
They amply will repay, despoil the grave 40
Of your immortal name may you behold
Them fully act the praise I faintly told!

Horat Od iii. 3

'A man endued with virtue fears nothing'
THE presence of a tyrant, nor the zeal
Of citizens forcing rebellions,
Can shake a squarely solid soul, the seal
Infringe of honest resolutions
Untroubled he on stormy Adria sails,
At thunder is undaunted as the oak
If nature in a general ruin fails,
He with contented mind sustains the stroke

To Sir J G, wishing me to regain my Fortunes by
compliance with the Parliament

THE resignation of myself and mine
I prostrate at the footstep of his shrine,
Who, for the mighty love he bore to me,
Laid out himself in each capacity,
Unasked, pawns his deity, and shrouds
Almighty feebleness in human clouds,

30 cask] = 'casket'

William Hammond

And even that cottage did not death engage
For three days, to redeem our heritage,
For no less price than his humanity
Could ransom us, stamp'd with divinity

10

The story of this noble surety, friend,
Should to such ecstasy our zeals extend,
That our estates or selves we ne'er should deem
So free, as when they mortgag'd are for him,
I therefore can, with a contented mind,
Shake hands with all the wealth of either Ind,
In a clear conscience finding riches more
Than there the sun bequeaths unto his ore,
Who drinks with sacred Druids at the brook,
Whose unjust sufferings are for guilt mistook,
And from their mouth, now the forbidden tree,
Alas, of knowledge, sucks divinity
With angels on an honest bed of leaves
Redintegrated Paradise conceives,
For Heaven is only God's revealed face
So these make Paradise, and not the place

20

The World

Is this that goodly edifice
So gaz'd upon by greedy eyes?
A scene where cruelty's exprest,
Or stage of follies is at the best

Who can the music understand
From the soft touch of Nature's hand,
When man, her chiefest instrument,
So harshly jars without consent

Do not her natural agents too
Fail in her operations, so
That he to whom they best appear,
Sees but the tombs of what they
were?

10

Her chiefest actions then are such,
That no external sense may touch,
Shown doubtfully to the mind's sight
By the dark fancy's glimmering light

The Night, indeed, which hideth all
Things else, discloseth the stars pale
And sickly faces, but our sense
Cannot perceive their influence

20

They are the hidden books of Fate
Where what with pains we calculate

And doubt, is only plainly known
To those assist their motion

The close conveyances that move
With silent virtue from above
Incessantly on things below,
Our duller eyes can never know

Nothing but colour, shape, and light,
Create their species in our sight
All substances avoid the sense
Close couch'd under accidents

30

In which, attir'd by Nature, we
Their loose apparel only see
Spirits alone intuitive
Can to the heart of essence dive

Why then should we desire to sleep,
Groveling like swine in mire, so deep,
The mind for breath can find no
way,
Chok'd up, and crowded into clay?

39

Stript of the flesh, in the clear spring
Of truth she bathes her soaring wing,
On whom do all ideas shine,
Reflected from the glass divine

Welcome, Grey Hairs

Grey Hairs

WELCOME, Grey Hairs, whose light I gladly trust
To guide me to my peaceful bed of dust
My life's bright stars, whose wakeful eyes shut mine,
Stand on my head as tapers on my shrine
The world's grand noise of nothing, which invades
My soul, exclude from death's approaching shades,
But as the day is usher'd in by one
And the same star, that shows the day is done,
This twilight of my head, this doubtful sphere,
My body's evening, my soul's morning star, 10
I h' allay of white amongst the browner hairs,
As well the birth as death of day declares,
As he, who from the hill saw the moist tomb
Of earth, together with her pregnant womb,
This mingled colour, with ambiguous strife,
Demonstrates my decaying into life
Thus life and death compound the world, each weed,
That fades, revives by sowing its own seed,
Matter, suppos'd the whole creation,
Is nothing but form and privation 20
No borrow'd tresses then, no cheating dye,
Shall to false life my dying locks belie
I shall a perfect microcosm grow,
When, as the Alps, I crown'd am with snow
I will believe this white the milky way,
Which leads unto the court of endless day
Then let my life's flame so intensely burn,
That all my hairs may into ashes turn,
Whence may arise a Phoenix, to repay
With Hallelujahs this Cygnean lay 30

A Dialogue upon Death

PHILIS DAMON

PHIL	DAM
DAMON, amidst the blisses, we	I hough sweets concentrate in thy
In joint affections fully prove,	arms,
Doth it not sometimes trouble	And that alone I revel there,
thee,	A willing prisoner to those charms,
I o think that death must part	Love cannot teach me death to
our love?	fear

Grey Hairs] This is not the least graceful of poetical addresses to the 'Churchyard daisies'

19, 20 creation—privation] Another very bad instance of this rhyme carelessness In effect it makes the line not a decasyllabic but an octosyllabic couplet

30 Cygnean] Curiously misprinted in orig and B 'Eygnean'

William Hammond

PHIL

Say of these sweets I should beguile
Thy taste by my inconstancy, 10
And on thy rival Thyrsis smile,
Would not the loss work grief in
thee?

DAM

Oh, nothing more, for here to be,
Is hell, and thy embraces lack,
Yet is it Heaven even without thee
To die, then only art thou black

PHIL

Then only art thou black, my dear,
When death shall blast thy vital
light,
Whilst I in life's bright day appear,
Thou sleep'st forgot in death's
sad night 20

DAM

Thou art thick-sighted, couldst
thou see
Far off, the other side of death
Would such a prospect open thee,
As thou must needs be sick of
breath

PHIL

How can that be, when sense doth
keep
The door of pleasure? That
destroy'd,
The soul, if it survive, must sleep,
Senseless, of delectation void

DAM

Sense is the door of such delight
As beasts receive, through which,
alas, 30
Since Nature's nothing but a sight,
More enemies than friends do
pass

Nor is the soul less capable,
But naked doth her object prove
More truly, as more sensible
Is this fair hand stript of its glove

PHIL

My Damon sure hath surfeited
Of Phillis, and would fain get
hence,

Yet mannerly he veils his dead
Love under a divine pretence 40

DAM

Whilst I am flesh, thou need'st not
fear
Of love in my warm breath a
dearth,
For, since affections earthly are,
They must love thee, the fairest
earth

PHIL

If thou receive a certain good
Of pleasure in enjoying me,
'Tis wisdom then to period
Thy wishes in a certainty

DAM

Joys reap'd on earth, like grasp'd
air,
Away even in enjoyment fly, 50
Certain are only such as bear
The stamp of immortality

PHIL

Shall we for hope of future bliss
The good of present love neglect?
Who will a wren possess dismiss,
A flying eagle to expect?

DAM

Who use not here the heavenly
way,
And in desire of thither go, 58
Will at their death uncertain stray,
Losing themselves in endless woe

PHIL

Since death such hazards wait upon,
I'll unfrequent Love's vain de-
light,
And wing my contemplation
For pre-acquaintance with that
height

DAM

Come then, let's feed our flocks
above
On Sion's hill, so will delights
Grow fresher in the vale of Love,
Change thus may whet chaste
appetites

Sunk eyes, cold lips, chaps fall'n

Death

SUNK eyes, cold lips, chaps fall'n, cheeks pale and wan,
Are only bugbears falsely frightening man
This is the vizard, not death's proper face,
For who looks through it with the eye of Grace,
Shall find Death deckt in so divine a ray,
That none would be such a self foe to stay
In mortal clouds, did not the wiser hand
Of Supreme Power join, with his strict command,
Pangs in our dissolution, which all shun,
But would wish, if they knew life then begun 10
Man is a creature mixt of heaven and earth,
Of beast and angel, when he leaves this breath
He is all angel the soul's future (ye
Is by the prospect of eternity
Determin'd only who content doth rest
With present good, no better is than beast
The heathens prov'd, since the soul cannot find
In nature's store to satisfy the mind,
Her essence supernatural, and shall have
Her truest object not before the grave 20
Could I surmise the immaterial mate
Of this dull flesh should languish after fate,
Like widowed turtles, or the glimmering light,
Bereav'd of her dark lanthorn, should be quite
Blown out by death or dwell on faithless mire,
Inhospitable fens, like foolish fire
Wandering through dismal vales of horrid night
Th' approach of death deservedly might fright
But Faith's clear eye more certainly surveys
Than any optic organ, for the rays, 30
That show her object to us, are divine,
Reflected by th' omniscient Crystalline
They then, who surely know death leadeth right
To a vast sea of ravishing delight,
Cannot, when he knocks at their earthen gate,
Suffer him storm his entrance, but dilate
Their ready hearts as to a friend, for now
He bears no sting, no horror in his brow,
The crystal-ruby stream, which did pursue
The spear that sluic't Christ's side, dyed his grim hue 40

a frightening] B 'frighte'ing'

26 foolish fire] It is, of course, not in the least necessary that Dryden should have been even unconsciously thinking of this when he wrote the famous and beautiful apology in *The Hind and the Panther* (l. 72 seq.) But it is not at all impossible that he did read Hammond as well as others of our herd

32 Crystalline] This might be either the crystalline *sphere* of Ptolemaic astronomy or, and more probably, the crystalline *lens* of the (here Divine) eye

William Hammond

To white and red, Beauty's complexion
He comes no more to spoil thy mansion,
But to afford thee that inheritance,
Which cannot be conceiv'd without a trance ,
To be translated to the fellowship
Of angels, there with an immortal lip
To drink Nectarean bowls of endless good,
Where the Creator's face is the soul's food
The best condition is but to be
An elect spouse to that great Deity 50
But death, the bride-maid, leads us to the bed,
Where youth and pleasures are eternized
When I consider the whole world obeys
Creation's law , only untame man strays ,
I cannot think this is the proper sphere,
Where all his actions move irregular ,
Nor shall my wishes ever so exclude
The decent orderly vicissitude
Of Nature's constant harmony, to pray
For a harsh jarring by unruly stay 60
These with the pains and shame of doating age
Will cause the mind betimes to loathe her cage

On the death of my dear Brother, Mr H S , drowned

THE TOMB

WHY weeps this marble? Can his frigid power
Thicken the ambient air into a shower?
Ah no, these tears have suik another cause
Than the necessity of Nature's laws ,
These tears their spring have from within , there lies
The spoil of Nature, crime of destinies
How well this silent sadness doth become
This awful shade, the horror of the tomb
Strikes paleness through my soul, yet I must on,
And pay the rights of my devotion 10
Pardon, you guardian angels, who attend
And keep his bones safe from the Stygian fiend,
That I disturb your watch with untun'd lays ,
I come to mourn, and not to sing his praise
A Sun that set in floods, but, oh sad haste,
Ere the meridian of his age was past

51 bride-maid] The form without the *s* is commoner at this time and till the eighteenth century

54 untame] Uncommon for 'untamed'

Title Mr H S] The author's brother in law, Henry Sandys, Esq , who married a daughter of Sir William Hammond, of St Alban's Court, and who was eldest son of Sir Edwin Sandys, of Northbourne, near Deal, the celebrated author of *Europae Speculum* (B's note)

10 rights] Whether, as so often, for 'rites' or not, may be doubted

16 age] A comma seems wanted here, lest the subject of 'was' should be uncertain

On the death of my dear Brother

A purer day the East did ne'er disclose,
Than in his clear affections orient rose
Tempestuous passion did in him appear
But physic, as the lightnings purge the air
Martial his temper was, yet overcame
Others by smiles, himself by force did tame
Here lies the best of man, Nature with thee
Lost her perfection and integrity

25

On the Same

THE BOAT

How well the brittle boat doth personate
Man's frail estate!
Whose concave, fill'd with lightsome air, did scorn
The proudest storm
Man's fleshy boat bears up, whilst breath doth last,
He fears no blast
Poor floating bark, whilst on yon mount you stood,
Rain was your food
Now the same moisture, which once made thee grow,
Doth thee overflow
Rash youth hath too much sail, his giddy path
No ballast hath,
He thinks his keel of wit can cut all waves,
And pass those graves
Can shoot all cataracts, and safely steer
The fourscorth year
But stoop thine ear, ill counsell'd youth, and hark,
I look on this bark
His emblem, whom it carried, both defied
Storms, yet soon died,
Only this difference, that sunk downward, this
Weigh'd up to bliss

10

20

On the Same

THE ELEMENTS

THE elements, that do man's house compose,
Are all his chiefest foes,
Fire, air, earth, water, all are at debate,
Which shall predominate

18 orient] Perhaps not a duplicate of 'rose' but = 'pearly'

16 fourscorth] A justification precedent for 'onety oneth'

22 weigh'd up] Whether this phrase (which is not, I think, uncommon) means 'weighed anchor' or not, is practically a question dependent on the other (in my humble judgement unsolved, if not insoluble), whether 'under weigh' is 'under way' or not

William Hammond

Sometimes the tyrant Fire in fevers raves,
And brings us to our graves,
Sometimes the Air in whirling of our brains,
And windy colics, reigns,
Now Earth with melancholy man invades,
Making us walking shades, 10
Now Water in salt rheums works our decay,
And dropsies quench our day
But this war equal was in him, the fight,
Harmony and delight,
Till treacherous Thames, taking the water's part,
Surpris'd his open heart

To my dear Sister, Mrs S

III CHAMBER

Knocking your door, I started back, sure this,
Said I, Death's shady house and household is,
And yonder shines a beauty, as of old
Magnificent tombs eternal lamps did hold,
In lieu of life's light, a fair taper hid
In a dark lanthorn, an eye shut in's lid,
A flower in shade, a star in night's dark womb,
An alabaster column to a tomb
But why this night in day? Can thy fair eye
Delight in such an Acthiop's company? 10
Man hath too many natural clouds his blood
And flesh so blind his hood-wink'd soul, that good
Is scarce discern'd from bad, why should we then
Seek out an artificial darksome den?
The better part of nature hidden lies,
The stars indeed we may behold, and skies,
But not their influence, we see the fire
But not the heat, why then should we desire
More night, when darkness so o'er nature lies,
That all things mask their better qualities? 20

To the Same

THURSDAY

Now I'm resolv'd the crazy Universe
Grows old, the Sun himself is nigh his hearse,
Seven daughters in one week his youthful rays
Were wont to get, but since his strength decays,
Six are the most Thursday is lost, for we 5
Who boast ourselves skill'd in th' astronomy

5 Thursday] It would appear that Mrs Sandys kept her house shut up on this day in memorial of her husband's death

To his Sister

Of your day-shedding eyes, by that light swear,
That day is lost in which you not appear,
That thy dark fancy might a giant-woe
Beget, thou mak'st a night Herculean too
The late astronomers have found it true,
We have lost many days, but 'tis by you
Our calculation errs, and we shall rage,
If you go on to cheat us of our age,
One day in seven is lost, and in threescore,
We are bereaved of nine years, and more
So will your grief dilate itself like day,
And all, as you, become untimely grey

10

To the Same

THE ROSE

With the honey drops of pearly showers,
Urania walk'd to gather flowers
'Sweet Rose,' I heard her say, 'why are these fears?
Are these drops on thy cheek thy tears?
By those thy beauty fresher is, thy smell
Arabian spices doth excel'
'This rain,' the Rose replied, 'feeds and betrays
My odours, adds and cuts off days
Had I not spread my leaves to catch this dew,
My scent had not invited you'
Urania sigh'd, and softly said, 'This so,
Showers blow the Rose, and ripen woe,
For mine, alas! when wisht in floods sweet clean,
Heaven put his hand forth and did glean'

10

To the Same

MAN'S LIFE

MAN'S life was once a span, now one of those
Atoms of which old Sophies did compose
The world, a thing so small, no emptiness
Nature can find at all by his decease,
Nor need she to attenuate the air,
And spreading it, his vacancy repair,
The swellings that in hearts and eyes arise,
Repay with ample bulk death's robberies
Why should we then weep for a thing so slight,
Converting life's short day to a long night?

10

The Rose] A characteristic and charming thing, interesting to compare with Cowper's well known piece. C was a better poet than H but H's time and tune were kinder to him than C's. And so Wisdom is justified of the 'historic estimate' as of all her children

2 Sophies] Not Shahs, but relicts of 'philo'

William Hammond

For sorrows make one month seem many years
Time's multiplying glass is made of tears
Our life is but a painted perspective,
Grief the false light, that doth the distance give,
Nor doth it with delight (as shadowing)
Set off, but, as a staff fixt in a spring,
Seem crookt and larger then dry up thy tears,
Since through a double mean nought right appears

16

To the Same

THE EXCUSE

NOR can your sexs easiness excuse
Or countenance your tears to be profuse
Some She's there are, whose breath is only sighs,
Who weep their own, in others' obsequies
But in the reason, like the Sun at noon,
Dispels usurping clouds of passion
Where feminine defects are wanting, there
All feminine excuses wanting are
Think not, since Virtue thre above them tears,
A woman's name can privilege thy tears
Fortune material things only controls,
But doth herself pay homage unto souls
There hath no power, can do no injury
The pavement where the stars their dances form
By their own music, is above all storm
For meteors but imperfect mixtures are
In the raw bosom of distemper'd air
Then let thy soul shine in her crystal sphere!
They're Comets in the troubled air appear

10

To the Same

THE REASONS

Is it because he died, or that his years
Not many were, that causeth all these tears?
If for the first, you should have always wept,
Even in his life, from first acquaintance, kept
Sorrow awake, for that you know his fate
Prefix'd had a necessary date
How unadvisedly do you lament
Because things mortal are not permanent
Or is't because he ere his aged snow,
Or autumn came, was ravish'd from the bough?

10

16 spring] = Merely 'water'

13 injury] There is no line rhyming to this in the original

To his Sister

Ask but the sacred oracle, you there
 Shall find, untimely deaths no windfall are
 The grand example, miracle of good,
 (In virtue only old) slain in the bud,
 Newly disclosing man It were a shame
 To wish, than that of his, a longer flame
 Who would not die before subdued by age?
 That conquest oft Fortune pursues with rage,
 Or sin in that advantage wounds him worse
 To wish him long life, then, had been a curse!

20

To the Same

THE STARS

You modern Wits, who call this world a Star,
 Who say, the other planets too worlds are,
 And that the spots, that in the midst are found,
 Are to the people there islands and ground,
 And that the water, which surrounds the earth,
 Reflects to each, and gives their shining birth,
 The brightness of these tears had you but seen
 Fall'n from her eyes, no argument had been,
 To contradict, that water here displays
 To them, as they to us, sidereal rays

10

Her tears have, than the stars, a better right,
 And a more clear propriety to light
 For stars receive their borrow'd beams from far,
 These bring their own along with them, and are
 Born in the sphere of light Others may blind
 Themselves with weeping much, because they spend
 The brightness of their eyes upon their tears,
 But hers are inexhaustible, she spares
 Beams to her tears, as tapers lend their light,
 And should excess of tears rob her of sight,
 Two of these moist sparks might restore 't our eyes
 In humour watery crystalline comprise
 Why may not then two crystal drops restore
 That sight a crystal humour gave before?

20

I owe dew to his locks here, woos each drop to fall
 A pupil in his eye, and sight recall
 And I hope fortune passing through this rain
 Will, at last, see to recompense her pain

12 windfall] Apparently used, not in the sense of 'lucky chance,' but literally of fruit blown down *ere ripe*, and so spoilt. Man, H. argues, may be ripe, however early lost

3, midst are] Orig. and B. 'midstar'

10 sidereal] Or better *ceous*, the older form of 'sidereal'

12 propriety] = 'property,' or 'right of property' So up to Dryden, at least

William Hammond

On the death of my much honoured Uncle, Mr G Sandys

PARDON, great Soul, if duty grounded on
 Blood and affection's firm devotion,
 Force my weak Muse to sacrilege, and by
 Short payment rob thy sacred memory!
 To be thy wit's executor, though I
 No title have, yet a small legacy
 Fitting my small reception didst thou leave,
 Which from thy learned works I did receive,
 I should then prove unthankful to deny
 Some spices to embalm that memory,
 Whose soul, and better part, thy lines alone
 Establish in Eternity's bright throne
 Our humble art the body of thy fame
 Only to Memphian mummy tries to frame,
 Which, though a swarthy dryness it puts on,
 Is raised yet above corruption

10

A tomb of rarest art, magnificent
 As e'er the East did to thy eyes present,
 Erected by great Falkland's learned hands
 To thee alive, in his eloquiums stands
 Thy body we are only then t' inter,
 And to those matchless epitaphs refer
 The hasty passenger, that cannot stay
 To hear thy larger Muse her worth display

20

Unless unto the crowd about the hearse
 (Those busy sons of sense) I shall rehearse
 What worth in thy material part did dwell,
 And at the funeral thy scutcheons spell,
 Declare the extraction of thy noble line,
 What graces from all parts of thee did shine,
 That age thy sense did not at seventy cloud,
 And thee a youth all then but death allow'd

30

As for thy soul, if any do inquire,
 'Tis making anthems in the heavenly Quire!

Epitaph on Sir R D

HERE lies the pattern of good men, Heaven and Earth's lov'd Citizen The World's faint wishes scarce can reach	The good, he did by action teach So hating 'semblance, that his mind Left her deportment still behind, That he far better was, than e'er
--	---

title Mr G Sandys] George Sandys, the celebrated poet, whose niece, the daughter
 of Sir Anthony Aucher, married Sir William Hammond (B's note)
11 lines] An odd unintentional anticipation, for it is Sandys's *lines*—his use of the
 decasyllabic couplet—that have preserved his memory

Epitaph on Sir R. D.

<p>Unto the world's eye did appear, The poor can witness this, who cry Aloud their loss, his charity, 10 The lame and feeble now must creep, To show their crutch is laid asleep His household servants, tenants, all Weep here their father's funeral The war, that gorg'd on his estate, His table never could abate, If ever he unjust was known, 'Twas in receding from his own, Exchanging what, with trouble, he Might save, to keep tranquillity 20 His host of virtues struck such fear Into his foes, they did not dare</p>	<p>To lay on his that penalty, They did on other's loyalty Which bore with him as high a rate, As those who bought it with their state Prudence and Innocence had made A league, no harm should him invade, Peaceful amidst the wars his life, As in the elemental strife 30 Of bodies that are temper'd well, Harmonious souls at quiet dwell, When the worst humour had prevail'd Upon the State, his vitals fail'd To show, this feeling member's health Was wrapt up in the common wealth</p>
---	---

Grace compared to the Sun

GRACE, as the Sun, incessantly its light
 Dilates upon the universal face
 Pagans, that sit in Antipodian night,
 Taste, by reflex of reason, beams of grace
 Their sickly planet, queen of night not sleep,
 Her wakeful eye in the Sun's beams may steep

Grace is the soul's soul, the informing part
 Reason, like Phosper, ushers in the day,
 But the terrene affections of the heart
 Repel which Pharean clouds this sacred ray 10
 Internal, as external, night alone
 Springs from the Earth's interposition

Goodness is priz'd by her own latitude
 The Persian, wisest of idolaters,
 Adores the Sun, as the most common good,
 From whose balm Nature's hand nothing inters
 Worse than the Caliph is that votary,
 Who worships a less loving deity

The Sun would raise this Globe to nobler birth
 Transforming into gold each mineral, 20
 But, in disposal of the stubborn earth,
 Renders his virtue ineffectual
 Thus Grace endeavours all to sublimate
 Then blame thyself, if not regenerate!

10 which Pharean] I do not understand this, unless 'which,' as often is a misprint for with Pharian' is used by Sylvester and Milton as - 'Egyptian' generally and so may refer to the *Pharaonic* Plague of Darkness. But as Pharos was a light house Hammond's use is unlucky

17 Caliph] A slight confusion

William Hammond

Upon the Nativity of Our Saviour and Sacrament then received

SLE from his watery tropic how the Sun
Approacheth by a double motion !
The same flight, tending to the western seas,
Wheels northward by insensible degrees ,
So this blest day bears to our intellect,
As its bright fire, a duplicate respect
None but a two fac'd Janus can be guest,
And fit himself unto this double feast,
That must before jointly the manger see,
And view behind the execrable tree ,
Here the blest Virgin's living milk, and there
The fatal streams of the Son's blood appear ,
Crowns at his tender feet in Bethle'm lie ,
Thorns bind his manly brows in Calvary ,
Th' ashamed Sun from this his light withdrew ,
A new born Star the other joy'd to shew ,
To furnish out this feast, lo ! in the pot
Death here consults the salting antidote
But lest the sad ally should interfere,
And corrupt this day's smile into a tear,
His very death makes up a fuller mirth,
Bequeathing to the worthy guest new birth ,
As to the mystic head, besecmingly,
So to each member gives nativity
The difference only this, the Deity
Born to our flesh, into his spirit we

10

20

FINIS

18 consults] - 'prescribes' ?

THE
CHAST
AND
LOST LOVERS

Lively shadowed in the persons
of *Arcadius* and *Sepha*, and illustra-
red with the severall stories of *Hæmon*
and *Antigone*, *Eramio* and *Amiffa*,
Phaon and *Sappho*, *Delithafon*
and *Verista*.

Being a description of severall Lovers
Imiling with delight, and with hopes fresh
as their youth, and fair as their beauties
in the beginning of their Affections,
and covered with Blood and
Horror in the Conclusion.

To this is added the Contention betwixt *Bac-*
chus and *Diana*, and certain Sonnets of the
Author to *AVRORA*.

Digested into three Poems, by *Will Bosworth*, Gent

Me quoque
Impune volare, & serena
Calliope dedit ire cælo.

Lond'm, Printed by F. L. for *Lawrence Blacklock*, and
to be sold at his shop at *Temple-Bar* 1651.

INTRODUCTION TO WILLIAM BOSWORTH

OF William Bosworth or Boxworth (taking which form he was Boxworth 'of that ilk'—a village about seven miles from Cambridge to the left of the Huntingdon Road) next to nothing appears to be known except what is furnished by the posthumous edition of his poems, a very rare book, which is here reproduced. According to a portrait (absent in my copy¹, which belonged to Park, the editor of *Hilwonia*, &c., but present in others) itself was engraved in the year 1637 and *aet* 30 of the subject, who died, it seems, 1 year before the book was published. As the poems are said to have been written at the age of nineteen, this, with the dating of the portrait, would bring them back to the first or second year of Charles the First, while the author when he died would have been something over forty. The particulars are not voluminous, but only accidental discovery of documents is likely to extend them much.

The attribution of poems—more especially posthumous poems—to an extremely early period of the poet's life, is not an uncommon thing, and was perhaps more than usually common in the seventeenth century. But there is no reason for questioning it in the case of the present pieces. Though they are certainly better than most boys of nineteen could write, there is about them no such startling excellence or originality as would make one suppose that an earlier Chatterton or Keats was, not lost but, miraculously struck dumb in the case of Bosworth. On the other hand their general characteristics are distinctly those of the first or really 'Elizabethan' half of the great so-called Elizabethan period—not those of the second. One of these will strike every expert at once, it is the prevalence of the figure of epanaphora, or repetition of identical verse-beginnings, which is extravagant in Gascoigne, somewhat excessive even in Sackville, and by no

¹ There are said to be copies with 165, on the title page but (as so constantly happens at this time) really the same edition. 'R C' is even more shadowy than Bosworth. One would have been glad if it could have been Crashaw, as the Cambridge connexion might suggest. But, as a famous text has it, that is impossible, because he was dead. As for the dedicatee, there were several John Finches, more than one of some note, alive at this time, but the man in question must apparently have been a son of Lord Keeper Finch, Lord Finch of Fordwich. The commendators are as rigidly self-denying in their confinement to initials as their editor, and most of these initials give no indication. But if only 'S P' might be Samuel Pepys. He was actually entered at Magdalene in 1650 and his family abode at Brampton is but some ten miles from Boxworth.

William Bosworth

means eschewed by Spenser himself. There is at least a fair allowance of other forms of the earlier word-play, but much less of the later thought-play which succeeded it. Indeed, Bosworth is perhaps the least 'metaphysical' of our crew, except Hannay, and as the Galwegian has (not at all to my displeasure) found favour in the eyes of some who could not stomach Benlowes or even Chamberlayne, let us hope that the Cantabrigian will have equal luck.

Besides epanaphora, the 'turn of words' its near neighbour—as, close to the beginning

Down by which brook there sat a little lad,
A little lad—

which the pure Elizabethans also greatly affected, and which came back after the Restoration, but which is less distinctly 'First-Caroline,' appears in Bosworth, to the special delectation of 'R C.' On the other hand his nomenclature, instead of being more or less purely classical or Italian, inclines to the odd rococo forms which have been noted as 'Heroic.' Indeed 'Delithason' outstrips even these, and reminds one of the strange name-coinage of Blake. The couplet versification is rather stopped on the Spenser-Drayton model than overlapped, although, as is usually the case with that model, it allows itself overlapping. The occasional stanzas are managed with skill, and the song 'Sec'st not, my love, with what a grace' has a most pleasing cadence. It should not have escaped anthologists.

Nor is Bosworth at all ill provided with word ammunition to load his verse ordnance withal, though it must be confessed that his syntax and composition are sometimes quite bewildering. On the whole he gives us, with a not unsatisfactory variation, a fresh moral on the text which can hardly be too often enforced here, because it is in fact the justification of all these re-issues. That people should write poetry in their youth, and leave off writing it in their maturer years, is nothing uncommon at any time, even I, who had rather that twenty bad or indifferent poems saw the light than that one good one should miss it, am disposed to regard this as one of Nature's most benevolent laws. It has affected even real poets, who have suffered no let or stress of untoward circumstance, and there have been some other real poets whom it might have affected with advantage, not to mention those who by want of pen or peace have been forced to be disobedient to the Heavenly Vision. But here is a man who writes a considerable amount of more than tolerable verse before he is twenty, who lives to more than double that age, who occupies the situation of life most suitable for the purpose, beset by neither poverty nor riches, neither harassing vocation nor tempting avocations, and who apparently, in all but a full quarter of a century,—in the very years of man's life which have given

Introduction

us most of the best poetry in the world --writes nothing more, and does not even take the trouble to publish what he has written

Once more, poetry must be very much in the air, and very careless of the mere individual on whom she lists to light, to produce or permit such phenomena as this ¹

¹ The original is one of the worst printed of these books, the type being sometimes so battered as to make the exact words doubtful, and the punctuation (or the absence of it) being of the most bewildering kind. By taking not a little trouble with this latter the apparently pillar to post character of the narrative can be slightly improved, but some will always remain, and to make Bosworth thoroughly intelligible without contributory exertion on the reader's part would require more annotation than the plan of this edition admits. The stanzas of *Amora* have kept him in better order than the couplets. The vocabulary is here and there unusual and apparently dialectic. But the spelling is by no means very archaic or irregular.

William Bosworth

To the true Lover of all good Learning, the Honourable John Finch, Esq.

SIR,

If Poetry be truly conceived to carry some Divinity with it, and Poets, on what subjects soever their fancies have discoursed, have been intitled *Divine*, as the *Divine Mr Spencer*¹, the *Divine Ronsard*, the *Divine Ariosto*, how much more properly may they be esteemed to be divine, who have made chaste Love their argument, which is a fire descended from Heaven, and (habitual in its action) is always ascending and aspiring to it. This is that love which Xenophon doth distinguish from the sensual, and doth call it *The heavenly Venus*, and with this our poet being powerfully inspired hath breathed forth these happy raptures to declare, That Love and the Muses are so near of kin, that the greatest poets are the greatest lovers.

And, Sir, although there is no man more absolute master of his passions than yourself, and therefore you cannot be said to be subjected unto Love, yet it shall be no dishonour to you to acknowledge yourself to be a lover of the

Muses. In this confidence I have made bold to tender unto you these Poems, the work of a young gentleman of nineteen years of age, who had he lived, might have been as well the wonder as the delight of the Arts, and been advanced by them amongst the highest in the Temple of Fame. The Myrtle and the Cypress Groves, which he made more innocent by his love, shall remember, and the music of the birds shall teach every tree to repeat to one another, his chaste complaint, and the flourish of the trees shall endeavour to use unto Heaven his name, which they shall wear engraved on their leaves.

These are only his first flights, his first fruits, the early flowers of his youth, flowers they are, but so sweetly violent², that as their beauties do arrest our eyes, so (I hope) their perfume will continue through many ages to testify the influence of your protection, and the most graceful resentments of him who is

SIR,

Your most humble and devoted
servant,

R C

To the Reader³

THIS book hath the fate which the modesty of Antiquity did assign to their books, which is, not to be extant till the death of the Author, declining thereby the presumption of an assumed and a saucy immortality, and owing this new life, which by their remaining labours

they received, to the benefit and commendation of posterity. These Poems are secure in themselves, and neither fear the tongue of the detractor, nor desire the praise of the encomiastic, their own worth can best speak their own merit, but this it shall be lawful for me

¹ Spencer] *Sic* in orig. R C's selection is not bad for the three languages.

² violent] The temptation to regard this as a 'portmanteau word' between '*violet*' and '*redolent*' is strong. But it will make sense in its own meaning. 'Resentment' has again a Malapropish look, but it is quite common at this time in a neutral, and even a good sense—as in Jeremy Taylor, Henry More, and others.

³ To the Reader] R C evidently had an ambition of style and a sense of criticism. 'An assumed and saucy immortality' is quite Fulke Greville, while the oppositions of 'smooth' and 'smart,' 'clear' and 'active' below are not trivial.

R. C. to the Reader

to insert, that in one book and of so small a bulk you shall seldom see more contained,

He doth swell

Not with th' how much he writeth,
but th' how well

You shall find in this system the idea of Poetry at large, and in one garland all the flowers on the Hill of Parnassus, or on the banks of Helicon

The high, the fluent, and the pathetic discourses of his lovers, and the transformation of them after their death into precious stones, into birds, into flowers, or into monuments of marble, you shall find hath allusion to Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, which in Ovid's own judgement was the best piece that ever he composed, and for which, with most confidence, he doth seem to challenge to himself the deserved honour of a perpetual fame

The strength of his fancy, and the shadowing of it in words, he taketh from Mr Marlow in his *Hero and Leander*, whose mighty lines Mr Benjamin Johnson (a man sensible enough of his own abilities¹) was often heard to say, that they were examples fitter for admiration than for parallel. You shall find our Author everywhere in this imitation. This the one

Some say for Cupid unto her inclin'd,
Mourn'd as he went, and thinking on
her pin'd

And in another place

And as she went, casting her eyes
aside,

Many admiring at her beauty dy'd

This the other

And mighty Princes of her love
deny'd,

Pin'd as they went, and thinking on
her dy'd

You shall find also how studious he is to follow him in those many quick and short sentences at the close of his fancy, with which he everywhere doth adorn his writings

The weaving of one story into another and the significant flourish that doth attend it is the peculiar grace of Sir Philip Sidney, whom our Author doth

so happily imitate, as if he were one of the same intelligences that moved in that incomparable compass

His making the end of one verse to be the frequent beginning of the other, (besides the art of the trope) was the labour and delight of Mr Edmund Spencer, whom Sir Walt Raleigh and Sir Kenelm Digby were used to call the English Virgil, and indeed Virgil himself did often use it, and in my opinion with a greater grace, making the last word only of his verse to be the beginning of the verse following, as

Sequitur pulcherimus Astur,

Astur equo fidens, et versicoloribus
armis

Virgil hath nothing more usual than this graceful way of repetition, as those who are most conversant with him can readily witness with me. Our Author's making use of one and the same verse in several places is also taken from Virgil, as you shall often find in his *Georgics*, which he would never have let pass (being full twelve years in the completing of that work) if he had conceived it would have been looked upon as an imperfection either of too much haste or sloth, and this also is often to be found in Homer

You behold now how many, and what great examples our Author hath propounded to himself to imitate. If it be objected, that it is a disparagement to imitate any, be they never so excellent (according to that of Horace, 'O imitatorum[us] stultum pecus'), it is no absurdity to make answer, that Horace wrote that in a critical hour, when he abounded with a hypercritical sense. For if you please to look upon the fragments of those Greek Poets, which in many books are inserted at the end of Pindar, you shall undoubtedly find that Horace hath translated as much of them as are now extant word for word, and put them into the first book of his Odes, which is very easy in this place to be represented, but that it is much beyond our room, and a little besides our subject

But more fully to satisfy the objection, it may be answered, that in this Horace had no relation at all to the words

¹ This looks as if R. C. had actually experienced Ben—who had not been more than fourteen years dead at this time

William Bosworth

or fancy of the imitator, but to these new numbers, and measures, which he first taught the Roman Muse to tread, and this makes him so much to magnify himself

Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps

The works of Virgil are nothing else but mere Imitations in his *Lillogus* he followeth Theocritus, in his *Aeneid's*, Homer, in his *Georgus* he imitateth Hesiod, which he conceiveth to be so far from his prejudice, that he esteemeth it his glory

Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen*

And yet because the same subject was not treated on before by any Latin Poet, you may observe how confident he is of himself

Juvat ire viam [jugis] quâ nulla priorum

Castaliam molli deducitur [deveitur] orbita clivo!

These praelibations may serve not only

* Virg *Georg.* lib 3 [2 l 176]

to discharge our Author, but to raise him above those accusations which peradventure some distemper'd critics might have charged him with The other part of his invention is entirely his own, smooth yet smart, and as clear as it is active Now when all this shall be done at nineteen years of age, and out of a desire only to please you, what entertainment should you give unto it with what flowers should you crown his memory, who brought so many flowers to crown your delight? Take them, and peruse them, his leaves invite every hand to turn them over The young men may read them for their information, and with some sympathy of affection, the old men for their recreation The ludics may learn them by heart, and repeat them to one another, for this the Muses, upon their credit, have given me in charge to impart unto them, that whosoever they shall lay forth on his praises (the book read over) they will find it paid back to them in the reckoning

R C

† *Georg* lib 2 [3, l -92]

On the amorous and pathetic story of Arcadius and Sepha, &c.

LO, here the Muse which to our eyes discovers

The bleeding fate of many hapless lovers,

What though his warbling lyre not gravely rings

With such deep notes as lofty *Chlo* sings,

His Muse is soft, as sweet, and though not strong,

Pathetic, lively, all on fire, and young,

Flowing with tears and smiles, and full of sport,

As fits the subject of fair *Venus'* Court,

And this may court you to peruse his book,

So oft i' th' streets with prompter eyes we look

On lovely girls who but their shoe-strings tie,

Than wives, their garters making fast more high

L B

On the exact and elaborate story of Arcadius and Sepha, and the rest of the Bevy of the Lovers

WHAT brave young man is this, whose lute doth lead

The dancing rocks, and teach the woods to tread?

Is *Thraizan Orpheus* reviv'd, whose lay

Hath now charm'd He'll, to get himself away?

Commendatory Poems

<p>Son of the Arts and Heav'n ! our hearts we fill, With joy and zeal to gratulate thy skill, What fitting tributes shall we bring thee now,</p>	<p>To crown thy merits, and adorn thy brow ? For since thy harp to follow trees are grac'd, Bays of themselves unto thy brows makes haste</p>
--	---

F. L

An Epitaph on the deceased Author, in allusion to his Sonnets on Aurora

<p>SAD Lover, thou who to thy cruel saint, Didst teach thy Muse to breathe thy last complaint, Whilst thou the ends that sex aim'd at mad'st known, Methought I heard thee thus to speak thy own , Lo ! hear the glory of all women's pride, The matchless trophy of their beauties might, To kill by treason, and hid fires provide</p>	<p>Those to devour whom they do most invite , Poor injur'd ashes ! you too late have try'd, How ill they do the gentlest hearts re- quite , O that in beauties should those flames be known, Which burn our breasts, yet never warm their own !</p>
--	---

E G.

On the deathless Poems of the deceased Author

<p>HAPPY young man, who though laid underground, Thy name to Honour a sure way hath found , Thy chaste Arcadius shall with Sepha live, Whiles the kind Sun warmth to the Earth shall give, And every age shall take delight to see Fair Haemon met with fair Antigone , Whiles thankful rivers to the seas make haste Eramio's and Amissa's love shall last , No more shall Phaon by contempt be led,</p>	<p>But foot to foot shall now with Sappho tread, And Delithason's youth, and chaste desires Shall keep more warm his fair Verista's fires , Thus whilst that thou with thy im- mortal lays, Beauty, and Love, and Innocence doth praise, That praise which thou to others' worths dost lend, Doth make thine own high as the stars ascend</p>
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S P.

On these laboured Poems of the deceased Author, Mr. William Bosworth

<p>THESE bleeding lovers, and unstain'd desires, Their undry'd tears, and their religious fires, And their stars' sullen malice, which did bend</p>	<p>Their lives and loves to an untimely end, May bring the pious reader with per- fumes Of flow'rs and sighs to worship at their tombs,</p>
---	---

William Bosworth

And their high flames admire	But oh,	Their suffering hearts, and them to
forbear		ashes turn'd,
That hasty zeal, and do not tread too		That by your sighs they may too soon
near,		be blown
For know the flames so ardent were		Into new life, and set on fire your own
that burn'd		

The Book to the Reader

Reader,
MR Author vow'd to prattle forth his
Loves,
And fill the azure skies with wat'ry
clouds
My Author vow'd to dwell in shady
groves,
And paint his fortune in DIANA'S
shrouds
For the best artist that the world
admires,
Was but the artist of his own de-
sires
You must not then expect a curious
strain,
That best befits the quaintness of his
story
No, that's a shadow for a riper brain,

¹ This makes Bosworth's subsequent silence all the more remarkable

ARCADIUS AND SEPHA

I

NEAR to the Caspian straits, where dolphins sing,
Hippobatos, a verdant meadow, lay,
Along which meadow ran a silver spring,
Winding her streams as careless of her way
Here would she stay, and seem returning home,
Till with herself, herself was overcome

II

Down by which brook there sat a little lad,
A little lad nam'd Epimenides*,
Close to his foot a little dog he had,
Whose master's face character'd his disease,
Sighing, he said, and to the Powers above,
'Make me (O Gods) immortal for my love

A Poet of
Crete

10

III

Snatch hence my soul, the better part I have,
And him of his detested life deprive,
Who vows to live obscurely in a cave
Shall Sepha die, and I remain alive?
Satyrs, go weep, and when ye hear her name,
Blow forth my Love's inevitable fame

IV

Let swiftest thoughts possess my Sepha's name,
And sound her praise as swift as eagles fly,
Let marble be proud to preserve the same,
Lest rotten time outslip her memory,
Lest trumpets cease to sound, and so forbear it,
Let echoes learn to dictate when they hear it

20

V

Ye sliding streams, that pass so gently by,
Winding your waves, and do not faster flee,
Joy you to hear my Sepha's elegy?
Or do you linger to condole with me?
'Tis to condole, since such is my estate,
Your bubbling streams do murmur at my fate

30

VI

Ye little birds that us'd to sit and sing,
While Dryades with Music's nimble touch,
(When woods and valleys did of Sepha ring)
Present harmonious tunes, to make her couch
A nest of Heav'nly raptures, sweeter far,
With purer notes, than earthly noises are

William Bosworth

VII

Why do you now my Sepha's tunes forbear?
Why do you cease to tune my Sepha's lays?
Why don't you now to wonted trees repair?
Why don't you sit and sing my Sepha's praise? 40
Ye warbling chanters that such music breed,
Are ye grown weary, or is Sepha dead?

VIII

Or Sepha dead? is heav'nly Sepha dead?
No more shall earth be happy with her sweet,
No more shall eyes be with her beauty fed,
No more shall flowers be proud to kiss her feet,
No more shall Phoebus court her in a show'r,
No more shall bees mistake her for a flow'r

IX

In blessed times when virtuous Sepha liv'd,
The happy earth was with her beauty blest, 50
Each greedy eye, that saw not Sepha, griev'd,
Each flower was proud to be by Sepha prest,
Love-show'ring Phoebus spar'd no am'rous time,
And bees on her did think to gather thyme

X

Blest be the season, and the hour blest,
When first my eyes in Sepha's eyes were seen,
When first my hopes began to build their nest,
When first I saw her walking on yon green,
When first my lips sipt nectar from her breast, 60
Blest be the season, and the hour blest

XI

Ye stately pines that dwell on lofty hills,
Stoop down your heads with a dejected fall,
Let Boreas go sport with whom he wills,
And though you knew her not, nor never shall,
Sob forth her plaints with a bewailing eye,
And say 'twas Sepha's death that made you die

XII

Smilax and Crocus, little blushing flowers,
Hence cease your red, and let your pale begin,
And say you want those sweet distilling showers,
That Phoebus us'd to court fair Sepha in 70
Lilies, forbear to stoop your drooping head,
For now your shame, the fairest Lily's dead

XIII

That Lily's dead in whom all graces been,
That Lily's dead, the fairest of the Nine,
That Lily's dead, where Nature's art was seen,
That Lily's dead, whose odours were divine

St x] There is an odd suggestion (to me at least) in this stanza, and in the context, of Collins's best-known *Edogae* (the *Second*), and indeed of those curious pieces generally. And if B had improved as much as C did —?

Arcadius and Sepha

That Lily, than whom more fairer there was none,
Is pluck't away, the fairest Lily's gone

XIV

She was the fairest, and the sweetest creature,
That ever yet was subject to the Gods,
For they resolv'd she was the only feature
In whom they joy'd—the Powers delight in odds,
To deck their tents Fair Sepha 'twas that mov'd
My soul to bless thee, Sepha, whom I lov'd

80

XV

Some poets feign there is a Heav'n on earth,
Earth hath its joys to make a happy time,
Admired odours giving a new birth,
And sweet'ning joys, with Melli-Flora's thyme,
'Tis not a feignèd, but Heav'n rightly fam'd,
For I enjoy'd the Heav'n the poets nam'd

90

XVI

Jove was propitious when I first begun
To court fair Sepha, Echo's nimble charm
Rose-cheek't Adonis, fairer than the Sun,
Had not a sweeter choice, nor kinder harm,
Rough-footed satyrs, satyrs, nymphs and fauns,
Scatter'd her praise throughout Diana's lawns

XVII

If I but walk't in Tempe, or the groves,
To meditate my melancholy lays,
I was saluted with the murmur'ing loves
Of shady pines, repining at her praise
Griev'd at her praise, when they her name did hear,
They sigh for want of her sweet presence there

100

XVIII

Or if (weary of sighs) I left the bowers,
To recreate me in the whisp'ring air,
I was saluted with distilling showers,
That brought me tidings of my sweetest fair
Coming from Heav'n they told me news of this
Jove had prepar'd already for her bliss

XIX

If to the mountains I a voyage took,
Mountains with roses, and with pinks adorn'd,
There lay Adonis by his silver hook,
Court'd by Venus, Venus by him scorn'd,
Venus with tears presents young Cupid's letter,
He hates her vows, and loves fair Sepha better

110

XX

If to the garden Flora me invited,
Where all the dainty flowers are said to lie,

77 more fairer] Some one in my copy has attempted to *biffer* the 'more' in pencil
These double comparatives are always stumbling blocks to weaker vessels and here
the metre rather increases the obstacle

William Bosworth

Those dainty flowers, that so much once delighted,
Are now abasht, and in their beauty die,
Lilies and Roses startle at her name,
One pale for fear, the other red for shame

120

XXI

If to the woods persuaded by my Muse,
Even there were echoes of fair Sepha's glory,
The warbling chanters made a fine excuse
For her delay, and chanted forth the story
Of her best praise, by which I understood,
They striv'd with tunes to tell her to the wood

XXII

If I but chanc'd to walk unto the springs,
There sat the Muses warbling forth her story,
Wanton Thalia with sweet raptures sings,
Folding her name in Heav'n's immortal glory
With hymns, and lays, they prattle forth delight,
And count her name the pen with which they write

130

XXIII

Yet sad Melpomene rejoiceth not,
Nor aught but imprecations 'stows upon her,
She saith her beauty is to her a blot,
Whose so much goodness robs them of their honour
Help then, Melpomene, with thy sad verse,
To tell her fate, and howl upon her herse'

XXIV

These were the plaints the Cretan lad bestow'd
The funerals of his fair Sepha's death
'Behold,' said he, 'the service that I ow'd,
And vow'd to pay Sepha shall be my breath'
When heard by ladies of renown'd glory,
They urg'd him to relate his Sepha's story

140

XXV

'Ladies (said he) if your unhappy ears,
Admit such sad disasters to have room,
If by your looks your inward thoughts appears,
You'll elegize this story that shall come
You'll sigh to hear my Sepha's hap, while I
Bend all my power to tell her fate, and die'

150

THE HISTORY OF ARCADIUS AND SEPHA

Liber Primus

AMIDST Campania fields, near Sabine bowers,
Plain to each view there stood two stately towers,
Mounting aloft the skies their cloudy heads,
As proud as high, disdaining their first beds,
So curious was their building, and their stone,
That both alike, they both were took for one,
Showing by th' type of their conjoining arts,
The true conjunction of each other's hearts
Two stately towers for their buildings fam'd,
One Arathea, th' other Ialmos nam'd, 10
In Talmos, Sepha dwelt, whose heav'nly face
Gave to each quill a line, each line a grace,
In whisp'ring forth her praise, whose radiant eyes,
Like starry lamps that emulate the skies,
In height and beauty with their glittering light,
Shone like the clearest stars i' th' darkest night
Upon her head she wore a laurel crown
Knit up with sundry flowers, on which Renown,
As chiefest Empress of her fate and beauty,
Did sympathize with a religious duty 20
Hesperides, in whose calm heart did rest
No sullen strains, but Lyric, and a nest
Of heav'nly raptures, perfum'd odours sweet,
Which Nectar and Nepenthe breathings, meet
For Heav'n's great Queen such was her virtue given,
That where she was, there was a second Heav'n
Her face so sweet as Nature can devise,
Was drest with sparkling diamonds of her eyes
The sweet composure of whose beauty yields
A medal of the true Elysian fields, 30
Her forehead, fittest place to go before,
(Since whoso speaks of beauty trends it o'er)
Was justly call'd a path, whereon did pass
A way that leads you where all beauty was
Close by that path, two radiant lamps did rise,
Which some abruptly did entitle eyes,
Too mean a name for two such heav'nly lights,
As far beyond all eyes, as days from nights

24 There seems to be here a choice of reading 'breathing' without the 's' or of substituting 'with' for 'which' This latter, considering the frequent confusion of the two words at this time, is hardly an excessive liberty

To whom was added that celestial grace
 Of perfect pureness to adorn the face, 40
 That whensoever these seeming lamps did move,
 They'd light spectators on their way to love,
 Between which eyes (if eyes they may be nam'd)
 A pillar (as of purest marble fram'd)
 Then call'd her nose, did lead you to two plains,
 Pure white and red, like milk which claret stains,
 Two flow'ry fields where Flora seem'd to dwell,
 Where white and red were striving to excel,
 Whose raptures seem'd like a celestial nest,
 Whereon distressed lovers seem'd to rest, 50
 Which Paradise if any lover seeks,
 It was presented in fair Sepha's cheeks
 Two pearls of that inestimable price,
 So far beyond th' perfection of her eyes,
 Impall'd with that excessive form of bliss,
 Smiling, you'd think th' invited you to kiss
 What name or title fits fair Sepha's lips?
 Shall some Ambrosian cup, where great Jove sips
 Nectar from Ganimede? too mean it is
 To bear their form, it is too mean by this, 60
 Jove out of them Nepenthe us'd to sip,
 But that Nepenthe grew on Sepha's lip
 Then gan her teeth in a most perfect line,
 Plac't each by other through her lips to shine,
 More white, more true, than Nature could prefer
 To any other was it not to her
 Those that ne'er saw, might judge what they had been,
 Like picture pearl, through crimson shadows seen,
 So was her chin like crystal over red,
 So was her hair in decent manner spread, 70
 Which she all careless down her back did wear,
 As a fit object for the wanton air,
 Careless to sport with Next to them was prais'd
 Her neck, as of a marble pillar rais'd,
 Proud to support the weight of such a face,
 In whom three Graces seem'd to be one grace
 Then might you see her amber breasts, more white
 Than Scythian snow, and yielding more delight
 Than silly quill is able to report
 They were the hills where Cupid us'd to sport 80
 Between which hills there lay a pleasant alley,
 Whose milky paths did lead into the valley
 This was that Sepha who unhappy died,
 This was that Sepha for whose hap I cried,

55 Impall'd] = 'impaled' in the heraldic sense, 'joined to' This, I think, is better than 'impall'd' in the sense of 'covered' No compound of 'pall' = 'stale' is possible
 65 prefer] In the sense of 'preferment'

77 amber] Of course, as very often, for 'ambergris,' 'fragrant,' not 'yellow'

This was that Sepha whom the valleys miss,
 And this was her whose tragic story's this
 Sepha, the glory of the scornèd earth,
 In Talmos dwelt, sometimes a place of mirth,
 The ground whereon it stood was deck't with flowers,
 Here lay a meadow, there were Sabine bowers 90
 The house was with a grove of trees enclos'd,
 Proud of the beauty that therein repos'd
 Only a glead there lay, the trees between,
 Where Arathea was of Talmos seen
 In Arathea young Arcadius dwelt,
 A man where Nature had so freely dealt
 Her chiefest art, and artificial skill,
 Pleasing each eye, but most to Sepha's will
 Oft by her window did Arcadius ride,
 Sometimes to hunt, and sometimes to divide 100
 The air with riding swift Italian horses,
 Here making stops, there running at full courses,
 When she (unknown to him) with watchful eye,
 Oft saw his going, and his coming by,
 So that of fire which lovers sometimes find,
 A spark began to kindle in her mind
 Once did she blame unkindly Cupid much,
 'Darling,' said she, 'and is thy power such?
 Unkindly thus pure streams to overcome,
 And force a heart to love she knows not whom? 110
 Is he too good that thus thou dost deny
 Me to receive one courting from his eye?
 Cupid, scorn'st thou my prayers? or dost thou shame?
 Is he so mean to let me know his name?
 Yet let me live, let me his feature see,
 If he's but virtuous, 'tis enough for me'
 This said, her eyes, drawn by a heavy sound,
 Saw young Arcadius grovelling on the ground,
 Whose too too nimble horse, in striving most
 To please his master, his blest burthen lost 120
 Once did she speak, once did she move her tongue,
 'What sad mishap,' said she, 'did thee that wrong?
 How didst thou of thy wonted favours miss?
 Was the ground greedy thy fair limbs to kiss?'
 At whose celestial voice, like a sweet charm,
 He started up, and said, 'I had no harm,
 'Thanks for your love,' and with a decent grace,
 Stoops down his hat, by which she saw his face
 'Sepha (said she), be glad for thou hast found,
 And seen the arrow that thy heart did wound' 130
 Well, young Arcadius gets him to his steed,
 Who guilty of the last unhappy deed,

86 story 's] Orig 'stories'

93 glead] This form usually = 'gleed,' burning coal, but it is here clearly = 'glade'

With nimble strokes his master to delight,
 Slips o'er the plain from fairest Sepha's sight
 'Go then,' said she, 'the height of beauty's pride,
 And world's chief mirror, if thy heart is tied
 To any lady whom thou call'st thy own,
 As sure it is, or else thou wouldst have shown
 Some more respects to me, but if thou art,
 If to another thou hast linkt thy heart, 140
 Twice happy thou, thrice she, that shall embrace
 Thy slender body, and enjoy thy face'
 This said, she to a silent chamber goes,
 Weary of love, but more of mind, and throws
 Sometimes her restless body on a bed,
 Where love is with imaginations fed,
 Then to the window would she take her way,
 And view the place where young Arcadius lay,
 Thence would she to her closet, where alone,
 Alone she sat her sorrow to bemoan, 150
 If such was Isis' love to Lignus' son,
 Then ignorant why he her love had won,
 And Iphis had in his Ianthe got,
 Not yet a man, yet more than one man's lot?
 If such was Philoclea's ardent love,
 From her own sex, such free desires to move?
 When Zelmane's eyes such direful vapours threw,
 And to her own, prodigious accents drew?
 If Isis was of Iphis' change most glad,
 And Philoclea her own wishes had, 160
 Why may not Sepha be possess'd of hers,
 Not half so far impossible as theirs?
 But Heav'n conspir'd with an impatient eye,
 And all the powers to act her tragedy
 Not that injustice with the Gods did dwell,
 For how could they 'gainst that sweet face rebel,
 Nor enmity against such beauty bred,
 Whose double portion with amazement led
 Each greedy eye into a field of roses
 And lilies which a theatre encloses 170
 But Love, whose passions with impartial flames,
 Now whisper'd 'mongst the Gods, aloud proclaims,
 By Jove's consent to dispossess us here
 Of our fair Heav'n, for they did want her there
 Conspicuous fate, her heart already feels
 Cupid's dire bolt, and at first arrow yields,
 No warrior she, nor striv'd with struggling hand
 The dart to break, nor would she it withstand,
 But gently stepping t'wards his bow did hie,
 And Phoenix-like into the flames did fly, 180

155, 157 Philoclea, Zelmane] The influence of the *Arcadia* has of course been obvious long before these names confess it

So Philomel doth willingly depose
 Her tender breast against the thorn, so those
 Who (bleeding eas'ly) meet death void of pain,
 Phasiphae so in Ida woods did reign
 'Twice did the honour of Latona move
 A scorn'd defiance to Arcadius' love,
 But twice by Ericina 'twas defac't,
 And twice more love into her heart was plac't,
 Wherefore unwilling to omit the art,
 The salve she thought would mollify her smart, 190
 Half doubting Cupid who such change had wrought,
 Gave speech the leave to ease her of her thought
 'Love, who the greatest potentates can tame,
 (Ruin of zeal) at whose majestic name,
 (Blind wicked boy) disguis'd with all untruth,
 The Gods have yielded honour to his youth,
 Sprung first from Venus, Goddess of his art,
 If blind, as some suppose, how can he dart
 Show'rs of such wrongs on silly woman's heart?
 Thou Goddess of the valleys and the plains, 200
 See how the wag thy sacred rites disdains,
 Thou, thou, Latona's daughter, whose delights
 I vow to perfect, and maintain thy rites,
 In spite of Cupid, see how he deposes
 Thy holy laws, see how he plucks thy roses,
 And crops the fairest lilies of thy closes
 Into my heart some heavy thought is stray'd,
 But there it shall not, nor long hath it stay'd,
 Some muddy cloud hath overwhelm'd my face,
 And left behind it shadows of disgrace 210
 Thus when the heav'ns thy mighty father low'rs,
 His anger is some bitter tasted show'rs,
 To perish quite the odours of ' flowers
 Thus hath he given power to the Boy,
 Who strives thy virgin odor to destroy,
 Urg'd by the daughter of Oceanus
 His frothy mother, enemy to us
 And she doth practise his deceitful smiles,
 The fittest motions with which he beguiles,
 And with a touch thy vestal lamps defiles 220
 Up (thou Alpheia) show thy power and skill,
 Reserve thy virgins wholly to thee still,
 Lend us the swiftest Arethusa's feet,
 To fly Alpheus, make our prayers fleet
 And that we may do honour to thy name,
 Do thou in Ephesus thy will proclaim,
 That we with nettles may defy his flame '

Thus did she feed her thoughts on weak despair,
 Sighing her sorrows to the empty air,
 Repining only that her heavy fate
 Prest down so hard to make her derogate 230
 'Might I (said she) Idaha's garments wear,
 I would be glad, would she but hear my prayer,
 Or Dian, thou to whom I am devoted,
 Admit not my true zeal to be remoted
 From service thine, if still thy power thou hast,
 If Citherea hath it not defac't,
 Say whether yet he any hath embrac't
 Say whether yet he any hath embrac't,
 If yet to thee his service be ally'd, 240
 Let not his cheeks of any sorrows taste,
 'Tis pity such pure streams with worse be dyed,
 But howsoe'er if happy him be tied,
 And Hymen link him to some other bride,
 Let not his name nor kindred be denied'
 And thus she discontinuing Dian's fires,
 Vext with excess of heat and love, retires
 Into the garden, where she takes free scope
 To vent her plaints, but all deny her hope
 Each flow'r she sees gives a fresh appetite 250
 To that sweet flow'r she wants, there's no delight,
 But dreams and visions haunt her in her sleep,
 The birds that us'd to sing, now seem'd to weep,
 And all with heavy voice did seem to move
 Complaints, and wail for her unhappy love
 Nor could she say 'twas love did her oppress,
 Since she was ignorant of what fair guess
 She was enamourèd, she saw his face,
 And knew he was a man, but of what race
 And name she knew not, nor knew where he dwelt, 260
 (Oft so, for unknown cause, strange pains are felt)
 Oft from the garden would she send her eyes,
 Love's faint Embassadors, into the skies,
 For help, and oft with shrill complaining sounds,
 Would weep forth prayers, with which the air abounds
 Thence would she unto Venus' altar haste,
 Where when the myrrh and odours she had plac't,
 And mixing plaints with the perfuming flame,
 'Grant me, great Queen of Love, to know his name'
 Thence would she unto Dian's altar hie, 270

238, 239 The extreme futility of preserving original spelling is well illustrated in this repetition. It is 'embrac't' in the first line, 'embrac't' in the second

257 guess] The forms 'guess' and 'guest' are dialectically interchanged, see *Dial Dict*, but apparently not in this sense. It is possibly here a mere liberty for the rhyme, of which we have had other examples with this word. But B *ms* uses it when there is no such excuse

263 Love's faint Embassadors, Italics in orig

And do the like, and thence to Cupid fly,
But still return'd enrag'd, amaz'd, unblest,
Till fairest Hecate heard her request

Not far from Talmos there a city was,
Casperia nam'd, Delia's devoted place,
Where she a temple had sacred to her,
Where oft unmarried people did prefer
Their pray'rs, remoted only for the same,
No Hymeneal servants thither came

Now was the time, when cloth'd in Scythian whites 280

Her Priests were ready to perform her rites,
Her cups were with Castalian liquors fill'd,
Her altar with pale sacrifices hill'd,

That all her virgins came to wait upon her
Bearing their vestal lamps, Diana's honour
When Sepha t'wards her temple did repair,
Cloth'd all in yellow, whose dishevell'd hair,
Stirr'd with the wind, gave a reflective shine,

As Jove had tow'd her in a golden shrine
Down to Gargaphia did she take her way, 290

Fear lending wings, since Love had caus'd her stay
Too long, and as she tript o'er those fair lawns,
Rough-footed satyrs, satyrs, nymphs and fauns,
With various colour'd flowers which they had set,
Made for her feet a pleasant carquet

Her eyes when first they glanc't towards the place,
Whither she would, 'O more than human race,'

Said she, 'be thou propitious to me still,
Impute not this delay, want of good will

Towards thy holy laws,' and as she pray'd, 300

The more she run, the more she thought she stay'd,
Chiefly for this, when first her tender feet,

With gentle motions brought her to those sweet,

Those diap'ed, those rape enamour'd dales,

First mother to those cool perfum'd gales,

Which Zephyrus from flow'ry meadows sends

To court Aurora, whose beauty extends

(Like blushing sighs with which women beguile)

Back to the same to grace them with a smile

She heard shrill voices, shrill complaining cries, 310

The hasty messengers of some dull eyes,

Call her to witness with lamenting verse,

Like those that use to howl over the herse

Of their dead friends, to which as women use,

She gives a skreek, women can seldom chuse,

278 remoted] B, it will be seen, is fond of this word

283 hill'd] This may be either 'heaped' or 'covered' both of which are common dialectic, though rare literary, meanings of the verb

289 tow'd] Very difficult 'Wow'd' = 'wooded' has been suggested

304 rape enamour'd] Another field for guess lovers For 'rape' read 'rare'?

Which skreek, whether it were for strangeness rather,
 That all the silvan dwellers 'bout her gather,
 Or whether 'twas the rareness of her voice,
 As sure it was, for that O heav'nly noise,
 Hath power to lead the wildest rudest ear, 320
 Which once those heav'nly raptures doth but hear,
 From uncivility, to deep amaze,
 But be it what it will, they all did gaze
 And flock about her, silent, pale, and wan,
 Till one (it seems the chiefest of them all) began,
 'Hence, ugly grief,' to which they all agree,
 'Though our King's gone, we'll make a Queen of thee,'
 Then gan they leap and dance, with such delight,
 Which put fair Sepha into such a fright,
 That from her eyes she let fall such a frown, 330
 That seen of them, they all fell trembling down
 Yet such was Sepha's virtue and good nature,
 That she would not permit the smallest creature
 Through her to perish, if from her there came
 Aught did extinguish the desired flame
 Of life, the same to her own heart return'd,
 For with the like desire of Love she burn'd
 She would have gone and left them, but compassion
 Of their then grief caus'd a deliberation,
 Half gone she turn'd again, and with her hand 340
 Helping them up, saith, 'Let me understand
 The cause you weep, if it require my art
 With you to grieve, with you I'll bear a part'
 When one awakened with excess of bliss,
 Rose up, and gan to kiss her ears with this

The Tale of Bacchus and Diana

'Nisean Silenus*, born of Indian race,
 Once kept yon hill, yon Gaurus was his place,
 His palace was with palest marble rais'd,
 Embrac't with blushing grapes, and often prais'd
 By those, which never yet the reason knew, 350
 For those sweet smelling flowers about it grew
 The way that leads you to this more than blest
 Elysium, was bord'ed with a nest
 Of Hyacinths, which now began to spread
 Their Amiclean flowers into a bed,
 Like that of lilies, which our poets say
 Leads now to him, instyl'd the Milky Way,
 There was no path went creeping through the same,
 Which might delude the most opprobrious name
 With fallacies, for so they might suppose 360

* Silenus herein is used for Bacchus

The way that leads to honour doth enclose
 A world of bliss, when each eye hath his charm,
 The way to honour hath a world of harm
 I speak not this to disallow the rites
 Honoria claims the self same way invites
 As well to honour, as well not to honour,
 For she hath equal balance cast upon her,
 But to uphold the best Silenian way,
 Whose smooth egressions will admit no stay,
 To those who t'wards Brisean altars hie, 370
 Till they enjoy th' Nisean Canopy
 A vale there is, which from a low descent
 Of a late hill, did somewhat represent
 Phlegrean plains, nurst by Meander's waves,
 Which cut their bed, and furrow their own graves
 This was Nemea call'd, a fertile plain,
 Bedew'd with blood of Misian cattle, slain
 For sacrifice, brought by th' Ismenides,
 The wrath of just Silenus to appease,
 Whose angry frowns fright you from that blest vale, 380
 But till you to a far more pleasant dale,
 Which mounted by two steps doth yield a sight
 More smooth than glass, more glorious than delight
 A heap of pines there are, which equal range
 On either side, a pleasant sight but strange,
 To those ne'er saw't, through which there lies a glede,
 Smooth-bladed grass, which shows you the abode
 Of Bacchus' guide, then come you to a court,
 Where all the crew of satyrs do resort,
 And with shrill cries do make his palace ring, 390
 And, *Io, Io, Bacchanalia* sing
 No wall there is that doth enclose the same,
 'Tis hem'd with laurel trees of the big'st frame,
 And under them there is a bushy hedge
 Of rosemary, which cut ev'n make a ledge
 For various colour'd flowers his clients bring,
 They are the courteous off'rings of the spring
 In midst of which fair court there is a font,
 Of crystal streams, where oft a goddess wont,
 With diverse damsels, goddesses I think, 400
 Because their beauty hath such power to link
 Men to their love, for sure such heav'nly faces
 Ne'er sprung from mortal, ne'er from human races
 But be they as they are, in that same well
 They us'd to bathe, the statues there can tell,
 Chlamidia's shrines th' are call'd, and strong defence
 That were erected at her going thence

381 till] Perhaps 'to entice, tempt,' as in *Dial Dict* and the *Cursor Mundi*

386 glede] B usually has some such form of 'glade,' but how he gets it to rhyme to 'abode' I do not know

Which story, if you'll please but to admit
 And bless the ground so much as here to sit,
 Fair Lady,—'tis not tedious,—we'll relate 410
 The tragic ends, and tell the heavy fate
 There lies intomb'd, we will in ev'rything
 Present to you the figure of the spring'
 'Time slips too fast (said Sepha) and my way
 Is long, I cannot well admit the stay
 To hear it told, but since you say 'tis short,
 I'll linger time to hear out your report'
 Then thus, 'Our God, hearing what heav'nly shapes
 Haunted those groves, and with what store of grapes
 It did abound, said, "Rise and let's go see, 420
 Perhaps it is a dwelling fit for me"
 Whither being come, and having took a view
 Of each delight, what pleasure might accrue
 By dwelling there, said, "Let's begin to build,
 The ground is fragrant, 'tis a pleasant field
 With odours drest, marble shall be our stone,
 Cedar our timber, the foundation
 On yonder hill, yon hill that will be proud
 To be instil'd the pow'rful Bacchus' shroud"
 At this the Goddess laught, and in a scorn, 430
 More sham'd and ruddy than the blushing morn,
 Escap't from Titan's arms, doth nimbly rise,
 While pale revenge sits trembling in her eyes,
 Ready to ruin those that dare presume
 To view, much less to touch her hallow'd room,
 She girts her armour on, and to her side
 Her quiver, full of bloody arrows tied,
 In her left hand her bow, and with the other
 Tearing the grapes from their beloved mother,
 Tramples them on the ground, and in a rage, 440
 (For so it seems no treaties could assuage
 Her furious wrath) "Bacchus," said she, "thou clown,
 So shall I trample thy imperial crown
 How durst thou, villain, dare to touch this isle?
 And with thy nasty carcass to defile
 My holy place, egregious drunkard! how
 Durst thou presume t' offend my virgin brow?
 What recompense art able to bestow?
 Or how wilt thou my pow'rful wrath o'er go?
 How wilt thou my destroying anger miss? 450
 Or what requital shall I have for this?
 Thy death I will not work lest it be known
 I so much goodness to thee should have shown
 In slaying thee, twould be as bad disgrace

417 She might also have suggested that they should talk rather more like men of this world. The preceding fifty or sixty lines are the first, but very far from the last, descent to *gahmahs* in the poem

Should it be known that thou hast seen my face
 Thou happy of this favour mayst rejoice,
 My damsels scorn that thou shouldst hear my voice
 What a vile stain, what laughing there would be,
 Should the world know I deign to speak to thee!
 How shall I combat then? or thee expel
 From the society of this blest well? 460
 See how these roses at thy boldness blush,
 Those flowers die which thy proud feet do crush
 See how the trembling lilies stoop alow,
 Grow pale and droop, for fear thou wilt not go
 The birds no more will sing while thou art here,
 These silver streams do murmur plaints for fear
 Thou wilt their drops defile, the very skies,
 Since thou cam'st hither, have withdrawn their eyes
 And since thou hast this flow'ry place defac't, 470
 No more we shall of their sweet favour taste
 To cherish us Here is a spacious way
 Be packing then, or at thy peril stay"
 Vile words against a God, who smiling said
 "Here will I live, and thou shalt be my maid"
 "I hy maid," said she, "to do thee service then
 With this weak arm, and these shall be thy men,"
 Sending him show'rs of arrows, which invade
 His nurses' hearts and there a tavern made
 Bacchus at this grew wroth, his ruddy face, 480
 Where the best beauty us'd to have a place,
 Grew pale, and pale "Bellona now," said he,
 "Be thou propitious to my sov'reignty
 What spiteful God has sent these mortal shapes?
 Wicked devourers of my sacred grapes!
 Nor enmity alone against the fruit,
 Will them suffice, who seek to spoil the root
 Fair girl," he said, "think'st thou I dread thy power?
 Dare mickle Fortune on my pleasure lower?
 My father guides the motion of the year, 490
 His dwelling is beyond the middle sphere
 Heav'n is his palace, where his power's known,
 Power waits on him, Elysium is his own
 My mother's of no base nor mean descent,
 With whom all Graces had their complement
 And though she's mortal, yet her pedigree
 Portrays in brazen lines her memory,
 From worthy Cadmus, whose descent doth spring
 From old Agenor, the Phœnician King
 How dar'st thou then revile my holy fire? 500
 I am a God, and can withstand thine ire
 Can these thy threat'nings then make me the worse?
 Or dost thou think thy arrows can have force
 To pierce my pow'rful skin? Fond foe, forbear,

Th'are fit'st for Cupid's use , by Styx I swear,
 A secret influence hath my honour sav'd,
 I have in Lethe lake my body lav'd "
 This said, his leavy javelin up he takes,
 At sight of which the fearful Goddess quakes ,
 He turns him back to his devoted train, 510
 In whose each hand a Thirsis did remain,
 Whose fiery valour never was withstood,
 Good was their courage, and their valour good
 "Forbear," said he, "let not your anger light
 On these, so far unworthy for your sight,
 What stain shall we endure ? when it be said,
 So many Hecatompilons have made
 War with a silly maid ? what though she strive
 Through haughty pride our honour to survive ?
 Urge not her fight who cannot manage it 520
 Fie, are these subjects for your valour fit ?
 Forbear, I say, and let your wrath be kept,
 For those who have our ancient honours swept
 Into a dirty lake , let it suffice
 This mountain shall our orgies memorize "
 With that another show'r of darts she sends
 From nimble arms, whose multitude extends
 All o'er the army which our God had there,
 Enough to move a valiant god with fear ,
 So thick they came, that like the ev'ning cloud, 530
 Or like an arboui or a leafy shroud
 Remaining long, they might have caus'd a dearth,
 They kept the courteous sun from the dark earth
 "Go to," said Bacchus, "let all pity fade,
 And fight on now, we now shall fight i' th' shade ,"
 Then 'gan a desprate war, but being divine,
 No harm was done, the greatest harm was mine,
 Till fair Antigone, alas ! too rare,
 Too young, alas ! alas ! too heav'nly fair
 To leave this haven, exchang'd her mortal hue 540
 And leapt to Heav'n , I saw her as she flew
 A wound she had, nor was there any place
 But that alone, but that which could deface
 Her ruddy cheeks, her lips that oft did shove
 Life to the hearts of those that saw them move

The Story of Haemon and Antigone

AND thus it chanc'd, Haemon, the fairest boy
 Of Thebes' city, would go sport and toy

511 Thirsis] Of course - thyrsus These two words, with 'Thetis' and 'Tethys,'
 were perhaps the greatest trials which the poets of the time offered to their printers
 544 shove] Slightly inelegant, it must be admitted

With Cupid's darts, and Cupid being blind,
 (And Love, you know when vex is oft unkind)
 Pull'd them away, Haemon would him withstand, 550
 And as he held, he chanc'd to race his hand
 This being slighted 'gan to fester in,
 And having got a newly welcom'd skin,
 Began to fester more, it being small,
 And of small pain, was pitied not at all,
 By him, I mean, who as it seems delighted
 In this new pain, and that's the cause 'twas slighted
 Now was it grown unto a doubled height
 His breast within, and with a nimble sleight
 Began his heart to bore, when he o'ercharged, 560
 Could not suppress that fire which now enlarg'd
 Itself with larger flames, it kist his heart,
 And he kist it, like one loath to impart
 Some serious thought, from his o'erburthened breast,
 And yet detaining it can find no rest
 Have you not seen the Heliconian spring
 Send her belovèd streams a-wandering
 The vale below, who ready to fulfil
 (Though murmuring for grief) their mother's will,
 Glide on apace, yet oft with wat'ry eyes 570
 Look t'wards the place where their blest mother lies,
 While she with crooked babbings doth complain,
 Now calls them in, then thrusts them forth again?
 So was't with Haemon, loath to lose the bliss,
 The pleasing joys he hop't to reap from this
 His new intended life, also unwilling
 To dispossess himself of those distilling
 And grateful honours, from Diana came,
 Due only to the lovers of her name
 In both perplex alike he sits amaz'd, 580
 (Symptoms of love) and o'er the valleys gaz'd,
 Starts up, sits down, admires with foolish joy
 The fruits thereof, detests as much th' annoy
 The same engenders, having 'fore his eyes
 The sad examples of the miseries
 It hath produc't, Leander's heavy fate
 Makes him eschew it now as much with hate,
 As e'er before he to it zealous was,
 Whose tragedies are unto him a glass
 In this extreme, what will not Venus do? 590
 He studies how, and can already woo
 "Admit," said he, "the wingèd boy would send
 Into this place the picture of that friend
 I best could honour, should I be approv'd
 Or no?" for yet he knew not whom he lov'd,
 "Or should I chance of that fair chance to chance
 Could I in lover's phrase my love advance?

Say, Cupid, or if yet thou think'st I cannot,
 Make trial, and if too much she disdain not,
 Thy book I'll quickly learn, before the morn
 Descry our blots there's none a workman born , 600
 And at our next encounter I'll so gain
 Thy approbation, there shall not a stain
 Deface my quill to make my study falter,
 Whole show'rs of myrrh I'll pour upon thy altar
 Thy altar shall with saffron streams appear,
 And I with yellow garments will be there ,
 There will I be to see thy service done,
 The oaths betroth'd by thy belovèd son,
 On high Hymerus' hill " And ere the same 610
 Had flown from Haemon's sacred breath, there came
 A Lady by, nor only one there was,
 Yet had there been no more, she did surpass
 All beauties could have come—Antigone,
 Whose face from sable night did snatch the day,
 And made it day , what need I show the same ?
 I know't's enough, if you but know her name
 Antigone came thither, thither came
 Blind Cupid's love, and there the goodly frame
 Of Nature's pride, whose beauty can procure 620
 Each wink to make each love spectators sure
 Three sisters they, but one of all the rest
 More fair and lovely was, and far more blest
 With Nature's gifts, and that was only she
 Whom men alone did call Antigone
 Her cheeks, bedeckt with lines of crystal veins,
 Were like that ruddy blush Aurora gains
 From Tellus' breath , whose odours do encroach
 O'er flow'ry fields to welcome her approach
 She came with such a majesty and grace, 630
 As if the Gods in her all-conquering face
 Had kept their Parliament, the Milky Way,
 Running Meander-like with crooked stray
 From her white chin, lead to that hill which yields
 A prospect o'er the fair Elysian fields
 Her upper garments were of milky hue,
 And under them a coat of azure blue ,
 Some stars of gold there were, and those but small,
 Were like the show'r Phoebus let on her fall
 The blue seen through the white, with that fair show'r 640
 Seem'd like a cloud that did enshrine a power ,
 Her hair not loose, as some do use to wear,
 Ribands of gold were proud to tie her hair,
 And so delighting held it up so hard,
 Lovers from favours of it were debarr'd
 Each step she took was like a virtuous way,
 Or path where her distressed lovers lay

For as she went casting her eyes aside,
 Many admiring at her beauty died
 Of all the gestures that her body had, 650
 With one especial gesture she was clad,
 And that was this, oft as thou us'd to walk
 Into the groves to hear the small birds talk,
 Antigone, thy praise, thou oft was us'd,
 (I think by some diviner power infus'd)
 To ravish men, often was thou indu'd
 With that sweet grace which each spectator ru'd
 A careless winding of thy body 'twas,
 Reeling and nodding as thou by didst pass,
 Like frisking kids upon the mountains seen, 660
 Or wanton lambs that play upon the green
 Then wouldst thou leap from bank to bank, and rise
 Th' Jocastæan body into the skies,
 While Zephyrus, better to help thee flee,
 Would fly beneath, but 'twas thy Heav'n to see
 Then wouldst thou swing abroad thy tender hands,
 At whose pure shine each eye amazèd stands,
 And with thy finger beck, which gave excuse
 To lovers, saying thou call'dst, but 'twas thy use
 I his Haemon saw, ev'n as the smiling ground 670
 With various colour'd flowers her temples crown'd,
 She crops a rose, and why so did she seek?
 There was a purer rosie in her cheek,
 But (Lord to see!) putting it to her nose,
 What purer beauty could there be than those?
 Like coral held in her most most pure hands,
 Or blood and sickly milk that mingled stands,
 The pale fac'd lily from the stalk she tears,
 Ev'n as the lily, so Narcissus fares,
 Sweet Crocus from his weeping root she twinds 680
 And him with his belovèd Smilax binds
 Nor Hyacinthus must this favour[s] fly,
 Who with the Cyprian Anemomy
 After she had retir'd into a shade,
 Of these discolour'd flowers a posy made,
 Then lying down, (for sleep began to play
 The wanton with her eyelids as she lay)

663 Th' Jocastæan] An instance of the rage for apostrophation. No elision is necessary with the usual English pronunciation of the name. But you *can* make it, if you choose, 'Th' Jocastæan'. So the apostropher jumps at his opportunity without even printing the I.

673 rosie] The disyllabic form is now only dialectal.

682-3 Nor Hyacinthus] This couplet may be treated representatively as an instance of a vast number *not* treated. 'Who' is apparently for 'whom,' and you supply 'she twines' from the context above. If notes of this kind were added wherever they are in strictness necessary or justifiable, our commentary here would equal the text in bulk. But Bosworth is hardly 'such an author as one must pause upon lengthily,' to borrow the (in the original case unjust) words of a German scholar.

She slept, not seeing Haemon, who still kept
 Out of her sight, or else she had not slept
 Then 'gan the silvan warblers to renew 690
 Their pleasant notes, with all the merry crew
 Kind Spring affords, each striving best to keep
 Their untaught quaver, lulling her asleep
 Her posy to her left had she convey'd,
 And on that hand her weary head she laid,
 Her right hand had the office to employ
 A safeguard to her breast, where Haemon's eye
 Stood ready fix't, softly he would have stole
 The posy thence, but each wink did control
 His bold attempt At last with ravish'd joy, 700
 That Fortune op't to him so fair a way
 To so divine a mark, he gently laid
 His trembling lips to hers, and softly said,
 "Ye Powers be thank't, and if such power ye have,
 As there's no power but what is yours, O save
 Your servant, O permit not her disdain
 T' acquaint my heart with just cause to complain
 Still let her sleep, rob me not of this bliss,
 Still let her sleep, ere I this favour miss,
 Camelion-like I'll live upon her breath, 710
 It nectar is, and will preserve from death"
 With that she wak'd, and seeing there so nigh
 An unknown guest, she rose and 'gan to fly
 Abash'd she would have spoke, but too much fear
 Caus'd it so softly that one could not hear
 Whether she chid or no "Great Queen," said she,
 "Who art rewarder of integrity,
 Let me not be defil'd," this Haemon heard,
 And would have answer'd, but he was debarr'd
 By her ensuing voice, which might inflame 720
 Cold Neptune's bosom, if but heard the same
 She views him well, surveys with curious eye
 His face*, who with like language doth reply
 A face she saw, the face she sure had known
 But that she did compare't with was her own,
 Of beauty pure, too pure she thought it was
 To be the picture of a human face,
 Those speaking looks, that grace and majesty,
 Far better would befit a Deity
 To whom she said,—but what I must omit, 730
 Since I am ignorant, nor is it fit
 To let my thoughts into those secrets pry,
 which they deny,

* ' *Alterno facies sibi dat responsa rubore, et tener affectum prodit utrique pudor* '

733 Lines uncompleted are frequent enough,—the imitation of Virgil causing them
 but lines lopped at the beginning are not common B seems to have had a fancy
 for them

For had she not been curious of her will
 She ne'er had whisper'd, ne'er had been so still
 But Haemon thus,
 "Lady, your looks a tragic tale unfold,
 I fear the end before I hear it told,
 Why should you tremble so? or be afraid
 Of him in whom your power is display'd? 740
 Remit this boldness that I did intrude
 Into your sacred grove, O fair, exclude
 Not my complaints from your still honour'd praise,
 Lest sable night give period to my days"
 "Peace," said Antigone, "shall ev'ry grove
 Where babbling echoes dwell, witness your love?"
 So much I heard, and saw her pretty look
 Show him her face in which there lay a book
 By Cupid's finger wrote, while he, o'erjoy'd,
 Kist as she spake, and with her ribands toy'd 750
 He took her by the hand and softly crush'd
 Sweet balm from thence, at sight of which she blusht
 He would have sav'd the same, but of it mist,
 She would have spake, but as she spake he kist
 Then met his hands about her tender waist,
 So Jupiter when Danae he embrac't,
 And such like toys they us'd as lovers use,
 While a pure kiss (as if they would infuse
 Into each other's breast by their souls) was given,
 For Haemon vow'd by all the Powers of Heaven, 760
 No impious thought that honour should molest
 Which was engraven in his loyal breast,
 And that he was from all deceit as free
 As he desir'd to find Antigone
 "Go, then," said she, "'tis but one ling'ring night
 Our bodies part" But ah, they parted quite
 For she towards Diana took her way,
 Where then in camp Diana's virgins lay,
 Ready to give our God their strong assault,
 Where she was slain Oh, 'twas her Haemon's fault, 770
 For he belike that Cupid had implor'd
 Which some call God, that favour to afford,
 I through his belovèd's breast with his keen dart,
 To make an easy passage to her heart
 Which Cupid to fulfil did open lay
 A hole through which a javelin took his way
 At this she starts, "Revenge my death," she cried,
 "Haemon, my love, Haemon, farewell," and died
 At this disaster Dian did repine,
 "Hold, hold," said she, "Bacchus, the battle's thine 780
 The hill I'll leave, yet ere I take my way,

750 ribands] B or his printer usually employs the form 'ribond'

Permit that I by yonder spring do lay
 My virgin dead" Which yielded, there she laid
 Her corpse, and over them a statue made,
 It stood upright, and looking t'wards the East,
 The blood ran trickling down her wounded breast,
 And on each side her sisters' statue stood,
 With weeping clothes wiping away the blood
 This being done Diana left the place,
 Fears making furrows in her virgin face, 790
 Her sisters left to let her body lie,
 But since their statues did accompany
 Her tomb, they took their way, having done this,
 To yon Casperia where her temple is
 Now Titan weary of that sable bed
 Night did him lend, towards Aurora fled,
 When Haemon, weary of slow-footed hours,
 Oft wisht the morning, which come, each cloud low'rs
 The winds spake loud, and little birds were mute, 800
 For Sol had cloth'd him in a mourning suit,
 The morning wept, but what it might foreshow
 Haemon suspected not, sweet winds did blow
 No more the Powers themselves with heavy eyes
 Gave a consent to weep her tragedies
 Straight to the place appointed there to meet,
 He hied, time lending wings unto his feet,
 He calls his love, "Antigone," he cries,
 "Why art so slow to meet him who relies
 Upon thy faith more than upon his own?"
 Then speaks unto the Trees, "Have you not known 810
 Which way she went? or hath she not been here?
 Is she too slow?" "She is too slow, I fear,"
 Himself replies, and like a tiger flees,
 With raving eyes, inquires of all he sees
 "The fairest rosie that the garden bred,"
 Saith he, "hath now forgot the mother bed
 Of its first birth, I fear it hath been pull'd
 By some unlucky hand, whose drops have lull'd
 It in a bath of mildew, or hath been 820
 Cause of mishap, cause of some deadly sin,
 Else why should Phoebus shame to show his face?
 And creep behind a cloud, lest some disgrace
 Should taint him of conspiracy? or why
 Should Coelum's vesture yield a sympathy
 Of grief? or why should shrill complaining cries
 Of echoes strive to pierce the azure skies?
 Wherefore do little birds forbear to sing
 To Amphiluche, and her praises ring
 Along the valleys? Why do lilies fade?

818 unlucky] It should be remembered that 'unlucky' until quite recent times bore the sense of 'mischievous,' especially with 'boy'

Which still retains his nature , in three days
 It gains its prime, and in its prime decays
 His body then reposing on her urn,
 The Gods did to a marble statue turn,
 Whose head upon his weary hand doth rest,
 And looking steadfast on her wounded breast, 880
 Surveys the blood, that blood with wat'ry eye
 Which leaves her breast to turn t'a tulippy
 So Haemon t'wards Elysium did fly,
 But ere he went he left this elegy
 Under her feet engraven, on which be
 The lively praise of dead Antigone

"Ravisht with nectar breathing from those dales
 Where Zephyrus in all his worth remains,
 I past th' Arabian deserts, and the vales,
 And thence I journey'd o'er the Scythian plains, 890
 I journey'd thence, and in Diana's bowers
 My eyes bedew'd me with distilling showers

I sat me down to think upon my loves,
 The thought of which proceedings made me weep,
 Until the warbling chanters of the groves
 Lull'd me into a sweet and pleasant sleep
 Methought I sported on th' Arcadian mountains,
 And then I sat me by Minerva's fountains

Sitting and musing by those silver streams,
 Where babbling echoes whisper'd forth my moan, 900
 As if awakened from some glorious dream,
 The Muses show'd me, on a marble stone
 Character'd, lines of gold, whose triple lays
 I copied out to prattle forth their praise

Aspire to honour her whose glories such,
 Nature hath given that artificial face,
 No Muse nor Goddess can delight so much,
 Excepting her who is her chiefest grace ,
 Oft so the dove a whiter turtle brings,
 And, from the selfsame root, a fairer flower springs 910

Some say the fairest Cupid being mov'd,
 Mourn'd as he went, and thinking on her pin'd,
 Entirely seeking, seeking her he lov'd,
 Till too much gazing on her made him blind
 He call'd her Vesta, and to prove the same,
 Erected up a trophy to her name

Durst I but tell the world how much I love her,
 Omitting nothing that I could express,

88a tulippy] Apparently formed on the analogy of 'rosie' above but I do not find any dialectic justification here

Rapt in those Heav'nly joys that seem'd to hover,
Only to crown her with their sacred bliss,
Too long I should upon her praises dwell,
Hymns are unworthy of her worth to tell

920

Symethis shows how far her voice exceeds
Musical charms, whose sacred breath doth sink
Enchanted hearts, and where it stays it breeds
The sweet Nepenthe which the Gods do drink
Having their love, they make her what they can,
Equal to them, too heav'nly for a man

Many that view her sweet Elysian face
Admiring stand, as if some silver hook
Ran from her eyes to tie them to the place,
Tempting the Gods to read the am'rous book
Her cheeks enclose, and every wanton air,
As proud to kiss her, sporteth with her hair

930

Sestos enjoy'd so beautiful a lass,
Methought her equal could not eas'ly be,
If yet with Hero she comparèd was
'Twas not fair Hero that's so fair as she,
Her face bedeck't with beauty's sweet adorning,
Exceedeth far the blushing of the morning

940

Yet see how Fate hath stole her soul away,
And wrapt it in the fair Elysian rest
Slow time, admit me here no longer stay,
Till blest with her, I never can be blest,
Receive, dear Love, into those azure skies,
This soul who whilome to thy bosom flies"

So much for this now for the cause we weep,
Fair Lady, know Bacchus is fall'n asleep
The nature of the Spring we have declar'd,
So have you of Diana's battle heard
At this she sigh'd, and as she gently pray'd
For some revenge, the satyrs grew afraid
The winds spoke loud, Dian in choler burn'd,
And each of them cleaving to trees, she turn'd
To Ivy, whence it still is twinding found,
And Bacchus' nurses are with Ivy crown'd
Thus Fortune, (whose continual wheely force
Keeps constant course, still keeps unconstant course)
Bequeath'd her harm, and Sepha with amaze
Tript o'er the plains towards that sacred place,
Casperia nam'd, and as she thus did hie,
Trust me Arcadius came riding by,
He look't on Sepha, oh, what good it wrought
To her, who with her earnest eyes besought
One ravisht word to ope those lips, but they
Lurkt still in glory's garden as they lay

950

960

At this she sigh'd, O how she sigh'd at this
 'Farewell,' said she, 'and if I needs must miss
 Of these fair hopes, yet shall my tender mind
 Accuse thee not thy horse did prove unkind 970
 To carry thee so fast' Thus with this thought,
 And suchlike meditations, she was brought
 Unto the temple, now with roses strew'd,
 Then to the altar with sweet balm bedew'd,
 Where when the rites and ceremonies done,
 She read this superscription was thereon

'Those that Idalia's wanton garments wear,
 No Sacrifices for me must prepare,
 To me no quav'ring string they move
 Nor yet Alphaean music love, 980
 'There's no perfume
 Delights the room,
 From sacred hands
 My altar stands
 Void and defac't,
 While I disgrac't
 With angry eyes
 Revenge the cries

Of you who to my altar haste,
 And in my laws take your repast 990
 Pursue it still, the chief of my pretence
 And happiness shall be your innocence'

After sh' had read what vile reproach and stain
 Her Queen endur'd, what just cause to complain
 Hung on her breast, by an aspersion thrown
 Upon her damsels' glories, and her own,
 She sighs, and through enough and too much sorrow,
 Disdains to live, for true love hates to borrow
 Art to bewail mishap, and as she fainted,
 Alas, too much unfit and unacquainted 1000
 With grief! she sighing said with swelling eye,
 'The root depriv'd of heat, the branches die'
 Then 'gan her sense to play the tragic part
 Of Fate, and Atropos joy'd in her art
 Each thing she saw (as all were proud t' advance
 Themselves to her fair eyes) now seem'd to dance,
 And turning round, the temple where she stood,
 To her wet eyes presented a pale flood
 While she with scrambling hands seeking to take
 Hold lest she fell, fell down into that lake, 1010
 Where struggling still, with many pretty dint
 Her curious hand did give the earth a print
 For Sepha's sake, which print the earth still keeps,
 Of which we'll speak awhile, while Sepha sleeps

The Story of Eramio and Amissa

'A FOOLISH Prince, not wise because he vow'd
 Virginity to dwell within a cloud,
 And so much honour to her did ascribe,
 Many had thought he had receiv'd a bribe
 To vaunt her praise, and laurellize her name,
 His mouth and he were trumpets to her fame 1020
 I say a maiden Prince was lately there,
 Whose custom was twice five times ev'ry year,
 Cloth'd all in white, and stain'd with spots of black,
 A yellow riband tied along his back,
 To offer turtle doves with silver plumes,
 And strew the place with aromatic fumes
 He was a Prince, born of a royal blood,
 And being nobly born, was nobly good,
 Nor only good he was, but stout and wise,
 (Save that this fond opinion veil'd his eyes,) 1030
 Else he in ev'ry action was upright,
 And free from vice, as sorrow from delight,
 Of courage good, for valour oft had bound
 His temples up, and them with laurel crown'd
 Beauty lay lurking in his magic face,
 Worthy of praise since it chose such a place,
 Those ruddy lips, those cheeks so heav'nly fair,
 Where Love did play the wanton with his hair,
 Did witness it, and witness this his line
 I found engraven o'er his golden shrine, 1040
 By some belovèd hand, whose pen doth speak
 (Though willingly) his praise, alas! too weak
*Lo' here he lies, enshrin'd with his own fame,
 Whose virtue's gone abroad to tell his name*
 This Prince returning home by those dim lights,
 After he had perform'd the sacred rites
 Of his pure zeal, for night came peeping on,
 Whose sable face had thrust the weary Sun
 Beyond the Northern Pole, whether it was
 To hide her fault, and bring his end to pass, 1050
 Or whether 'twas to view his sacrifice,
 She stealing came, or t' keep him from the eyes
 Of those destroyers that about did gather
 To steal his life, or haste destruction rather,
 To me 'tis not reveal'd, but sure it is,
 Too sure, alas! conspicuous fate was his
 Could Heaven permit the deed? or give consent,
 (Who should be just) to the accomplishment
 Of this nefarious act? could Phoebus' eye
 Be dazzled so, or yield a sympathy 1060
 To this rebellious inhumanity?

Better had he renounc't the vows he made,
 And spent his days under some gloomy shade ,
 Better had he in flow'ry fields abide,
 And lead his flock by purling river's side ,
 Better had he bestrid the foamy waves,
 Where Pactolus his weary body laves ,
 Yea, better far he ne'er had been allied
 To Dian's laws, far better had he died
 And die he did, did death commit a sin? 1070
 No, yet when first his arrows do begin
 Untimely death to force, 'tis often said,
 His sulphur breath hath the sweet spring decay'd
 He was but young, the girdle of the year,
 By which our human actions do appear,
 And so we live and die, had ne'er embrac't
 Thrice three times twice his young and tender waist ,
 Scarce could he stand upon the joyful ground,
 And crop those blushing cherries which he found
 Upon their infant trees, yet envious eye 1080
 Conspir'd to end his perpetuity
 And thus it was, as young Eramio came
 From Dian's temple (for so was his name)
 Amissa, who had oft desir'd to free
 Her breast of that hell-knawing jealousy
 By her conceiv'd, for this Amissa had
 Been with the beauty of Eramio clad ,
 In a supreme desire towards his love,
 Oft with her letters did she strive to move
 With Cupid's laws him to retain alliance, 1090
 Till he, who scorn'd obedience gave defiance
 This could not cool that heat which had inspir'd
 A longing hope[s] to that which he desir'd
 She sighs and weeps , she sighs and laughs, she cries,
 And in a rage doth heave towards the skies
 Her feeble hands , she studies how to tempt
 Him to her lure, (lovers are oft exempt
 Of modesty) and in a rage doth go
 Towards her ink, (as lovers use to do)
 And frames this letter, which I chanc'd to meet 1100
 Ah me, 'twas young Eramio's winding-sheet

AMISSA TO ERAMIO

I HEARD how elder times enjoy'd the bliss
 Of uncouth love, Fame the historian is ,
 Men whose heroic spirits scorn to bend
 Their gallant necks to any servile hand,

1077 This arithmetical periphrase is really 'Ars Metrike,' as the old form goes
 You can make any number subserve any measure by it
 1087 clad] One need not doubt that the rhyme had most to do with the selection of
 this word But if you can be '*urapped* in thought,' why not be '*clad* in desire'?

Arcadius and Sepha

Whose beauty could command as noble eyes,
 I, and as many as these azure skies,
 E'er show'd thy face, to view with a desire
 Their glorious parts, and viewing to admire,
 Yet these in whom each God have plac'd an eye, 1110
 To make a shrill and pleasant harmony
 Of all their glories in one sound alone,
 Yet these so far have their affection shown,
 With sword and lance to make their faith approv'd,
 Though as thyself not half so well belov'd
 How canst thou then disdain this humble suit
 Of a pure love? how can thy pen be mute?
 Many detesting love, and scorn his name,
 Yet with their pens will certify the same
 By answer, that they may that harm prevent 1120
 Of future hopes, for *Silence gives consent*
 Shall still unkindness overflow the brim?
Leander did to fairest *Hero* swim,
 But I must come myself, and void of good
 To strengthen me, must make my tears the flood,
 And when I come, thy tower so fast is barr'd,
 Thy suppliant's weak complaint will not be heard,
 What is the cause thou dost affection scorn?
 Shall base contempt those lovely brows adorn?
 Am I too mean? look what I want of it, 1130
 So much my loyal love shall make me fit
 Let not thy thoughts accuse me, 'cause I sue,
 For true love clad with virtue needs must woo,
 Nor let thy answer show I am refus'd,
 But use me now ev'n as thou wouldst be us'd

Amissa

This mov'd *Eramio* much, who (worthy knight,)
 As ignorant as free from Love's delight,
 Like purling quails, who ev'n now are secure,
 With pleasant tunes are train'd unto the lure
 Of the deceitful fowler, so was he, 1140
 As this his answer will a witness be

ERAMIO TO AMISSA

FAIR Queen, that favour which you please to give
 To my unworthiness, shall make me live
 Renown'd, when so much love you do bequeath,
 Blown by the bellows of your flow'ry breath,
 Shall fold me in your arms, do not conceive
 'Twas scorn, or want of love, that made me leave
 My answer until now, *Amissa*, no,
 And 'mongst your other virtues please to know,
 'Twas that excessive humble love I had, 1150
 That would not link your honour to so bad,

As your Eramio

This fair Amissa saw , what sweet content
 To her it brought, let those whose time is spent
 On Cupid's study know, the same I leave
 To them alone, let them alone conceive
 It was not long (though lovers think it long)
 Ere young Eramio went (new love is strong)
 To see Amissa, where ('tis open said)
 There was a private contract 'twixt them made ,
 This being nois'd (as Fame will quickly spread)
 Amongst his friends, how fondly he was led
 By Love's alarms, with letters they did strive
 Diana's holy fires to revive
 Within his breast, and that to love alone,
 From Venus free, whereof this letter's one

1160

FLUENTIUS TO ERAMIO

BE not so serious, striving to commend
 The blaze of beauty , sometimes let a friend
 Partake of your well tunèd notes of worth
 Which solely to yourself you warble forth
 In some retirèd shade , do not adore
 A boy for God , let others' harms before,
 By his deceit, make you at last be wise
 It was for something Cupid lost his eyes
 Love is a thing deceitful, and will charm
 The wounded heart unto a further harm ,
 Such are th' allurements of the boy, to stain
 The virtuous mind and make destruction plain
 What desp'rate ends to many do ensue,
 And in their blood their guilty hands imbrue,
 To thee 'tis known , let them a warning move,
 If thou desir'st continuance of our love

1170

1180

Fluentus

Even this Eramio read, and being mov'd,
 In that his friends despise him 'cause he lov'd,
 In Love's excuse whose arrows he did kiss,
 He sat awhile, and then returnèd this

ERAMIO TO FLUENTIUS

RAPT with ambrosian favours of her love
 I well may serious strive, when Tempe grove
 Delights so much to whisper forth the praise,
 Of my sweet love, with Heliconian lays
 How can my Muse be dumb? or cease to sing
 Of fair Amissa? when each silver spring
 And cooling arbour to report her fame,
 Dictates my Muse in echoing back her name ,

1190

Arcadius and Sepha

If she but deigns to beautify the air
 With her sweet breath, her golden-knotted hair
 Receives a thousand compliments of love
 From wanton Zephyrus, enough to move
 Conceiv'd delights, so joys he when he finds
 How much her nectar-breath perfumes the winds 1200
 If she but coverts in Pathimne bow'rs,
 To hide her from those sweet distilling show'rs
 That come to kiss her from their cloudy throne
 Of vapour'd mists, those pearls finding her gone
 Lament and die, when they have lost the sweet
 They misst, yet some will stay to kiss her feet
 Why will you then dissuade me from that chase
 I have begun, when ev'ry private place
 Records her praise? nor think I am so stupid 1210
 Instead of higher powers to honour Cupid
 In all things there's a mean, I will be warn'd
 By others' harms, for since I have been scorn'd
 By some, the next shall teach me to be wise,
 And shame mishap, poor Cupid lost his eyes
 By gazing so much on the love I honour,
 That all the eyes he had he spent upon her
 Glad is Amissa when my Muse repeats
 Her friendly looks, and then again her threats
 'Gainst those that bid me cease to tell her blisses, 1220
 Sweeter than life, and half so sweet as kisses
 If therefore serious friendship may advise you,
 On still, for if you cease, your love denies you,
 And if another chance to see her face,
 Take heed, 'twill draw him on to win the race

Eramio

. Which when Fluentus read, and fully found
 The depth of his affection, and his wound,
 This he return'd

FLUENTUS TO ERAMIO

RECEIVE with this my thanks, and prosp'rous fate
 To your proceedings, love instead of hate,
 Kindness for coyness, Venus' sweet embrace, 1230
 And Juno's kiss, with all the pomp and grace
 That Hymen can afford, then joyful I
 Will come and sing your Epithalmy
 Thus far my wishes, but if counsel may
 Be took as kindly, boldly then I say,
 Trust not the winds, they are as false as fleet,
 As fleet as am'rous, kissing all they meet,
 Without exception Be not credulous,
 What groves do whisper is suspicious,

1201 coverts] 'Takes covert,' 'hides'

Ask but Narcissus, and he will declare 1240
 Echo's a wanton, only empty air,
 That doth but mock, the mists you say that meet
 To court your love, do but bemire her feet,
 And not adorn them, Tempe and the groves
 Are now forsook of shady leaves, and loves,
 Flora for shame resideth in the earth,
 Until the Spring do give her a new birth
 In speculation of your mistress' eyes,
 If Cupid lost his sight in any wise,
 Beware of yours, for so it well befits, 1250
 Lest with your eyes you also lose your wits
 Cupid they say's a God, and dares commence
 A suit with Jove Apollo had no fence
 Against his weapon, thus conclude I then,
 If Gods do fail, there are no hopes in men
 Reflect on this you say you have been scorn'd
 By some, therefore take heed you be not horn'd
 By others, for this proverb is both known
 And true, an evil seldom comes alone
 Run not too fast, although you see her face, 1260
 (Love will beguile, Jove did a cloud embrace,)
 Lest when with pain you traverst have the ground,
 You win a prize is better lost than found

Fluentus

Eramio stood amaz'd, so quick a change
 Should hurl about occasions to so strange
 An intercepted plot "O Heav'ns," said he,
 "Can this delusion spring from amity?
 From enmity it comes, Fluentus knows
 A true affected heart admits no shows
 Of wav'ring thoughts, to cloak a real sign 1270
 Of occult things, of harmonies divine
 The world I know, ev'n as the dwellers use it,
 Is pregnant-full of sinners that abuse it
 But let them live, while I in faith involv'd,
 Fluentus, do by this make thee resolv'd"

ERAMIO TO FLUENTUS

REPORTS of gratulations to retain
 Me for your vow'd servant are but vain,
 For prosperous gales may drive me more your debtor
 Through Neptune's foamy floods, to love you better
 For this pretext, Epithalamium-like, 1280
 The mirror of which influence doth strike
 That epithesis to my humid sense,
 That young Leander-like, I banish hence
 Foolish despair, when such an easy price,
 Favour'd by love, may win a merchandise
 (562)

Arcadius and Sepha

Richer than Colchos' pride, such power and force
 Have your Platonic lines to make a course,
 That once seem'd tedious, when it was begun,
 Pleasant and short to those that needs must run
 Thus far my thanks, your counsel being had 1290
 Kindly, and seriously, of one as glad
 As may be, when he finds a friend will say,
 And botch his lines, to make an hour a day,
 I trust me the winds are not so false as fleet,
 Nor amorous, nor kiss they all they meet
 Without exception, those be foolish winds
 Which Boreas-like blusters on all it finds
 There is indeed a breath that takes delight
 With his obdurate busses to affright
 Chaldee met, come from Lavinium dales 1300
 In love's disgrace but these are not the gales
 My Muse reports of, 'tis a pleasing air,
 Which only sits and nestles in the hair
 Of my dear love, which like a feath'èd rain,
 Circuits the globe and thither comes again
 Witness the heads of those Aeolian streams,
 Whose bubbling currents murmur forth the dreams
 Of nymphs, and satyrs, which account the groves
 The ardent Salopia for their loves
 Ardent Narcissus miss'd the love he sought, 1310
 Yet, foolish boy, whate'er he wisht he caught,
 He lov'd himself, and when himself he misses,
 The echoes mock him for his foolish wishes,
 (Amidst such Hero and such Thisban choices)
 Thrusting him farther with their wanton voices
 To deeper griefs, mounted on th' highest tops
 Despair could grant, those clear and silver drops,
 Which only ling'èd time to kiss the sweet,
 The innocent, the pure, and heavenly feet
 Of my fair love, amaz'd him to behold, 1320
 For what they toucht they straightway turn'd to gold,
 For shame Queen Flora deigns not to appear,
 Abash't to see a fairer Flora here,
 Nor Cynthia did more chastity embrace
 Than she, nor Venus a more lovely face,
 Whose radiant eyes, that kindle Cupid's fire,
 Are *Cos amoris*, whetstones of desire
 Then strive not this entire knot to undo,
 For I can love thee and Amissa too

Eramio

This by the one wrote, by the other read, 1330
 Stopt letters' mouths, and sudden parly bred,
 In which dispute Eramio did haste
 To publish proofs, but in his proofs was cast
 (563) 0 0 2

"O dear Fluentus," said Eramio,
 "In whom my soul revives, by this I know
 Thou art upright, so will I be upright
 No more the wicked boy shall taint my sight
 With his deluding parables, I hate
 His idle laws, and at as high a rate
 Esteem Diana's worship, as before
 I ever did, and her alone adore" 1340
 "And will you then neglect that lovely chase,"
 Fluentus said, "you so much did embrace?"
 "I will," said he, "and if Eramio live,
 No more I will my youth and honour give
 To foolish love, Idalia's son, I bid
 Thy laws adieu", and so indeed he did
 Which when his love, the fair Amissa, knew,
 How all her wish'd joys abortive grew,
 She watch't a time, even as Eramio came 1350
 From sweet Casperia, Dian's sacred flame,
 And there by force, love conquering did move her,
 By force to make Eramio her lover
 Eramio starts, mistrusting even as reason
 Herself would do some new intended treason
 "What cause," said he, "hath urg'd you to this plot,
 Against my life, (ye men) I know ye not?"
 About to strike, the fair Amissa cries,
 "O hold thy blow, for if thou strik'st she dies
 Whose death thou seek'st" "And came the cause from thee?"
 Eramio said, "let this thy glory be, 1361
 Thou worst of women, that thou hast receiv'd
 Thy death from him, whose hand hath thee bereav'd
 Of a polluted soul, when thou shalt come
 'Fore Rhadamanth there to receive thy doom
 For this last act, lament thyself, and howl,
 In that thou hast been tainted with so foul
 An ignominious stain, could thy base heart
 Permit fruition to this dev'lish art
 Of base conspiracy? O hell-bred evil! 1370
 Hatch'd by infernal potions of that Devil,
 Father to thee, and thine, had I suppos'd
 So fair a frame as thine could have inclos'd
 Such hateful gues[t]s within, or had I thought
 Thy often flatt'ring messages had wrought
 By that black art, from which this harm proceeds,
 Or such fair beauty could have mask'd such deeds,
 Long since thy soul tō that black cave had fled
 Of envious night, and I snatch'd from thy head
 Those glorious anadems thou us'd to wear, 1380
 Chaplets of curious flowers I did prepare
 For thy bewitching brows, O how I hate
 My wicked star, my too too envious fate,
 (564)

I hate the time that did induce desire
 Of love, I hate the fuel caus'd the fire,
 I hate my eyes, too credulous and kind
 To thy false heart, that strikes thy beauty blind,
 And which more honour from thy breast discovers,
 To give example to young foolish lovers ,
 I vow by heaven, and all the powers there be 1390
 Therein, I hate myself for loving thee "
 His words half spoke, Cyandus' daughter cries,
 "Is this the meed of zealous love?" and dies
 For young Eramio in this plot deceiv'd,
 Up from the ground the massy stone had heav'd,
 Borne by the fury of a tyrannous spite,
 And as his present anger did invite,
 Hurl'd it amongst them Heard you not the sounds
 Of struggling vial pouring from their wounds
 Consumed oil? Amissa's feeble heart 1400
 Paying untimely death for his wisht dart
 Its purest streams But lo, a sudden change,
 Wrought by inspirèd miracles doth range
 Their deep amazed ears , amidst the throngs
 Of their shrill cries were heard Elysian songs,
 Like those when Jove his Ganimed had stole,
 Granting a pleasant convoy to her soul
 Her soul and body gone those Heav'ns to grace,
 As too too worthy for this sordid place ,
 Her heart to manifest the clear complexion 1410
 Of her upright, of her unstain'd affection,
 Was metamorphos'd to a diamont,
 Which so th' afflicted lover did affront
 With visions, dreams, and such like signs, to move
 A good conceit of her unspotted love
 • "Hold, hold," said he, "let my revenge alone,
 The Gods have ways enow, if once but shown ,
 The time will come when Venus will inspire
 Into each scornful breast tormenting fire,
 By nought to be extinguisht, for I know, 1420
 If poets can divine, it must be so ,
 It must be so, and those who now deride
 Her holy laws, and have too much relied
 Upon the foolish worships of the Queen
 Of Chastity, whose power is still unseen,
 Ev'n as I am, so will I always pray,
 Shall be perplext a thousand times a day ,
 This hand, (curst be this hand, and every hand
 That rescu'd me, and helpt me to withstand
 That glorious yoke my neck should daily move 1430
 Under Amissa's too respective love),
 This hand no more shall sprinkle the perfume
 Of frankincense, in Dian's hallowed room,

But if it ever an oblation make,
To any Altar, or do e'er partake
In any solemn sacrificer's vow,

More zeal and honour shall appear in mine,
Amissa, it shall be upon thy shrine "
These words were stopt by Menothantes' father,
Who to revenge his sister's death, but rather 1440
To quit his stock of an abusive crime
Was laid upon the worthies of the time,
Suppos'd, though false, by him, (whereof you have
In this portrait a copy, which I leave
To your chaste eyes, in hope you will permit
A charitable censure over it,
For sweet Eramio's sake) old Paean's son,
Striving to perfect what he had begun,
(To which his bloody heart had been inur'd)
With his envenom'd dart a death procur'd 1450
To young Eramio, who sighing said,
"See, see, unhappy fate hath me betray'd "
But while he speaks, he to Amissa goes,
Invokes the powers to pardon him, and throws
His body on the blood besprinkled ground,
Where, when distilling tears had washt her wound,
"Ay me," said he, "that this doth us betide,"
So kist into her lips his soul, and died '

So much the Cretan lad, with weeping voice
Had told, and was about to tell the rest , 1460
'But lest,' said he, 'ladies, the heavy noise
Of her mishap should your chaste ears molest,
Awhile give respite to my tongue, that I
May gather strength to end her tragedy '

FINIS LIBRI PRIMI

*So far my childish Muse the wanton play'd,
To crop those sweets the flow'ry meadows bore,
Pleasing herself in valleys as she stray'd,
Unable yet those lofty hills to soar,
But now her wings by stronger winds aspire,
In deeper songs to tune her warbling lyre*

*For what before her infant brain declar'd,
Was but a key to tune her quav'ring strings,
Always to have her instruments prepar'd
To sing more sweet, when she of Sepha sings,* 10
*Who from above, even for her virtues sake,
Will shrill my sound, and better music make*

*Now let me tell how EPIMENIDES,
With weeping voice and penetrating eyes,
Revv'd the ladies, who themselves did please
By purling streams to wail his miseries,
Who, while the meads with his complainings rang,
Wiping his eyes, these sad encomions sang*

Liber Secundus

I TOLD you (ladies) if your tender hearts
Admit attention, while my tongue imparts
Such heavy news, how young Eramio came
With yearly incense, to the hallow'd fame
Of the Alphean worship, and how fate
Abridg'd his life with night's eternal date
I told you also (leaving her asleep)
How Sepha's eyes o'ercharg'd with tears did weep,
And, as she swounded, how her curious hands 10
Did give the earth a print, which print still stands
To keep her fame alive, but what it was,
I through too much grief my tongue did overpass,
As fit'st, it seems, to be inserted here,
That as my heavy story doth draw near
Towards her end, so her immortal praise,
Rapt in her sweet encomions may raise
Conjugal tears from each distilling eye,
Whose praise and fame shall them accompany
With her harmonious voice, I mean the love
Her soul will pour upon them from above 20
And that her eyes may make all sighs the fairer,
Her soul will smile to see the love they bare her

1 So far] There is something in this, which looks as if there might have been an interval, and perhaps a considerable one, between the composition of the two books. But if so, 'R C' does not seem to have been aware of it.

The spices which Eramio had strew'd
 About the altar, her wet eyes bedew'd
 With sorrowing tears, which daily they did cast
 Upon the same, and made thereof a paste,
 Like those congealed clouds which some have given
 A glorious title, call'd the walls of Heaven
 So Sepha falling, fell upon the same,
 From whose fair hand that fair impression came, 30
 By some swift Savo call'd, for many say
 From thence Campanian * Savo took her way,
 And there it is where each Campanian maid
 For yearly offerings her vow hath paid
 With the Medean draughts, t' revive the fame
 Of Sepha dead, Savo from Sepha came
 But that's not all, the print whereof I spake,
 Though some affirm 'tis, yet 'tis not a lake
 For if the spices which Eramio cast,
 Dry'd up her tears, and thereof made a paste, 40
 How can a lake ensue? but this is sure,
 There was a corner of the altar pure
 From any blot, on this Eramio laid
 His aromatic spices as he pray'd
 This being turn'd into a paste by those
 Distilling eyes (which dying seldom close,)

The palm of her fair hand did gently press
 The yielding paste, and as she up it rear'd,
 Like a triangled heart the print appear'd
 The fingers standing just upon the heart, 50
 Presented Cupid's shafts, which he doth dart
 On simple souls, from whence ensues the blood,
 The blood being gone, came that Campanian flood,
 Thus palm and fingers having shown the love
 By Cupid's net entangled, straight did move
 T' another form, no figure there was seen,
 While yet they gaze upon't, the place grows green,
 At this they stare, at this a flower up-starts,
 Which still presents the form of wounded hearts
 This being seen by nymphs that haunt the springs, 60
 Each took a slip, it to their mansion brings,
 Where being set, it's now in every grove,
 A pretty flower, and call'd the Lady-glove
 Now let me tell of Sepha, and her hap
 That did ensue, while she in Fortune's lap
 Lies lull'd asleep, (sleep had her sense bereav'd)
 (And chiefly for the love she had conceiv'd
 Of her Arcadius) bethinking hard,
 Either he is of charity debarr'd,

* A river in Campania

Or linkt t' another's virtue, and surmising 70
 He's not to be embrac'd, waking and rising,
 She found herself by him to be embrac't,
 Who, being present at her fall, did haste
 To hale her breath again, those eyes that wrought
 Confusion first, now more confusion brought,
 Having Arcadius kist, she thinks some dream
 Deludes her wandering sense, in which extreme,
 Rapt with conceit of this her present good,
 Her greedy eyes with ardent wishes woo'd
 That Heaven, in which her present hopes remain'd 80
 A world's continuance, and she had obtain'd
 What she desir'd, had not the wing'd boy
 Unbent his bow, with period of their joy
 Yet something to her hopes he did admit,
 To whet the heavy sacrificer's wit,
 While young Arcadius with trembling hand,
 Felt how the pulse, as if at Death's command,
 Sounded a loud alarm, 'Fair Heav'n,' said he,
 'In whom all grace and virtues planted be,
 Why will you suffer that *infernal hound Grief
 To dare to come, to give this heart this wound? 91
 Use that celestial power the powerful Gods
 Have giv'n, that grief and you may live at odds
 I know those eyes, one wink from those fair eyes
 Have power to banish hence all miseries
 Are incident to man, so rare a gift
 Did Nature find, when only but this shift
 T' amaze spectators she for you had left,
 For know when Nature fram'd you she bereft
 The world of all perfections, to make 100
 You of divine and heav'nly good partake,
 As well as human, that there might agree
 In you, of every grace a sympathy'
 So said, the blushing damsel with delight
 Of this new friend, did with her eyes requite
 His too soon ended speech 'O Heav'ns,' she said,
 'That have respect to me, unworthy maid,
 And deign this good to me so oft desir'd,
 Direct me so, that ere I have expir'd
 This perfect bliss, and am depriv'd the same, 110
 I may enjoy the knowledge of his name
 Grant this (ye Gods) to me, impatient, till
 I know his name, his country, and his will'
 Then did she pull her scarf ~~from~~ off her face,
 And putting by her hair with that sweet grace
 That Venus us'd, when to Adonis' eyes
 She did expose her love, Sepha did rise
 With such sweet looks as cannot be exprest,
 And said, 'These favours, Sir,—and sigh'd the rest
 (569)

Arcadius and Sepha

Which I by chance,
The better his sad story to advance,
Have copied forth, about the wings there was
Some other lines, which I will not let pass,
That (gentle ladies) ye may not have cause,
Of his devotion to detract th' applause

160

Fly swift my thoughts, and through this sacred fire,
That by those sweet distilling drops above,
So may I live, and scape the dart,
And flourish like those flowers it fills,
First let Voluptas weep,
Castalian liquors free,
Ere I forsake
Or yet deny
Mount up to her, let her to me retire,
She may infuse to me religious love,
While her sweet breath salve up my heart,
With nectar sweet, which one frown kill,
And Gloria fall asleep,
Medea bitter be,
Thy praise to make
Thy piety

These and the like Arcadius presents,
 Mingled with deep and choice perfuming scents
 Of many bitter sighs, he turn'd him round,
 Salutes the priest, the altar, and the ground 180
 Whereon it stood, then to fair Sepha turns,
 Who while her heart with strange affection burns,
 Meets him with nimble eyes, he gently bends
 A trembling cringe to Sepha, who attends
 With her impatient ears that happy hour,
 When the wish't Sun shall show that gracious flower
 She loves unknown, till a sigh doth bewray,
 As if the prologue for a following play,
 These next ensuing words, and such they were,
 They did requite the time she stay'd to hear 190
 'Harpocrates* may claim a vow I made,
 (Fair lady) under his belovèd shade,
 When my incipient years too too [to] blame,
 With rash attempts to laurelize the fame
 Of Cupid's power, invested that disgrace,
 Which still should be a shadow to my face'
 Then, 'cause one way did lead to both their towers,
 He took her magic hand, and with whole showers
 Of tears first washt them, then with a faint kiss
 Dried them, and walking homeward told her this 200

* The God
 of Silence

The Story of Phaon and Sappho

'IN Lesbos famous for the comic lays,
 That us'd to spring from her o'erflowing praise,
 Twice famous Sappho dwelt, the fairest maid
 Mitelin had, of whom it once was said
 Amongst the Gods a sudden question was,
 If Sappho or Thalia did surpass
 In lyribling tunes it long remain'd,
 Till Mnemosyne the mother was constrain'd
 To say they both from her begetting sprang,
 And each of th' other's warbling Lyra sang 210
 There was a town in Lesbos, now defac'd,
 Antissa nam'd, by Neptune's arms embrac'd,
 There Sappho had a tower, in it a grove
 Bedeck'd with pearls, and strew'd about with love,
 Leucothean branches overspread the same,
 And from the shadows perfect odours came
 To dress it most there was a purple bed,
 All wrought in works, with azure mantles spread,

193 to] Not in orig, but is evidently wanted while there is as evident an excuse for the printer's omission of it

201 comic] Seems here = 'encomiastic'

207 lyribling] This strange word is orig, unless (for the type is very much blurred) it is 'lyriolring' 'Lyre obliging'?

The tables did unspotted carpets hold
 Of Tyrian dyes, the edges fring'd with gold 220
 Along this grove there stealing ran a spring,
 Where Sappho tun'd her Muse, for she could sing
 In golden verse, and teach the best a vein
 Beyond the music of their sweetest strain
 Here while she sang, a ruddy youth appear'd,
 Drawn by the sweetness of the voice he heard,
 "Sing on," said he, "fair lady, let not me,
 Too bold, give period to your melody
 Nor blame me for my over-bold attempt,
 (Although I yield of modesty exempt 230
 In doing this) and yet not over-bold,
 For whoso hears the voice, and doth behold
 The lips from whence it comes, would be as sad
 As I, and trust me, lady, if I had
 But skill to tempt you with so sweet a touch,
 Assure you, you yourself would do as much"
 She answers not, for why the little God
 Had touch'd her heart before, and made a rod
 For one contempt was past, she view'd him hard,
 Whose serious looks made Phaon half afraid 240
 She was displeas'd, about to go she cries,
 "Stay, gentle knight, and take with thee the prize,
 To thee alone assur'd" The boy look'd pale,
 But straight a ruddy blush did make a veil
 T' obscure the same, while thus he panting stood,
 A thousand times he wist him in the wood
 From whence he came, and speaking not a word,
 Let fall his hat, his javelin, and his sword
 She being young, and glad of an occasion,
 Stoopt down to take them up, he with persuasion 250
 Of an half showing love, detains her hand
 From it, and with his fingers made the band
 To chain them fast, (now Love had laid his scene
 And draw'd the tragic plot, whereon must lean
 The ground of all his acts) Great Deity!
 When thy foreseeing love-sight can descry
 Things which will hap, why dost thou train their loves
 With pleasant music to deceitful groves?
 See how the love of some with equal weight,
 By virtue pois'd, lives free from all deceit, 260
 To whom thou help'st with thy belovèd darts,
 And link'st their true inviolable hearts
 Why deal'st not so with all? Are some too hard?
 Or hath enchanted spells their hearts debarr'd
 From thy keen shafts? you Powers should be upright,
 Not harmful Gods yet thou still tak'st delight

256 love-sight] Orig 'move-sight,' which is, of course, a *vor nihili* I am by no means sure of my reading and could give several conjectures

In bloody ends why didst not wink at these,
 And send thy shafts a thousand other ways
 That more deserv'd thy anger? or if needs
 Thou would'st be doing, while thy power proceeds, 270
 In lofty flames one flame requires another
 Why didst thou wound the one, and not the other?
 For (lady) so it past between the lovers,
 That after little pause Sappho discovers
 Those kindled flames which never can expire,
 But his contempt adds fuel to her fire
 "Immodest girl," he said, "why art so rude
 To woo? when virtuous women should be woo'd,
 And scarce obtain'd by wooing" "O forbear,"
 Sweet Sappho cried, "if I do not prepare 280
 A just excuse by none to be denied,
 Never let me—" so sat her down and cried
 He, mov'd for pity more to see her tears,
 I han toucht with any loyal love he bears,
 Sat down by her, while she despairing, laid
 Her eyes on his, her hands on his, and said,
 "Ay me, that *herbs for love no cure afford,
 Whose too too jealous actions will accord
 To nought but semblable desire, that lost,
 What pain more vile than lovers that are crost 290
 With hopeless hopes? they say't's a †God that works
 The same, but sure some devil 'tis that lurks
 His opportunity how to destroy,
 And tear the soul from her aspiring joy
 Now to prevent occasions that may fall,
 Is serious love, which will all harms appal,
 Neglect whereof by many is deplor'd,
 Ay me! that herbs for love no cure afford!
 Now for the fault whereof I am accus'd,
 O blame me not, for 'tis no fault I us'd, 300
 For if affection spurs a man to love,
 'Tis that affection needs must make him move
 His suit to us, and we, when we affect,
 And see the like from them, seem to neglect
 Their scorn'd suit, but so our frowns appear,
 Mixt with a faint desire, and careful fear
 It should displease them, that we may unite
 A careless love with an entire delight
 Again, when men do see a curious stone,
 The only hopes of their foundation, 310
 How often do they sligh't with scornful eye,
 Neglect, disgrace, dispraise, and spurn it by,
 The more to move and stir up an excess
 Of disrespect, and make the value less

* 'Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis'

† 'Credo aliquis Daemon, &c'

Even so we handle men, who still endure
 A thousand deaths, to train us to their lure,
 And were we sure they could not us forsake,
 We'd dally more, even more delight to make
 Even so as men are caught, even so are we,
 When we affect those that our service flee,
 What kind salutes, embraces and constraints
 Ought we to use? lest our untun'd complaints
 Unpitied die, and we with sorrow's scope,
 As free from pleasure die, as free from hope
 Thou art a stranger, Phaon, to this place,
 But I have known thy name, and know thy race,
 Eumenion* stories do thy honour tell,
 Istria, Eumenion, knew thy parents well,
 Whose fathers' head upheld the weighty crown
 Of Illyris, which none could trample down,
 Though many envied, free from harm he laid
 His bones to rest, with whom the crown decay'd
 Now Fate, to show a model of her power,
 On thy Illyricum began to lower,
 Thy household gods†, acquainted with the cries
 Of thy decaying subjects, cast their eyes
 This way and that, 'twas yours, O Gods, to bid
 Denial to sedition that was hid
 In Catalinian breasts, and to surcease
 The period of your domestic ease
 In this uproar (what fruits seditions bring
 May well be guesst, for every one was King)
 The better sort prepar'd for thee and thine
 A waftage over the belov'd Rhyne,
 To Lesbos this, thou hadst not long been here,
 But private envy did thy walls uprear,
 And did beguile to all posterity
 Thee of thy glory, and the crown of thee
 These things thy household gods (to Lesbos brought)
 Foreseeing good, have for thy own good wrought,
 That thou may'st gain a greater crown than that
 Illyrius had, and be more honour'd at
 Those festivals, when yearly thou partak'st
 Of triumphs, which to chimney gods thou mak'st
 This was a work divine, and happy too,
 (If any happiness from grief ensue)
 That thou wast here conceal'd, for many vow'd,
 And thund'red forth the fame thereof aloud,

* An Italian who wrote the private sedition of Illyricum

† These sprung first from the sons of Lara, by the *Painims* called household gods, of whom Ovid

'*Ponitur ad Patrios barbara praeda deos*'

344 Rhyne] B seems often to use this word, like the Somerset 'rhine,' of a water-course generally

Of thy ensuing death, while thou wast still
 In pupillage, and knew'st, nor didst no ill, 360
 But 'twas the Providence of you that dwell
 In lofty Heav'ns (ye Powers'), and to expel
 All harm from him who must your laws maintain,
 That when his perfect strength he doth obtain,
 He may reward their deeds that envy bred,
 And maugre those that to rebellion led
 Here wast thou brought, here hast thou daily stay'd,
 And (while thy better subjects sought thee) play'd,
 Beguiling time away, perhaps you'd know
 What mov'd the powers to permit thee so 370
 Untimely ruin know they did anoint
 Thee King of famous Lesbos, and appoint
 This means alone to make their power approv'd,
 And bring thee here of me to be belov'd"
 To this faint speech he intermission made
 With heavy sighs, and then, "Fair lady" said,
 "The Heav'ns have robb'd me of succeeding bliss,
 And hid me from those means to grant you this
 I most desire, behold, my love, I die,
 My trou[b]led soul methinks doth seem to fly 380
 Through silent caves and fields, two pleasant gates
 Ope wide to take me in, wherein there waits
 A crown of gold, neither by arm or hand
 Supported, but of its free power doth stand,
 Now sits upon my head these things I see,
 And yet I live, can this a vision be?"
 About to stir, "O stir me not," he cries,
 "My feet stick fast, Sappho, farewell," and dies
 While yet he speaks, my parents' wayward fate
 Must be accompanied with the date 390
 Of my despisèd life, a fearful rind
 Of citron trembling red doth creeping bind
 His not half-closèd speech, his curlèd hair,
 Which gallants of his time did use to wear
 Of an indifferent length, now upward heaves
 Towards the skies their gold refulgent leaves
 Sappho at this exclaims, laments, invokes
 No power nor God, but seeks by hasty strokes,
 As a fit sacrifice unto her friend,
 From her belovèd breast her soul to send 400
 Awhile she silent stood, belike to think,
 Which was the safest way for her to drink
 Of the same cup her Phaon did, at last
 (As evil thoughts will quickly to one haste)
 She saw the spring that ran along the grove,
 "'Tis you, fair streams, must send me to my Love
 Behold, dear Love, with what impatient heat
 My soul aspires to mount to that blest seat,
 (576)

Where thou blest sit'st, stretch out thy sacred hand,
 And with safe conduct draw me to that land,
 That we may taste the joys the valley yields, 410
 And hand in hand may walk th' Elysian fields"
 This said, she turns her face unto the tree,
 And kissing it, said, "If thou still canst see,
 Behold how irksome I enjoy that breath,
 Which still detains my meeting thee in death"
 With that she saw his sword, which she did take,
 And having kiss'd it for the owner's sake,
 Salutes her breast with many weeping wounds,
 Then casts herself into the spring, and drowns 420
 There is a hill in Paphlagonia, nam'd
 Cytorus, whither this mischance was fam'd,
 Myself was present there when many rude
 And base untutor'd peasants did intrude
 Into our games*, they were, as since I heard,
 Those base insulting traitors that debarr'd
 Wendenland's crown from righteous Phaon's brows,
 These ('cause the Gods had quit them of the vows
 They made to work his death) with open cries
 Proclaim'd their thanks, and sent them to the skies 430
 But Venus, who in constant love delights,
 And ev'ry perfect amity requites,
 Exil'd their joy, each one perceives their arms
 To branches grow, each one partakes the harms
 Of their deserts. A tree† there is which bears
 His summer hue, and it in winter wears
 To this she turns them, that continual green
 Might manifest their never pard'ned sin
 This done, I saw a knight of courage bold,
 Cloth'd all in argent armour, strip'd with gold, 440
 Who vow'd the death of one of us should pay
 For her mishap, to crown the heavy day
 With anadems from his victorious hand
 I too too over-forward, did demand
 What was the cause "Discourteous knight," he said,
 "Dost not repent thee that thou hast betray'd
 That honour'd lady?" while I, ignorant
 Of what he meant, he said, "'Tis not the want
 Of lance shall keep thee safe, till I have shown
 Thy just revenge", so threw away his own 450
 But with his sword he taught me what to do,
 And I myself had sword and armour too
 Ready to answer him, the fight was long,
 And had been longer too, till I too strong,
 With an unlucky blow, O wer't ungiven!
 Betray'd his life, and sent his soul to Heaven

* Plays called *Actis*, used every fifth year in honour of Apollo

'Twas Alphitheon, who of long had lov'd
 Sappho, now dead, whose suit I oft had mov'd
 In his behalf, now hearing of her fate,
 Either increast in him suspicious hate 460
 T'wards me, or furious else did frantic strike,
 Amaz'd, unkind to every one alike,
 Dying he knew me, and bewail'd his loss
 "My friend Arcadius," said he, "the cross
 Of this my present state ought not to be
 A blot to stain our former amity
 I die, let my remembrance have a place
 In thy just heart, it shall be no disgrace
 Though envy stole my sense, O 'tis no blot,
 No fault at all was mine, I knew thee not 470
 When here I met thee first My dearest friend,
 I die, love the remembrance of my end"
 So said, he went away, while I distraught
 For grief of this inhuman wicked fault,
 Vow'd never more to move a lady's heart,
 Nor for myself, nor for another's part'

Arcadius ceast, and Sepha's turn was now,
 Who said, 'Belov'd and worthy knight, that vow
 You eas'ly may infringe, and yet be blest,
 A rash conceit was never held the best' 480
 'You say it may be, and it shall be so,'
 Arcadius said, 'chiefly for that I know
 When virtue, beauty, and entire delight,
 Our ne'er dissolv'd affection do unite,
 The fault appears the less, the glorious eyes
 Of the All-seeing Power do despise
 Continual grief,* and Jove himself erstwhile
 Carousing bowls of wine is seen to smile
 Fair lady, know, as yet to me unknown,
 Your beauty and your virtues have o'erflown 490
 My willing yielding sense, a secret fire,
 Continually increasing through desire
 To honour your admir'd parts, doth move,
 By nought to be extinguisht but your love
 †Love is a thing full of suspicious care,
 By every churlish wind blown to despair
 Silent Canius died for love, not known
 To her, who did his pure affection own
 I therefore ope my heart before your eyes,
 Not doubting but you're kind as well as wise, 500
 Not doubting but you're wise as well as kind'
 Fair Sepha said, 'Your worth I know may find
 Far better ladies, that may more content

* 'Semel [in] anno ridet Apollo'

† 'Res est solliciti plena timoris amor'

Your love than I, and then you will repent
 You of your deed, which still will you molest,
 A rash conceit was never held the best '
 ' Though all the beauties in the world were one,'
 Said he, 'and I by right might seize upon
 The same, yet would I for thy virtue's sake
 Aspire no better fortune, than to make 510
 Thee my belovèd wife, * where'er thou art,
 Whate'er thou dost, the Graces grace impart
 To thy sweet self, this hair, this lovely hair,
 If loose, as thou dost often use to wear,
 Ostends thy freer beauty, or if knit,
 It shows rare wisdom is enclos'd in it
 In fine they are the chains that link desire
 In ev'ry breast, and kindle Cupid's fire,
 For whichsoever way thou dost them wear,
 They fetch thee honour, and thy honour bear ' 520
 ' To me,' she said, 'you please to speak the best ,
 O, thought you of me so, I should be blest
 Nor that my fond conceit desires to be
 Linkt with each pleasing object that I see,
 But of a long retain'd affection, I
 Desire the bonds of perfect amity,
 And since you please to honour me so well
 With common friendship, that in all should dwell,
 I tell me the name of that thrice blessed place 530
 Enjoys your presence, and from what blest race
 You draw your line?' 'Me Arathea claims,'
 Said he 'my much unhappy parents' names
 Were Capaneus and Evadne, they
 Of good report and noble progeny
 My father, led by just revenge, was chief
 Of those that wrought distressed Thebes' grief,
 Who having wed my mother, then but young
 And of a pleasant face, whose parents sprung
 From Juno's breasts, unto those wars was call'd,
 Where after many skirmishes befall'd 540
 To him this sad mishap when various fights
 Had clos'd up many with eternal nights,
 He furious, and impatient of delay,
 Resolv'd a quick dispatch, and with that day
 To end the wars, a ladder he devises,
 Of cords compos'd, by which he enterprises
 Apparent means to scale the walls, but lo,
 About to climb, some wicked hand doth throw

* Tibullus, Lib 4

' Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
 Composuit furtim, subsequiturque decor,
 Seu solvit crines fuis decet esse capillis,
 Seu composit, comptis est reverenda comis '

A stone upon him, "Yet I'll climb," he said,
 But while his soldiers come unto his aid, 550
 For all their hopes upon his worth relied,
 He gave directions for the wars and died
 My mother too too heavy for his harm,
 Did help his wounded body to unarm,
 When all his friends, to honour him the more,
 Were present, and his ruin did deplore
 *But while the fire consumes with greedy flame
 His flesh, my mother runs into the same,
 To show when virtue shrines an upright heart
 Death never can united honour part 560
 In this Campania, where my castle stands,
 I was instructed by the careful hands
 Of Callias, till understanding bade
 Revenge be done for wrongs my parents had
 I mov'd the wars afresh, what means I made,
 With all-persuading reasons, to persuade
 The soldiers' aid, is this
 "O you," said I, "belov'd for upright ways,
 And fear'd of all for valour that obeys
 Your conqu'ring arms! I purpose not to add 570
 Words to your virtues, nor my speech to clad
 With flatt'ring robes, my just revenge shall cause
 A triumph for that never scorn'd applause
 Of your victorious fame, which daily mov'd
 Towards your names, O you so well belov'd!
 Your noble friend my father, to whose shrine
 You pay your yearly tears, is now divine
 He, sorry for that harm which would betide
 Your never conquered arms in that he died,
 Died loath to leave you now there is a time 580
 To heap revenge against them for that crime
 Those coward traitors acted, when they slew
 Your noble friend my father, let us view
 The cause that moves us to display our war
 O is't not meritorious, and far
 Beyond the price of their despois'd blood?
 Your wisdom knows your loss, our cause is good,
 Too good, alas, for them, I know your love
 Still, still, remains alive, which makes me move
 Those valiant hearts which always you enjoy'd, 590
 To seek revenge 'gainst those that have destroy'd
 Your noble friend my father this, O this,

* An ancient use to burn the bodies of the dead, and put the ashes into vessels which they called urns, whereof Ovid, *Met Lib* 4

'Quodque rogis superest, una requiescit in urna'

571 clad] This, for the present and infinitive of 'clothe,' is not so very rare in Elizabethan English

592 Your noble] A characteristic repetition

(580)

Makes me require your help, nor greater bliss
 Can to your dying tombs more honour gather,
 Than to revenge your noble friend my father
 O you so well belov'd, I need not show
 The slothful Thebans' fearfulness, you know
 The manner and the matter of their war,
 How through disorder and discord they jar
 Amongst themselves, your swords their towers shake, 600
 At the remembrance of your names they quake
 When in the skirmage you your valour send,
 To court their necks, and show their lives their end,
 Bethink you for whose sake you fight, and let
 His wonted valour and remembrance whet
 Your all-commanding swords, what greater gain
 Than their subjection can you obtain?
 Honour from thence will spring, their wealth and glories
 By you enjoy'd will fill your famous stories
 With never dying fame, and for your merit 610
 Your sons shall everlasting praise inherit
 We for revenge, renown, and amity,
 Our wars display, they but for liberty,
 When we have girt their city with the choice
 Of martial men, then shall we hear their voice
 Come creeping to us, but our ears are stopt
 From traitors' mouths, till we have overtopt
 (For justice' sake, on which we have relied)
 Their weighty sins, and high aspiring pride
 O you belov'd of all, 'tis not a cause 620
 Of little worth, not only for applause
 I move you to this war, survey your hearts,
 There see his tomb, his wounds, and his deserts
 Ever to be admir'd, your noble friend
 My father, whose too too unhappy end
 Requires their blood, desires no greater bliss
 Than to present his joyful soul with this"
 These and such words I us'd, with me they swore
 To fetch the glory which the Thebans wore,
 And plac't upon my father's tomb, to crown 630
 Him with heroic conquests and renown
 With me they went, with me they overcame
 The Thebans' pride, and brought with them their fame
 Detain'd at wars, I saw you not, till late
 Returning home, my ever happy fate
 Blest me to hear your voice, my nimble steed
 To gratulate my labour with the deed,
 So well belov'd (as if he knew my mind)
 Lost me that you, fair lady, might me find'

602 skirmage] A very interesting midway form between 'skirmish' and 'scrimmage'

603 court] 'Cut short'! court'

At this she smiles, while his lov'd tale goes on, 640
 'Now since it is your chance to light upon
 What was ordain'd your own, debar me not
 That service from, which is my own by lot,
 While I enfolded in your love declare
 Those sweet contents in Venus' pleasures are
 *For who with more delight can live? What are
 Those joys that may with these delights compare?'
 She blusht and said, for ere she spake she blusht,
 Then from her sweet but angry lips there rusht
 This angry speech, 'Belovèd sir, I owe 650
 More inward zeal than yet I will bestow
 On your lascivious love', and being near
 Her talmos, flung away, and would not hear
 His quick-prepar'd excuse, who overweigh'd
 With death-tormenting grief, look'd up and said,
 'Shall these contempts o'errule thy virtuous will?'
 O Sepha, knowest thou whom thy scorns do kill?'
 Well she goes on, nor looks behind to see
 The fruits of her disdain, his amity,
 But hasted home, by fond suspicion led, 660
 (So Arethusa from Alphæus fled)
 Till to her chamber come, she unawares
 (Beginning now to be perplex with cares)
 Look'd from a window, from a window spied
 Her fair Arcadius dead, even then she cried
 Her nimble feet had not such power to bear
 Her half so fast away, as now her fear
 Returns her to him, ready to complain
 Upon her fate, her tender eyes do strain
 Balm to bedew his cheeks, till a sweet kiss, 670
 (It seems belovèd better than that bliss
 The Heav'ns bestow'd) recall'd his sleepy eyes
 Who opening first, straight shut again and lies
 Clos'd in her arms, as if nought more could grace him,
 With greater joys, than when her arms embrace him
 At length remembrance (usher'd by a groan)
 Proclaim'd his life, 'And am I left alone?'
 He said, then op't his eyes, whose fixèd sight,
 Not yet from death's embracings free, did light
 Upon her face, about his voice to raise, 680
 Soft kisses stop his speech, those past, he says
 'Ye Gods, whose too too hasty shafts have strook
 Beguiling joys into my eyes, and took
 My heavy soul from that thrice blessed place
 Where Sepha dwells, who must Elysium grace,
 What yields this Heav'n? O would I still might live,
 Her presence yields more joys than Heav'n can give,

* Catullus 'Quis me uno vivit felicior? aut magis hac est optandum vita dicere quis poterit' [*Est in orig for quid Ed*]

Arcadius and Sepha

Invest me with all pleasures that you please
 In Heav'n to have, with canticles of ease
 That follow pious souls, they nought will yield 690
 To me but grief, while o'er th' Elysian field,
 And gloomy shades, continual steps I take
 For her safe waftage o'er the Stygian lake
 These words he spake, taking her face for Heaven,
 (In whom the Powers all powerful grace had given)
 Where still he thought he was, while Sepha griev'd,
 With cordial water from her eyes reviv'd
 His not yet living sense, with greedy eyes
 He views her face, who with this speech replies
 'To me 'tis strange, that you (within whose breast 700
 Such rare undaunted strength and wit doth rest)
 Through foolish grief should yield your sacred soul
 To Charon's boat, who shall your death condole,
 So slightly caus'd? shall I? believe me, no,
 I'll rather seek some noble means to show
 How much you strive with faint tormenting mind
 To raise that heart wherein you lie enshrin'd
 Should men despair for once or twice refusal,
 Few men would speed, for to our sex 'tis usual,
 And often, words outstep the careless lip, 710
 Which past, repent that e'er they let them slip
 Now let this message in thy bosom light
 Arcadius, thou art the sole delight
 Of this my wretched life, for thee I live,
 To live with thee, to thee my love I give
 Preserve it then so worthy to be lov'd,
 That of thee always I may be belov'd
 Let no lascivious thought pollute the same,
 Which may increase a scandal to my name,
 But with unstain'd desires let me be led 720
 By Hymen's rites unspotted to thy bed
 Have you not heard young lambs with wailing cries
 Lament their dam's departure, who still lies
 Under the shearer's hands? with disconcert
 Thinking them dead, their sudden death lament?
 While they to hinder the bemoaning notes
 Get up, and pay their ransom with their coats
 Even so Arcadius with attentive care
 Observ'd each word her heav'nly lips did spare,
 Still fearing lest some various conclusion 730
 Should draw his life to sable night's confusion
 But when he heard the full, ladies, I know
 You can conceive what streams of joy did flow
 In his still honour'd breast, he nimbly rose,
 Conjur'd the air to keep her message close
 From babbling echoes, to herself he vows
 An am'rous kiss, and she his kiss allows

He crav'd remission for his faulty words,
 Now askt, and straight remission she affords,
 And binds him to the limits of unstain'd
 Desire, and with her golden tresses chain'd 740
 His heart from all deceit, with such pure grace,
 As ought in ev'ry lover to have place,
 To Talmos she (proud of her prize) him led,
 (For know fair Sepha's parents both were dead),
 Where entertain'd with many royal sips
 He drunk full bowls of nectar from her lips
 Time, hasty to produce the marriage day
 Of these impatient lovers, hied his way,
 And Sepha after many sweet embraces, 750
 Fraught with conceit, and stuff with interlaces
 Of their ensuing pleasure, did permit
 Arcadius' departure, who unfit
 For any service but the winged God,
 To Arathea went, and as he rode
 Oft blam'd o'er-hasty Time their joy t'undo,
 But prais'd him for the sports that should ensue

Now was it when the fraction of the day
 From sable night had made Aurora way,
 When *I, ambiguous of succeeding fate, * Epimenides 761
 Forsook my native country for the hate
 'Gainst me conceiv'd, me Minos† country bred,
 Whose hundred cities with amazement led
 Each eye to view their pride, my father old,
 And I a pretty stripling, did uphold
 The staff of his declining age, with care
 I cherisht him, and did the burthen bear
 Of his domestic 'ployments Now it was,
 (When all his business through my hands did pass) .
 That once he sent me to attend the sheep, 770
 Where woods' sweet chanterers summon'd me to sleep
 Within a cave of Parian stone compos'd,
 I laid me down, I laid me down, and clos'd
 My duskish eyes, sure some enchantments kept
 The same with magic spells, for there I slept
 Whole seventeen years away, awak'd at last,
 I got me up, and to my home did haste
 Not knowing so much time away was fled,
 I call'd my friends, but lo, my friends were dead
 This known I left Minoia,† and spent 780
 My days in Rome, not caring where I went,
 Nor what I did, nor there I long remain'd,

† Crete

760 I, and sidenote] The note is not unnecessary But if B had been equally thoughtful for his readers on all appropriate occasions his margins would have simply bristled with annotations

'Cause more mishap was to my life ordain'd
 Mugiona * stands pointing to a way
 Call'd Appiat, through which my journey lay,
 Nor many days were spent before I came
 Unto that town which Sora ‡ hath to name,
 And there awhile I stayed, awhile I strove
 To kill those griefs, which never ceas'd to move
 A desp'rate end, for that unwisht mischance 790
 Still gnawing on my soul, about t'advance
 My sword towards my end, 'O stay awhile,'
 A voice bespake, 'let not thy wrath beguile
 Thee of succeeding joys' amaz'd I stood,
 Not knowing why to save, or spill my blood
 My eyes could show me nothing, but my ears
 Granted a convoy for the sob'd-forth tears
 Of a distressed lady 'What mishap
 Hath Fortune more,' said she, 'than to entrap
 Our joys, and cut them off?' The voice did guide 800
 Me to a little grove, wherein I spied
 A wretched lady with torn hair discover
 (O'er the dead corpse of her belovèd lover)
 'Th' irreparable loss, and hateful breath,
 She did sustain through his untimely death
 Aghast she trembled, and with liquid eyes,
 Sent with her lover's soul into the skies,
 Prays that her end may with his end appear,
 Or here to have him, or to have him there
 Awhile I stood, either with fear o'ergone, 810
 Or else with grief not able to go on,
 Till she with sword tugg'd from his wounded breast,
 Made passage for her soul's eternal rest
 I hied me to her, but my steps were lost,
 The wound was given, saith she, 'Since we are crost
 Of terrene pleasures, and those joys do miss,
 Our souls shall wed in Heav'n's eternal bliss'
 I striv'd to stop her blood, but she denied
 That any favour should to her betide,
 Since she was cross'd in all designs, and said, 820
 'If the entreaties of a dying maid,
 Sir knight, may move you, grant this last request,
 With your own sword give period to the rest
 Of him who did my Delithason slay,
 O'er yon ambitious hill he took his way'
 I vow'd their deaths' revenge, withal desir'd,
 Since she would die, before her life expir'd
 Its glorious date, t'acquaint my pitying ears
 With her sad story, while whole show'rs of tears

* A gate in Rome

† A highway from Rome to Campania

‡ A town in Campania

Embalm the body dead 'Alas,' said she,
 'You cause me to renew the grief must be
 My passport to his soul,' then faintly rais'd
 Her weary head 'For ever be ye prais'd
 (Ye Pow'rs) that grant me liberty t' unfold
 Our tragic ends,' and then his story told

830

The Story of Delithason and Verista

'Nor far remote there are four little lands,
 Rul'd by that God *, who girts them with his hands
 Statinae † call'd, in these my father dwelt,
 Whose always scraping but neer fill'd-hand felt
 A mean of Fortune's good, (whether by Fate,
 Or foreordained to expire the date
 Of my distress'd life, to me't's unknown,)
 But wealth (with which those isles have ever flown)
 Heap'd to his hands a still increasing crowd
 Of gilded pills, those riches made him proud
 Amongst the other fortunes that he had,
 (O whether shall I term it good or bad)
 The Heav'ns assign'd him me, Verista nam'd,
 Who yet but young, a false report had fam'd
 Rare beauty of me, this, O this declar'd,
 Draw'd many princes that the same had heard,
 To try the judgement of their eyes, which fame
 By some confirm'd, this Delithason came,
 Not like a prince, (as like a prince he might,
 Because he was a prince) but like a knight
 With sword and lance But first I'd have you know
 My father amongst many had a foe
 Of giants' race, whose heart inur'd to wrong,
 To rapes, and base oppressions, had long
 Applied his strength, and now to torture more
 My father's breast that life might give him o'er,
 This quarrel pick'd He came and did demand
 Me for his wife, and 'cause we did withstand
 His wish, with kindled rage from Pluto's cell
 He shakes his dangling locks, and down to Hell
 A journey takes, Erinnys ‡ he implor'd,
 And all the Furies which he there ador'd,
 T' assist his new-found plot, nor yet in vain
 They add their help, with fire they rent in twain
 A town my father own'd, the dwellers there,
 Afraid of death, t' abolish quite their fear,

840

850

860

870

* Neptune † Islands about Campania ‡ A Fury of Hell

840 mean] This does not seem right but emendation is not easy

845 gilded pills] Whether in the modern sense, or not, is doubtful

Plast'red the walls with brains, their limbs bestrew'd,
 The blushing streets with streams of blood bedew'd
 To this he adds a mischief worse, and throws
 Blasphemous oaths on which he did repose,
 Up to Saturnus* son, the sacred stones †,
 On which the people laid oblations,
 He hurls about the temple, from the posts
 The gold he tears, and in his mischief boasts
 By this my brother, guided by the cries 880
 Of conquer'd sounds, came staring in, and spies
 The honours of celestial Gods defac't
 A sling he had, and from that sling did cast
 The over-hasty stone, and though he well
 Could use his sling, yet did his art excel
 In managing his sword, now heav'd aloft,
 Threat'ning the giant's death, said he, "How oft
 Shall I be vext with too too partial eye
 Of thy outrage? perish with this and die" 889
 His speech scarce clos'd, Marsilos, ‡ smear'd with blood, † The
 A coalbrand snatcht which by the altar stood, giant
 And sends it to my brother, 'twas espied
 By Delithason this, about to slide
 Along the air, with lance he stopt his hand,
 And sent his soul to that infernal land
 Where ghosts with hideous cries endure the right
 Of their deserts, cloth'd in eternal night
 Thus Delithason by the clamours call'd,
 And by the giant's death the same appall'd,
 Restor'd to every man his own, the rather 900
 To get (the seldom got) love of my father,
 Who nothing thankful for so great a favour,
 Gave thanks indeed, but with so rude behaviour
 That nought was heard but sighs and piteous moan,
 How to regain the harm to him was done
 "I must," said he, "omit the charge I us'd
 In keeping house, by which I have abus'd
 My quite-consum'd stock, I must omit
 The courteous entertainment that is fit
 For worthy gues[t]s, and so to end the strife 910
 Of sleeping age, with a retir'd life."
 To this the Prince, (whose ever piety
 Still lent discourteous acts a noble eye)
 Says, "Aged father, your declining head
 Should scorn to be to base rebellion led
 Against the laws of hospitality,
 Decrepit age should on the good rely
 Which she hath done, not on her present wealth,
 The soul's decay, opposer to her health

* Jupiter [son] of Saturn and Ops

† The altars

O whither shall I turn? assist me now, 920
 Ye ever-helping Powers, let not a vow
 So firmly made before your holy fires
 So eas'ly be infring'd, but who aspires
 To mount the chariot where the glorious Sun
 The orb surveys, with pride shall be undone
 And shall I silent die? Shall this exile
 From hopes the pure bond of my love defile?
 Shall my desir'd desires with horrid sound
 Of a faint heart increase m' increasing wound?
 No, Love must fear no harm, he is not fit 930
 T' enjoy Love's fruits that hath not firmly knit
 A resolution to his hopes, and tied
 Himself, though oft, yet ne'er to be denied
 Father, the wings of ever-warbling fame
 Exempt alone, chatter'd the glorious name
 Of your Verista's beauty, 'twas my chance,
 When ev'ry Echo did the same advance
 In lofty tunes, to hap into your fight,
 And being greedy of so great a sight,
 Gave period to all hopes of other beauty, 940
 And did besiege her heart, 'tis now her duty
 My pleasure to obey, for Hymen's lights
 Have linkt our hearts, with honour of those rites
 To lovers due Be willing then to it,
 Since Fate hath stop'd all means the bond t' unknit
 But if you will not, if you will persever
 In hatred to those princes, that endeavour
 To bless their happy lives in blessing her,
 I say again, if still you will prefer
 Your will before all reason without reason, 950
 As hitherto you have done, there's a season
 Call'd quiv'ring winter, with his milky bride,
 Will freeze your honour, and abate your pride
 Imperial I, in fair Zephire sit,
 Whom wealthy Caria bounds, and brags of it,
 There flows that paltry gold so much I hate,
 I think the more t' impair my quiet state"
 "Luxurious brat, and enemy to wealth,"
 My father said, "th' hast got the crown by stealth,
 With it Verista's love, and dost thou think 960
 My daughter shall of that stol'n honour drink?
 First let my hands embrue their wrinkled skin
 In her false breast, first let the spoil begin
 Upon my offspring, can thy boasts assure her?
 Or the bare title of a crown procure her
 Contented wealth? Say, can so great a name
 As Queen of Caria wipe away the blame
 Of disobedience? or release the oath
 Of duty? or of zealous care? or both?
 (588)

Which she (when subject to my tender rods,) 970
 Made in the presence of the better Gods?"
 Here Delithason stay'd his speech "Too late,"
 He said, "you vent your ne'er-consumed hate
 The Gods observe your deeds, and though awhile
 They slack their vengeance, 'tis but to beguile
 The offenders with false hopes" So said, he turn'd
 His head about, and on the altar burn'd
 Prepar'd incense, straight the altar brake
 In twain, and after a fierce thunderclap
 Sweet music breath'd, in which a chanter cried, 980
 "Thy time's expir'd and thou art deified"
 Amaz'd the people stand, nor yet to whom
 They can conceive this prophecy should come,
 Not I, alas, no, nor my feeble heart,
 Forethought of this, of this untimely dart,
 For so it hapt, Marsilos * had a son, * The giant
 (From a corrupted spring ill waters run)
 Who, wicked, at his father's death repining,
 Just as the Sun was to his bed declining,
 Observ'd when I and Delithason hied 990
 T'wards his Zephire, (for being denied
 My father's blessing, privily we got
 Away, when careless he observ'd not)
 And passing through this wood—this bloody wood—
 (A closet for those that delight in blood)
 The giant's son a twinded javelin cast,
 And made this wound you see, that done, in haste,
 Knowing his dart this spotless heart had sped,
 Unto his home, his father's den, he fled'
 About to tell the rest she stopt, and died, 1000
 When I by virtue of my promise tied,
 After I had repos'd them in one urn,
 Towards Statinae did my voyage turn,
 And (lest too long I should delay the joy
 Hasty Arcadius wishes to enjoy)
 Stuft up with ire, I did not long pursue
 His steps, before at him I had a view
 'Ho! villain, stay,' I cried, 'receive the meed
 The Gods allot thee for thy wicked deed,
 Stay, murderer, thy haste shall not prefer 1010
 Injustice before right, stay, murderer'
 While yet I spake, my lance his shoulders caught,
 My sword beguil'd him of his head, and taught
 This lesson to the world, th' All seeing eye
 Lets not apparent wrongs unpunish'd die
 My vow dissolv'd, I bent my course again

996 twinded] I do not know whether this = 'twinned,' i e 'double,' or 'twined' with strings to hurl it The form 'twind' occurs in the latter sense below in the *Aurora* poem, st 44

Towards Cybella *, whose high walls disdain
 A rival in their pride, there is a way
 That leads thereto, by which a meadow lay,
 In it I saw a knight of silver hue, 1020
 With sword, hold a stout combat against two
 Of fiery looks, I hied me to the fight,
 Either by force or treaty to unite
 Their various minds but what can words prevail
 Where bloody resolutions do assail
 A spotless mind? no time they would admit,
 Through hasty fight, t' inquire the cause of it
 Awhile I view'd the combat, till the knight
 In silver armour on the neck did light
 Of one of th' adverse side, who unacquainted 1030
 With such rough compliments, fell down and fainted
 So done, he said, 'By all the Powers that dwell
 In lofty thrones, thy valour doth excel
 Thy neighb'ring Princes, but thy unjust cause
 Repugns against the splendour and the laws
 Of martial discipline, content thee then
 With this thou art the happiest of men
 In that th' hast 'scap'd revenge to traitors due
 Do other matters cause thee to pursue
 This spite, besides thy false suspect? or can 1040
 Thy ever-stain'd affection (which began
 And ends with lust, not love) enchant thy sense
 So far with stupid blindness to commence
 Hatred for this? withdraw thyself, and yield
 To me thy life, thy weapon, and the field
 So shall my arms with amity embrace
 Thy neck, where else 'twill show thee thy disgrace'
 No sooner said, but we might hear the sound
 Of trampling horses beat the tender ground, 1050
 For swifter speed now to us seen, and now
 Dismount their steeds, and to the adverse bow
 'Pardon,' said they, 'great Prince, that our neglect
 Infring'd the laws of our endear'd respect'
 But when they saw his armour stain'd, and view'd
 His dead companion with blood imbru'd,
 They re-amount the nimble steeds they rid,
 (For marble look'd not paler than they did)
 And to the silver knight their anger bent,
 Who with excess of bleeding almost spent,
 Held up his hand to me, to me he said, 1060
 (For they were three) 'See how I am betray'd
 With these unequal odds' 'No more you need
 To move me up,' I said, 'fear not, proceed'

* A town in Campania

1056 re amount] There is no reason against this form though we do not use it in the compound

With your own hands to lacerate in twain
 Their conscious hearts, to me your prayers are vain
 I am too weak to shelter you from harms,
 Though arm'd, yet I'm unskill'd to use my arms,
 But what I am I'm yours' With that our swords
 We drew, and blows supply'd the want of words
 While he (most noble and most valiant knight) 1070
 Each blow he took, each blow he did requite
 With treble use, awhile they hold us play,
 Till overcome, their lives did end our fray
 This done, and all things hest, I thought it good
 To stop the conduits of his flowing blood,
 When mounted on our steeds, with gentle gait
 Riding towards his home, he did relate
 The tragic story thus 'I am,' said he,
 'Arcadius, and yonder tow'r you see
 Is mine, this Prince whom now we slew, 1080
 Hearing what pure unstain'd affection grew
 'Tween me and one nam'd Sepha in her heart,
 He came and did prescribe a double part
 On this our quarrel grew, and what success
 In it he had, your valour will express'
 'Not I,' said I, 'twas you, your conquering hand,
 Your cause, your sword, your strength that did withstand
 Their greedy hopes, the Gods do close their eyes
 From impious vassals, and exclude their cries
 And since you please t'entitle me your friend, 1090
 O let my willing service you attend,
 And what you think will magnify your name,
 Withal conceive me ready for the same'
 'Twas Summer then, and having cur'd his wounds,
 Call'd out by th' noise of his pursuing hounds
 We gallop'd o'er the plains now by a wood
 Our way we took, where purple statues stood,
 'O bless me here,' he cried, and softly said,
 'Enshrin'd in these four pleasant nymphs are laid'
 Then by a tower, 'In this,' said he, 'remains 1100
 The fairest flower, the pride of all the plains,
 'Tis Sepha's house, the Goddess of my heart,
 In whose fair cheeks Love with his golden dart
 Sits sporting, dasht with a vermilion dye,
 Th' are like the blush came from Endymion's eye
 When twin-born Cynthia, to suffice her will,
 Had courted him on sleepy Latmos' hill'
 No sooner said, but Sepha said, 'Tis true,
 If lik'd of you, for Sepha lives by you,'
 And spying me she blush'd Lovers do so, 1110
 For conscious minds appear by th' outward show,

1080 Is mine, &c] An octosyllable

All salutations past, she led us in,
 Where first our root of ruin did begin
 For such firm bonds of constant amity
 Had link'd Arcadius' loyal heart to me,
 (Which by our outward actions was not hid,
 For never two lov'd better than we did)
 That she perceiving how he stood inclin'd,
 The more to please and gratulate his mind,
 Us'd me with courteous terms, he discontent, 1120
 (Suspicion is a trial eminent
 Of true affection) thought some new-born love
 T'wards me increast, her tender heart did move
 As Helen did to Paris, took occasion,
 T' assist her loyal love with this persuasion ,
 For sitting in a pleasant bower which hung
 With various flowers he took a lute and sung

See'st not, my love, with what a grace
 The Spring resembles thy sweet face?
 Here let us sit, and in these bowers 1130
 Receive the odours of the flowers,
 For Flora, by thy beauty woo'd,
 conspires thy good

See how she sends her fragrant sweet,
 And doth this homage to thy feet,
 Bending so low her stooping head
 To kiss the ground where thou dost tread,
 And all her flowers proudly meet,
 to kiss thy feet

Then let us walk, my dearest love, 1140
 And on this carpet strictly prove
 Each other's vow, from thy request
 No other love invades my breast
 For how can I condemn that fire
 which Gods admire?

To crop that rose why dost thou seek,
 When there's a purer in thy cheek?
 Like coral held in thy fair hands,
 Or blood and milk that mingled stands,
 To whom the Powers all grace have given, 1150
 a type of Heaven

Yon lily stooping t'wards this place,
 Is a pale shadow for thy face,
 Under which veil doth seem to rush
 Modest Endymion's ruddy blush
 A blush, indeed, more pure and fair
 than lilies are

1128 This is the song referred to in Intro

Arcadius and Sepha

Glance on those flowers thy radiant eyes,
Through which clear beams they'll sympathize
Reflective love, to make them far
More glorious than th' Hesperian star,
For every swain amazed lies,

and gazing dies

1160

See how these silly flowers twine,
With sweet embracings, and combine,
Striving with curious looms to set
Their pale and red into a net,
To show how pure desire doth rest
for ever blest

Why wilt thou then unconstant be?

1170

T' infringe the laws of amity,
And so much disrespect my heart
To derogate from what thou art?
When in harmonious love there is
Elysian bliss

Sepha at this was pleas'd, displeas'd was he
To see her smile 'Leave off thy jealousy,
Arcadius,' she said, 'I am possest
With that firm love, which ne'er shall leave my breast
First shall the Sun forget his course to fly,
And Pindus' hills shall soar about the sky,
First shall the Roman Eagles lose their wings,
And music murmur music without strings,
First shall the sea-born Goddess leave the fan
Of ardent love, and turn precisian
And fearful hares pursue the thund'ring cry
Of Cretan hounds, and Ovid's mem'ry die,
Ere I, who to thee do my soul betroth,
Forsake my word, or falsify my oath'
So said, she hangs her lip, and lowers her head,
(Lovers are oft asham'd of what they said)
While he with hymns of joy the debt did pay
Of upright love, and nam'd the wedding day
Which come, and all things ready, Sepha drest
Her hair, her coats were blue, upon her breast
She wore a stone of curious art compos'd,
Wherein two naked lovers were enclos'd,
Both striving, till the maid who did resist,
Grew weak, and then he us'd her as he list
Now ladies, know, a Prince there was whom fame
Had taken captive with fair Sepha's name,
Who hearing of the wedding day, wherein
Their hands should be linkt, as their hearts had bin,
And hearing of the weakness of the guard,
That should conduct them to the Church prepar'd

1180

1190

1200

To rob us of her As you pass the plain,
 There is a pretty hillock that would fain
 Be call'd a hill, behind this hill they hide
 Themselves, their weapons, and do there reside
 Now we in whom no thought of treachery 1210
 Had told us of mishap, with jollity
 Hied to the temple, there, O there, the chance
 Of base conspiring mischief did advance
 Itself, dejected us, a horrid voice
 Of threat'ning people sent a hideous noise
 Unto our ears, now to our eyes their arms
 With glittering shields foretell our following harms
 Unweapon'd we, for battles are refus'd
 On wedding days, and other weapons us'd,
 So that the easier they our necks did bend 1220
 Unto their yoke, now had they took my friend
 The young Arcadius and his lovely bride,
 The only prize they waited for, and hied
 Them on their way, borne by the heat of love
 T'wards th' one, t'wards th' other hate their speed did move,
 When I (O ne'er till then unfortunate)
 Saw tyranny and malice at debate,
 Who first should steal away the spotless life
 Of my Arcadius, at last a knife
 His unstain'd bosom pierc'd, who dying cried, 1230
 'Let Sepha live, and I am satisfied'
 'You ravishers,' said I, 'of others' blood,
 By this discern if traitors' ends are good,'
 And with a sword snatch'd from another's arm,
 Cleft one, and said, 'Be sharer in his harm',
 With that a second, and a third I slew,
 And so a fourth, till such a tumult grew,
 That after divers blows away they fled,
 And left me, as they well might think, for dead
 Meanwhile Campanian Sepha took her flight 1240
 Into a wood, borne there by horrid fright
 Where long she could not stay, by careful heed
 Drawn forth, to know how her known love did speed,
 And now she finds, what ne'er she wisht to find,
 With his dear blood the blushing flowers lin'd,
 She says not much, lest helpless words should stay
 Her soul too long, but kneeling down doth pray,
 Then took the knife by his own blood made foul,
 And falling down upon 't advanc't her soul
 Awak'd from out my sound, I saw how Fate 1250
 Had play'd the wanton, and expir'd their date
 I took their bodies and them both did burn,
 I put them both together in one urn;
 Straight both their ashes, male and female grew,
 And from the same admired Phoenix flew,

From whence I prophesy it shall revive
By death, for 'tis their fame shall keep 't alive,
Which growing old towards the Sun shall fly,
And till the Heavens dissolve shall never die

Here Epimenides his story ceast,
And bending down his panting bosom dies
Whose death the ladies' former griefs increast,
They sent his soul to Elizium with their cries,
Upon whose shrine they wrote his death, to show
From Heaven he came, to Heaven he needs must go

1260

FINIS

HINC LACHRIMAE

Or the Author to Aurora

I

WHY should my pen aspire so high a strain,
A verse to guide, to guide a verse unfit?
Are they the fittest voices to complain?
Admit they be, they're for a riper wit,
Yet you who these unpolisht lines shall read,
Deride them not, they from distraction came,
Let that suffice, my love alone shall plead
For their defect, and shall excuse the same
Excuse the same, for what from love doth spring,
To lovers only resolution bring

10

II

Coelum's fair daughter hath bereft my heart
Of those sweet hopes to lovers only due,
Unwilling she those pleasures to impart,
Lest too much joy should make me cease to rue,
Lest her fair eyes should work that gracious hap,
Which she would not permit I should enjoy,
While I lie lull'd in Fate's unconstant lap,
With grief converse, and still with sorrow toy
For such a gentle pain she doth me send,
As if she would not wish my life, nor end

20

III

Yet such it is that I will not exchange
My life with those whom Fortune kind entreats,
And since it is her arrow that doth range
My tender heart, I kiss the rod that beats
I laugh at Cupid, who is overjoy'd
With fond conceit, that he hath wrought this fire
But let him be with self-conceit destroy'd,
'Twas not his power, 'twas my own desire,
Though Venus' hoodwink'd son doth bear the name,
Azile's virtue 'twas did me inflame

30

IV

'Twas thee, Azile, of whose loves I sang,
'Tween thee and me among the gentle Gothes,
Something it was when all the valley rang
Too true, the breach of thy beplighted oaths

32 Gothes] *Sic* in orig perhaps for the rhyme

Hinc Lachrimae

I little thought my willing warbling quill,
With her shrill notes, did miss to sing the truth
But now I find through too dear-gotten skill,
Thou art despiser of my blooming youth,
What there I said, how much thy soul relied
Upon thy faith, these poems say I lied

40

V

Else why should I complain of this mischance,
Had it not been contrary to thy vows?
With tears thou mad'st them, and what furtherance,
Of signs were more, Heav'n's ruler only knows
Heav'n knows my faith, how I have loyal been,
And have not broke the smallest string of love
To see my constance will augment thy sin,
How loyal I, how wav'ring thou dost prove,
But 'twas thy will, that I thy favour mist
I'm thine, and thou may'st use me as thou list

50

VI

Even as thou list, Azile, I'll rejoice,
And tremble at thy eyes whene'er they move,
Command thy will, I will obey thy voice,
Unless thou bidst me cease to owe thee love
There pardon me, dear love, for such a root
It hath obtain'd in my triangle heart,
That since thou first didst thereon place thy foot,
The pain increas'd, and still I feel the smart,
No pain at all, since it from thee ensues,
And, Love, thou may'st command them as my dues

60

VII

Even as thy dues, and what I can procure,
More from my heart, to thee shall be presented,
Yet hadst thou but the tenth part I endure,
I'm sure thy last neglect should be repented,
Thou wouldst be sorry that I have misspent
My time in sighs, for prayers only free
But pray'rs are kill'd through too much discontent,
For he that loves can never zealous be
'Tis thee alone must be my gracious Saint
Gainst thee, and to thee only's my complaint

70

VIII

How oft have I been subject of thy scorn?
How often kill'd by thy impetuous eyes?
How oft have I the warlike ensign borne
Of thy fierce heart, enur'd to cruelty?
So oft hast thou, after the tide was past,
Of disrespect, my heavy soul repriev'd
From that dejected state, so oft thou hast
Witnesst with vows, if vows may be believ'd
O that I could thy former love descry,
To reassume thy late humanity

80

William Bosworth

IX

Wouldst thou but think with what entire delight
My soul was carried to those joys, and whither,
Wouldst thou but think how strong we did unite
Into one bond our mutual loves together,
Wouldst thou but reconcile thy wand'ring sense,
And cease t' afflict with thy impartial eyes,
Wouldst thou but hear the prayer which I commence,
One show'r might cherish yet the root which dies
But thou art wise, and canst thy worth refine,
Yet use me gently, 'cause thou knowst I'm thine

90

X

What though thy birth require a higher place
Than my low heart is able to bestow?
Admit it do, yet count it no disgrace,
'Tis my humility that makes me low,
And since I have aspir'd so high a favour,
Which once I had, but now I can't obtain,
I'll spend my days, even with as sad behaviour,
And study most, how most I may complain
O that my plaints would mollify thy heart,
And once thou wouldst give period to my smart

100

XI

What though thy riches ask as high a fortune,
And with thy birth doth bear an equal sway?
O, were that all, I know I might importune
A little help, for riches will decay
Even as thy wealth, so will thy beauty fade,
And then thou wilt repent thee of my wrong,
A secret sorrow shall thy breast invade,
Thy heart shall be as faulty as thy tongue
They both shall vex, and this shall be the trial,
One gave consent, the other gave denial

110

XII

When thou shalt be of all thy youth depriv'd,
And shalt with age's wrinkled rows be clad,
When thou shalt sit and think how much I striv'd
Thy love to gain, and what reward I had,
When thy deceitful promises shall call
Thee to the bar, and there arraign thy thoughts,
When thou with heavy eyes shalt summon all
The harms which thy unkindness in me wrought,
When thou shalt hear of my distracted mind,
Thou wilt repent thee that thou wast unkind

120

XIII

And that thou may'st remember thy disdain,
Even these I wrote, that thou may'st read the same,

96 can't] Orig 'cann't'

112 rows] ?

Hinc Lachrimae

And there shalt find what just cause to complain
From thee I had, by thy unkindness came,
That so thou may'st be sorry for my harm,
And wet thy eyes, for once I know you lov'd me,
O let that love be to thy heart a charm
But since nor pray'rs, nor vows, nor tears have mov'd thee,
Even these I wrote to show to future years,
How much, Azile, thou hast scorn'd my tears

130

XIV

How much, Azile, thou hast scorn'd my tears,
And hast detain'd that which thou know'st is mine,
Thy heart is his, even to whose heart he fears
No hopes will come, and therefore doth repine
Even to his death, for which way can he chuse
When the remembrance of thy faith shall creep
Before his eyes, and therein shall infuse
A thousand tears, how can he choose but weep?
O happy yet, wouldst thou this discontent
But call to mind, and in that mind repent

140

XV

The time will come, when thy belovèd face
Shall lose the spring, with which it now is clad,
When thou art old, thou in some secret place
Wilt sit, and think of all the wrongs I had
Then wilt thou read these my unpolish'd plants,
The chronicles of my unpitied cries,
When thou art old, perhaps thy heart shall faint
For shame, and let one tear forsake thy eyes,
I know thou wilt, and ere thy sun expire
His glorious date, thou wilt recall thy ire

150

XVI

Though now thy eyes are carried from the wounds
Thy eyes did give, when first my eyes beheld them,
Though now thy ears deny to hear the sounds
Of my just complaints, and therefore hast expell'd them,
Yet once before thy soul shall take her way
Towards those fields, the fair Elysian rest,
Thou wilt be greedy of an hour's stay,
To tell the world, how thou hast me oppress
I know thou wilt, and though a while the shade
Obscure the Sun, at last the cloud will fade

160

XVII

Tell me how oft thou hast with serious voice
Vow'd for thy love no harm I should endure?
Tell me if erst thou didst not like thy choice,
And with thy vows didst crown our nuptials sure?
Tell me if once upon those blessed stairs,
The stairs my thought that guided unto Heaven,
When I surprisèd by thee unawares,
Had there thy love's assurance fully given,

William Bosworth

Or if thou wilt not tell, yet say in this,
If I have spoke, or wrote a word amiss

170

XVIII

Mistake me not, my pen was ne'er defil'd
With any stain, that may thy honour stain,
From all lascivious thoughts I am exil'd,
So shall my pen immodest sense refrain,
Thou art as free, as pure from any blot,
And therefore shalt with lotus crown thy brows
If ever thou didst sin, I knew it no.
Excepting this, the fraction of thy vows,
I vow by Heaven and all the powers therein,
Excepting this, I never knew thee sin

180

XIX

Ye flow'ry meads, where I do use to sing,
And with complaining notes do often fill ye,
Ye purling streams, where I with quav'ring string,
Make music, tell the praise of my Azile,
Ye shady groves and melancholy places,
Where oft I do retire to sigh my wrongs,
Ye lofty hills that oft hear my disgraces,
To whom I chatter forth my heavy songs,
Let these persuasions now your voices move,
Say if I ever spake against my love

190

XX

When I with lilies do adorn my head,
And dress my face by pleasant silver brook,
When I my snowy flock do gently lead,
And guide their steps with willing shepherd's hook,
When I with daffodils do garlands make,
And therewith have my back and arms enshrin'd,
When I to oaten pipe do me betake,
To tell of my Azile, and her mind,
When I so oft with flowers my hands have drest,
What was it but to please Azile best?

200

XXI

The firstlings of my flock to her I gave,
Twice happy flock to send your presents thither,
Thrice happy flock, for she the last shall have,
The last was hers, I sent them both together
She took them both, and with a gentle eye,
(Where courtesy and grace together lay,
As loath to rob, yet loather to deny)
Show'd on the hills her willingness to stay,
Blest be the time when first her love I mov'd,
Too silly shepherd so to be belov'd

210

178 fraction] Not, as usual, 'the result of breaking,' but the breaking or 'infraction' itself

Hinc Lachrimae

XXII

Too silly shepherd, and unworthy too,
That durst presume that fair fruit to attempt,
But since entire affection made me woo,
O judge me not of modesty exempt,
For though I did aspire so high a task,
Yet best it is, and best to be commended,
I eas'ly can maintain 't, no help I ask,
Let love and honour join, dispute is ended,
I'll mount the highest steps that honour calls,
He falls no lower than the ground that falls

220

Qui jacet in terram, non habet unde cadat

XXIII

And that the easier I may climb the same,
I'll build a ladder of heroic wood,
Each step embellisht in the purest frame
Of coral, born in the Tyrraeon flood,
That when my wishes have attain'd their will,
And all my thoughts have perfected my art,
That when my cares have rested on a hill,
The only rock of my repining heart,
None may condemn me, for I did aspire
To virtue clad in constant love's attire

Sidnei

XXIV

Yet many will conjecture much amiss,
Because my love so slowly is requited,
Each spiteful Satyr will surmise by this,
Thou hat'st me 'cause my pains have thee delighted,
But let them please themselves with thought thereof,
And with their wits ascribe their own applause,
I free from anger at their harms will laugh,—
For some vex most when none will give them cause,—
That when thou seest how loyal I am thine,
Thou may'st conceive the greatest harm is mine

231

240

XXV

The morning blush is like Azile made,
Azile's cheeks are like the morning blush,
If fair Aurora please to be the shade,
Why should Azile scorn to be the bush?
Thou art that bush, Azile, under whom
My buskin Muse sings free from country strife,
Thou art that Lotus to whose shade I come,
To sup my milk, and sport away my life,
That when thou seest my harmless sports excel,
Thou may'st remember once thou knew'st me well

250

XXVI

Thou may'st remember once thou knew'st me well,
And didst not shame t' account me as thy own,

William Bosworth

Then loyal love within thy breast did dwell
And faith, but now no faith in thee is known
When we in evenings have the valleys trac'd,
And sipt fresh air to close the hasty day,
When with thy steps thou hast the mountains grac'd,
To see how Hesper hied him on his way,
Why wast not careful then to keep thy vow,
For there thou mad'st me promises enow

260

XXVII

And then the spring of my unstain'd affection,
With roses drest, and lilies sweetly grew,
Whose ruddy look gave it a fair complexion,
Till frowning Winter gave 't another hue
But stay, thou know'st already why I sing,
And why my heavy verse so gently move thee,
For that alone I did these sonnets bring,
That by these plants thou may'st perceive I love thee
For out of nothing, nothing can be brought,
And that which is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought

270

XXVIII

How can I smother then my long pent love,
Almost unknown to thee so long conceal'd?
O you that can assist me from above,
For by your means 'twas first of all reveal'd,
Since when my heart in such sure hope remains,
That I will not exchange my part in her,
Not for the purest face the world contains,
For before all her love I will prefer,
And know in their fruition I shall want
Those sweet contents which these complainings grant

280

XXIX

Twice hath the Sun drencht in Iberian seas,
Twice fifty times renew'd his fiery car,
Since with thy sight thou didst impart some ease,
And since I spoke to thee ran twice so far,
But yet thou seest thy still dejected friend
Admits no period to the love he owes,
And though thy absence gives all pleasures end,
Yet know thy presence far more grief bestows
For this will vex, when one their own shall see,
And yet not dare thereof the owner be

290

XXX

Ay me, when I alone sit and bemoan me,
Of thy hard heart, and my unjust correction,
When by myself I sit, and think upon thee,
With what sure bonds I'm brought into subjection,
Then, then my heart, grieving to be restrain'd,
Beats up a loud alarm, to come to thee,
If when I think of thee I am so pain'd,
What do I then when I thy face do see?

Hinc Lachrimae

Such is my pain, if pains may be believ'd,
Griev'd at thy sight, and at thy absence griev'd

300

XXXI

What though I have transgressed against thy will?
And run as idle ways as many other?
I am not minded to pursue them still,
If thou no more wilt thy affections smother,
And know, Azile, that the chiefest cause
Of all mishaps, sprung first from thy unkindness,
It is a statute made in Cupid's laws,
Neglected lovers spend their days in blindness
And so it is, when once depriv'd the bliss
Of constant love, we other blessings miss

310

XXXII

And so run headlong, careless of our good,
Into all danger that the world hath sent,
But Heaven be prais'd, that I have this withstood,
I never knew what carnal action meant,
For other sins I know I have a share,
As deep as any that committed sin,
And more must have, I yet cannot forbear
Such is the state my restless soul lives in,
Such is my state, unless thou dost relent
My daily wrong, and then I shall repent

320

XXXIII

If thou misdoubt, as thou may'st well misdoubt,
Because I'm now so wild, and vain withal,
That should I speed, my love would quickly out,
And I unto my old rebates would fall,
O let the thought thereof no place obtain,
But banish it, as enemy to good,
Try me awhile before I reap the gain,
Which so long wisht, hath so long been withstood,
Try me, I say and thou shalt me restore,
For verjuice sweet'ned once, will sour no more

330

XXXIV

Alas! my love, what love appears in this?
To omit the cure, which only may procure
Thy client's ease? guide not thy love amiss,
Lest thy neglect make thy destruction sure,
And then my blood besprinkled on thy coat
Will bring a horrid sound unto thy soul
I vow by Heaven that all the world shall know't,
There's nothing can a firm resolve control,
By Heaven I vow, and this the truth relates,
Deny again, I'll die before thy gates

340

324 rebates] The exact sense?

William Bosworth

XXXV

But stay, Complaints, return unto your owner,
And blame her not, she's free from any blame,
There can no spotted scandal rest on her
'Tis your presumption, and it is your shame
But say again, although you are unfit
To kiss her ears, yet you'll take no denial,
And that you'll not her plighted troth remit,
But will remit it to a further trial,
Even to his doom, who will all things destroy,
And there reward her inhumanity

350

XXXVI

And there reward thy inhumanity,
Unkind Azile, rapt in liquid charms,
Thou canst not with an unstain'd conscience die,
Unless thou dost give period to my harms
Is it thy wealth that makes thee thus refrain me?
As it is thine, so shall it still be thine
Is it thy birth that makes thee thus disdain me?
O scorn me not, I come of noble line,
For by the Norman Duke our brows were crown'd
With laurel branches, and our names renown'd

360

XXXVII

Cease then t' afflict, and show that heart some ease,
Which in offences never gave thee none,
Unless it was in striving best to please,
Therein indeed it hath been very prone,
And that thou know'st, there's none doth know so well,
How my poor love did run in full career,
My daily presence did my passions tell,
My daily passions in thy presence were
O happy time when thy sweet presence gave it,
But now I have most need I cannot have it

370

XXXVIII

Believe, Azile, when of thee I think,
As such sweet thoughts are in me very rife,
I'm ready of preparèd bane to drink,
Or any poison that will end my life,
And still because my still consuming heart
Enjoys no rest, wisht rest I never have,
But of turmoils and troubles I have part,
But 'tis not trouble that a soul must save,
A sweet content doth lead the way from wrath
He safest lives that quiet conscience hath

380

XXXIX

But I have none, nor never must have any,
Unless thy eyes do shine upon my face,

352 rapt, &c] These words, in more modern English, would be susceptible of an interpretation too uncomplimentary to Aurora or Azile

Hinc Lachrimae

Amongst thy noble virtues, which are many,
O let this favour thy poor servant grace,
Since thou disdainest to bestow thy heart
On me so far dejected, so unworthy,
Tell me what cause it is, and 'twill impart
Ease to those daily pains I suffer for thee,
So shall my soul be quiet, so my pain
Releast, and I shall hear thee speak again

390

XL

And that's a favour far beyond desert,
But not beyond desire I have to love thee
Dost thou desire? I'll rip my wounded heart,
And show thee that which there perhaps may move thee,
O let me find access unto thy breast,
And there receive my almost wearied soul
Her wings are weary, and implore some rest,
Her wearied wings their slippery fate condole,
And scorn me not that I so much have sought thee,
For know, Azile, I have dearly bought thee

400

XLI

For know, Azile, I have dearly paid
For thee, if of thee I am e'er possess,
Possess me then with thy prevailing aid,
And aid to that shore that must make me blest
There shall I sing encomions to thy praise,
And praise the lustre of thy noble spirit,
When ravish't by those Epithalmian lays
Of Nymphs, thou shalt their Nymph-like grace inherit,
And Hymen in a saffron veil shall come,
O'er a fair field bestrew'd with margerum

410

XLII

There shall the scores of either love be read,
And there my pains in which thou hast delighted,
There shall my love for her offences plead,
There shall my vows be paid, my pains requited,
And those that do except against my age,
Harpocrates to silence shall conjure,
A vulture shall his starv'd desire assuage
Upon their hearts, 'cause they my pains procure
What though I scarce have twice ten winters told,
As much as is in man, in me behold

420

XLIII

As much as is in man in me should be,
But that thou hast bereft me of my heart,
I want those glozing words of flattery,
By which some men gain more than by desert,
I want that wit which ought to parallel
Thy virtues, and procure deserving bliss,
I want that strength and vigour to repel
Dejected grief, which guides love's wheel amiss,

William Bosworth

I want those means which should all good supplant
Within my breast, and chiefly thee I want

430

XLIV

Love's coach, they say, is made of ebony,
And drawn by turtle-doves of silver hue,
To show the brightness of pure amity,
With turtles yok't, than turtles what more true?
Along whose sides the purple silk doth twind
The silver ouches to the golden wheels
So outward beauty should a lover bind,
For who the outward love the inward feels,
Eyesight confirms, but virtues motives be
'Tis not alone thy face I love, but thee

440

XLV

Thee for thy virtues I alone admire,
Azile mine, but mine no more thou art,
Yet canst thou not those raging flames expire
Of Love, unless thou hast a double heart
O double not my pains (my dearest love)
Nor let the torments of my soul increase,
For private envy will all truth reprove
That kingdom safest lives that lives in peace
How can we then a true concordance find,
When we two, one, have both a diff'rent mind?

450

XLVI

A poet said, if Cupid be a power,
Let him possess me now with his desire,
When suddenly his eyes began to lower,
And he expir'd his life in helpless fire
And so must I perish within that flame,
If these will not thy heart to pity bend,
If still thy flinty heart remains the same,
I wish that with this line, my life might end,
And this complaint about the earth be hurl'd,
Alive to death, but dead unto the world

460

XLVII

And here I stay, expecting now the doom
And sentence of eternal joy, or grief,
Which from thy sweet, or fatal lips must come,
For while I live thou of my heart art chief,
Then show thyself as thou desir'st to be,
Unstain'd in all thy ways, in all upright,
That following days with pure integrity,
May sweet my sorrows past with some delight,
And here I rest, expecting the regard
Of faithful love, and his deserv'd reward

470

PELIANDER

FINIS

To the immortal memory of the fairest and most virtuous Lady, the Lady —

HER tongue hath ceast to speak, which might make dumb
 All tongues, might stay all pens, all hands benumb,
 Yet must I write, O that it might have been
 While she had liv'd, and had my verses seen,
 Before sad cries deaf'd my untuned ears,
 When verses flow'd more easily than tears
 Ah, why neglected I to write her praise,
 And paint her virtues in those happy days!
 Then my now trembling hand and dazzled eye
 Had seldom fail'd, having the pattern by, 10
 Or had it err'd, or made some strokes amiss,
 (For who can portray virtue as it is?)
 Art might with Nature have maintain'd her strife,
 By curious lines to imitate true life
 But now those pictures want their lively grace,
 As after death none well can draw the face
 We let our friends pass idly like our time,
 Till they be gone, and then we see our crime,
 And think what worth in them might have been known,
 What duties done, and what affection shown 20
 Untimely knowledge, which so dear doth cost,
 And then begins when the thing known is lost,
 Yet this cold love, this envy, this neglect,
 Proclaims us modest, while our due respect
 To goodness is restrain'd by servile fear,
 Lest to the world it flatt'ry should appear
 As if the present hours deserv'd no praise
 But age is past, whose knowledge only stays
 On that weak prop which memory sustains,
 Should be the proper subject of our strains 30
 Or as if foolish men, asham'd to sing
 Of violets and roses in the Spring,
 Should tarry till the flow'rs were blown away,
 And till the Muse's life and heat decay,
 Then is the fury slack'd, the vigour fled,
 As here in mine, since it with her was dead
 Which still may sparkle, but shall flame no more,
 Because no time shall her to us restore
 Yet may these sparks, thus kindled with her fame,
 Shine brighter, and live longer than some flame 40

William Bosworth

Here expectation urgeth me to tell
Her high perfections, which the world knew well
But they are far beyond my skill t' unfold,
They were poor virtues if they might be told
But thou, who fain wouldst take a gen'ral view
Of timely fruits which in this garden grew,
On all the virtues in men's actions look,
Or read their names writ in some moral book,
And sum the number which thou there shalt find
So many liv'd, and triumph'd in her mind 50
Nor dwelt these graces in a house obscure,
But in a palace fair, which might allure
The wretch, who no respect to virtue bore,
To love it, for the garments which it wore
So that in her the body and the soul
Contended, which should most adorn the whole
O happy soul, for such a body meet,
How are the firm chains of that union sweet
Dissever'd in the twinkling of an eye?
And we amaz'd dare ask no reason why, 60
But silent think, that God is pleas'd to show
That he hath works, whose ends we cannot know
Let us then cease to make a vain request,
To learn why die the fairest, why the best,
For all these things, which mortals hold most dear,
Most slipp'ry are, and yield less joy than fear,
And being lifted high by men's desire,
Are more propitious marks for heav'nly fire,
And are laid prostrate with the first assault,
Because our love makes their desert their fault 70
Then justice us to some amends should move
For this our fruitless, nay our hurtful love,
We in their honour piles of stone erect
With their dear names, and worthy praises deckt
But since those fail, their glories we rehearse
In better marble, everlasting verse
By which we gather from consuming hours
Some parts of them, though time the rest devours,
Then if the Muses can forbid to die,
As we their priests suppose, why may not I? 80
Although the least and hoarsest in the quire,
Clear beams of blessed immortality inspire
To keep thy blest remembrance ever young,
Still to be freshly in all ages sung
Or if my work in this unable be,
Yet shall it ever live, upheld by thee
For thou shalt live, though poems should decay,
Since parents teach their sons thy praise to say,
And to posterity, from hand to hand
Convey it with their blessing and their land 90
(608)

To the Lady —

Thy quiet rest from death this good derives,
Instead of one, it gives thee many lives
While these lines last, thy shadow dwelleth here,
Thy fame, itself extendeth ev'rywhere,
In Heav'n our hopes have plac'd thy better part
Thine image lives, in thy sad husband's heart
Who as when he enjoy'd thee, he was chief
In love and comfort, so is he now in grief

To his dear Friend Mr. John Emely upon his Travels

HAVE other nations got that tempting art?
Or seas? (O thou, the second of my heart!)
To steal thee from us? shall thy presence plant
Those goods elsewhere, which country thine doth want?
And chiefly me, who every wind abjure
That loudly roars, to make thy passage sure,
As much I blame the calms, for secret fear,
Though without cause, in all things will appear
And now methinks the great Cantabrician flood,
With open jaws grows thirsty for thy blood, 10
Which if great Coelum's offspring doth appal
The calm, I fear, sits smiling at thy fall
Or if Sicilian seas thou furrowest o'er,
Thy danger by Charybdis I deplore,
And Scilla's rock, whose bloody mouth doth lie
For thee, if more towards the North you fly
If to Eoum, or to Indus' arm,
Paropanisian rocks will do thee harm
If on Propontis, or Tanais flood,
Tanaïs and Hellespont are stain'd with blood 20
What pleasure then allures thee to their coast?
In safest beds pleasure resideth most
Nor country can, nor other nations give
More sweet content, than where thy parents live
What will it boot to view the snowy hills
Of Alpine high, whose fleecy moisture fills
The humble dales? or what will it prevail,
To hear th' exub'rance of a foreign tale?
What joy can it produce to hear the swans
Leading their flocks along the Scythian plains, 30
T' accord their voices to the slender reeds
Of Amarillis' praise? or what exceeds

William Bosworth

With sweeter pleasure, and more bright doth shine
In other countries, than it doth in thine?
Now to Olympian hills thou tak'st thy way,
Far happier wouldst thou in our valleys stay,
And see thy country heroes sports prepare,
More pleasant than Olympian pleasures are
No service we to Nereus' altar vow,
Nor dread we Neptune, nor to Neptune bow, 40
But free from fear, in blushing mornings walk
Through shady groves, to hear woods' chanters talk
Ruddy Aurora's praise, and with free moan,
To Echo's only sigh our loves alone
In summer time we walk the flow'ry meads,
Where Flora o'er her spotted carpet leads
Our eyes, and gluts us with discolour'd shows
Of flowers, which on her am'rous bosom grows
Then Zephyrus, with fair Nepenthe scents,
Comes stealing o'er the flowers, and presents 50
Sweets odours to us, while by silver brook
We sit, and cheat the fishes with a hook
And when the meadows are disburthenèd
Of grass, and with their withered cocks are spread,
Then with our nymphs and ladies we resort
Unto those cocks, and on, and o'er them sport
So frisking kids their pleasures will display,
And with their loves in smiling evenings play
When going forwards, with sweet tunes receiv'd,
Our fingers in each other's interweav'd, 60
We chat of love, and all the way we walk
We make the boy the subject of our talk,
So sport we o'er the meads, till Hesper come,
Allur'd by our delights to light us home
The night we pass in contemplations sweet,
(Contented thoughts makes sable night more fleet)
And in the morning (morning beautified
With glorious Sol, who decks it with his pride)
We ride about the fields to recreate
Our o'erjoy'd minds, minds never stain'd with hate, 70
Where fearful hares before our greyhounds fly,
Awhile they run, and run awhile they die
Then cast we off our nimble-wingèd hawk,
Whose speedy flight all baser preys doth baulk,
And up, his envying strength doth manage well,
'Gainst him, who from Minerva turrets fell
Now to her altar we, whose golden hairs
Presents our corn, whole handfuls of our ears
Do bear, who smiling on her altar, takes
Our off'rings, and next fruitful harvest makes, 80
When you Carpathian and Aegæan seas
With odours stain, their flatt'ring God to please
(610)

To his Friend Mr. John Emely

If palsy Hyems with his frozen head
Doth hide fair Ceres in his icy bed,
With gins we snatch the silly birds, and snare
With our deceitful toils the fearful hare
And now Cydonian boars with angry pace,
Through thick Stymphalian woods our hounds do chase,
Who o'er our steepy hills their way do fly,
Where country swains their speedy flight descry 90
And with a hollow of rejoicing sounds
Blown up, encourage our pursuing hounds
Retiring home, we praise, or discommend
Their long-maintained race, or hasty end
When logs of wood, in spacious chimneys laid,
Of a consuming fire, a fire are made,
And we with our beloved wives declare,
Those sweet contents in country pleasures are
O might I taste those marriage joys, and tell 100
What pure delight in upright love doth dwell
And now to feast lov'd Christmas with delight,
Our neighbours to our suppers we invite,
Which past, and stools before the fire set,
All former wrath and wranglings we forget,
And while the apples in the fire roast,
Of kindness we, and country friendship boast,
Till with a wassel, which our wives impart
With sug'red hands, we close the night, and part
These things thy nation yields us, and would prove
More blest, wouldst thou adorn her with thy love 110
For if thou still depriv'st us of that light
Thy presence gives, and that entire delight
By which thy country smiles, she will decay
In fame, and her renown will fade away,
And I pursue thee o'er Bononian rhyne,
And to thee my dejected life confine

WILL BOSWORTH

FINIS

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